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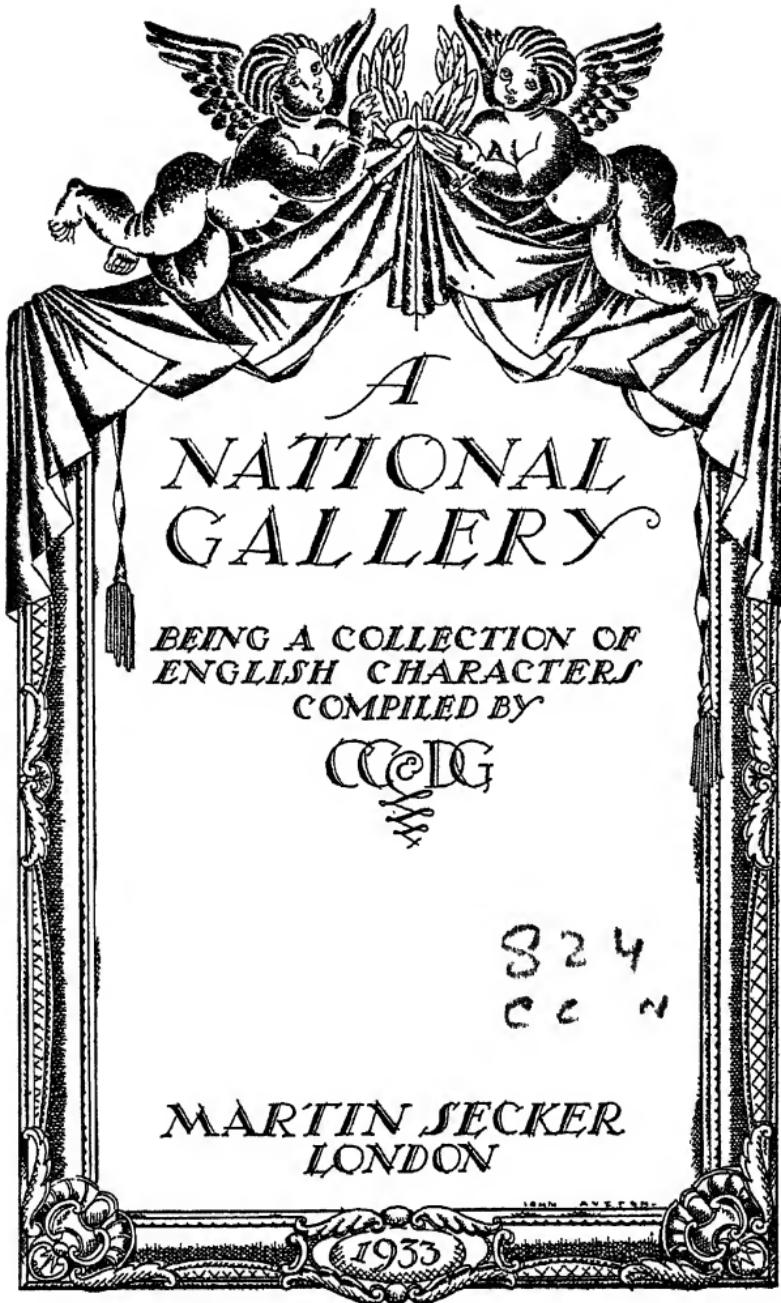


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A NATIONAL GALLERY



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To the Visitor

It is hoped that the special arrangement of this collection will so explain its intentions that visitors and critics alike will be deterred from attributing to it intentions which the compilers did not entertain. They have tried not so much to bring together perfect literary pieces as to provide a survey of the national character as portrayed by English writers from the time of Chaucer to the present day and in its progress from womb to tomb. They have interpreted Character in a wide sense, to include couples and families as well as individuals, and dogs and wet days, as well as worthy, wicked, or ideal men and women.

Examples, with a very few exceptions, are taken from poems, novels, and essays. That is to say, they are characters as reflected by the art of fiction. But, as the furnishing of a Gallery of Old Familiar Faces was never in mind, many of the most famous among classical pieces have been excluded. Where they do appear it is to complete a group or to contribute to the scheme as a whole.

In such a collection values are found—social values, period values, human values, values of technique—for the mediocre and even for the bad. Technique in itself constitutes a sort of character quite apart from that which it sets out to portray. But the good of its kind will be found to predominate, and deliberate choice has been made from our most celebrated authors of subordinate characters which, existing perfectly and profusely,

To the Visitor

are often obscured by heroes and heroines, villains, and other eccentrics of world-wide fame. In particular the Victorian novelists enriched their canvasses with hundreds of vignettes, complete in themselves and full of close observation and happy strokes, which can hardly be given the attention they merit until they are taken out of their context and framed apart.

A modern French critic has said that for sheer wealth and variety of characterization English literature leaves all other literatures behind. Ten volumes might well be filled in attempting what is here undertaken in one. For the amusement of readers one or two walls have been left blank. The original collectors, however, repudiate in advance responsibility for errors of judgment that may be displayed there.

C. C.
D. G.

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SOUTH VESTIBULE
THE ISLAND OF INNOCENCE

A

*We'll now talk of the babe's surprise
When first he opens his new eyes,
And first receives delicious food. . . .*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

*How much they suffer from our faults:
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

*Little did my mother think
That day she cradled me
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die!*

OLD SONG



LITTLE BOY

I am called Childhood, in play is all my mind,
To cast a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball.
A top can I set, and drive it in his kind,
But would to God these hateful bookees all
Were in a fire burnt to powder small.
Then might I lead my life always in play:
Which life God send me to mine ending day.

Thomas More

ENFANT TERRIBLE

This last summer I was in a gentleman's house, where a young child, somewhat past four years old, could in no wise frame his tongue to say a little short grace: and yet he could roundly rap out so many vile oaths (and those of the newest fashion) as some good men of fourscore years old hath never

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heard named before; and that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother would laugh at it. I much doubt what comfort another day this child shall bring unto them.

Roger Ascham

MOTHER, NURSE AND CHILD

Unswaddle him, undoe his swaddling bands, give him his breakefast whilst I am heere, make his pappe, take away that fierbrand which smoketh for it will taste of the smoke, where is his little spoone? Wash him before me, have you cleane water? O my little hart! God blesse thee. Rub the crowne of his head, wash his eares, and put some fine clout behinde them to thend to keep them drye and cleane, wash his face: Lift up a little his haire. Is not that some durt that I see upon his forehead? His browes are very round. What hath he upon his ey-lids? Me thinks that his eyes are somewhat watrish, make them cleane: how quick is his ey-ball, hath he not a pimple upon his nose? His little cheekes are wet, I beleeve you did leave him alone to crye and weepe: picke his nosthrils, wipe his mouth and his lips. How many teeth hath he? His gummes be sore. Show me his tongue, let me see the pallet of his mouth, he hath a prettie chin. What a faire necke he hath! Pull off his shirt, thou are prety and fat my little darling, wash his arme-pits: what ayleth his elboe? O what an arme he hath! His hand-wrist is very small: open his right hand: the palme of his left hand is all on water, did he sweat? How he spreadeth his small

The Island of Innocence

fingers! His thumbe and little finger are Fleabitten, for the blacke spots are there yet, is there any Fleas in your Chamber? . . . Now swadle him againe, But first put on his biggin and his little band with an edge, where is his little petticoate? give him his coate of changeable taffata, and his satin sleeves: where is his bibbe? Let him have his gathered Aprone with stringes, and hang a Muckinder to it: you need not yet to give him his Corall with the small golden chayne, for I believe it is better to let him sleepe untill the after noone, give him some sucke, I pray you take heed to wipe well the nipple of your dugge before you put it in his mouth, for feare that there be any haire or other thing which may hurt him . . . now put him in his cradle and rocke him till he sleepe but bring him to me first that I may kisse him: God send thee good rest my little boykin. I pray you good Nurce have a care of him.

Peter Eronzell

NEW BORN

My mother groaned, my father wept;
Into the dangerous world I leapt;
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

Blake

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TODDLER

A child's a plaything for an hour;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space;
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
All seasons could control;
That would have mocked the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

Mary Lamb

SIX MONTHS' DARLING

There is the same uniformity in all children until they develope. We cannot, therefore, say much relative to Jack Easy's earliest days; he sucked and threw up his milk, while the nurse blessed it for a pretty dear, slept, and sucked again. He crowed in the morning like a cock, screamed when he was washed, started at the candle, and made wry faces with the wind. Six months passed in these innocent amusements, and then he was put into shorts.

Captain Marryat

The Island of Innocence

BABY

My baby has a mottled fist,
My baby has a neck in creases;
My baby kisses and is kissed,
For he's the very thing for kisses.

Christina Rossetti

SOLEMN BABY

It did not come into the world with two heads, as some babies are said to have done; it was formed as babies are in general—was on the whole a thriving baby, a fine baby. Nevertheless, its aspect awed the father as already it had awed the nurse. The creature looked so unutterably solemn. It fixed its eyes upon Sir Peter with a melancholy reproachful stare; its lips were compressed and drawn downward as if discontentedly meditating its future destinies. The nurse declared in a frightened whisper that it had uttered no cry on facing the light. It had taken possession of its cradle in all the dignity of silent sorrow. A more saddened and a more thoughtful countenance a human being could not exhibit if he were leaving the world instead of entering it.

Bulwer Lytton

BABY BOY

. . . . the baby rolled about on the hearthrug, which had been covered with a large soft woollen shawl, originally the property of his great-grandmother. He had no cares, no responsibilities. The

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shawl was so vast that he could not clearly distinguish objects beyond its confines. On it lay an indiarubber doll, a rattle, and Fan. He vaguely recollects all four items, with their respective properties. The fire also was an old friend. He had occasionally tried to touch it, but a high bright fence always came in between. For ten months he had never spent a day without making experiments on this shifting universe in which he alone remained firm and stationary. The experiments were chiefly conducted out of idle amusement, but he was serious on the subject of food. Lately the behaviour of the universe in regard to his food had somewhat perplexed him, had indeed annoyed him. However, he was of a forgetful, happy disposition, and so long as the universe continued to fulfil its sole end as a machinery for the satisfaction, somehow, of his imperious desires, he was not inclined to remonstrate. He gazed at the flames and laughed, and laughed because he had laughed. He pushed the ball away and wriggled after it, and captured it with the assurance of practice. He tried to swallow the doll, and it was not until he had tried several times to swallow it that he remembered the failure of previous efforts and philosophically desisted. He rolled with a fearful shock, arms and legs in the air, against the mountainous flank of that mammoth Fan, and clutched at Fan's ear. The whole mass of Fan upheaved and vanished from his view, and was instantly forgotten by him. He seized the doll and tried to swallow it, and repeated the exhibition of his skill with the ball. Then he saw the fire again and laughed. And so he existed

The Island of Innocence

for centuries: no responsibilities, no appetites; and the shawl was vast. Terrific operations went on over his head. Giants moved to and fro. Great vessels were carried off and great books were brought and deep voices rumbled regularly in the spaces beyond the shawl. But he remained oblivious. At last he became aware that a face was looking down at his. He recognized it, and immediately an uncomfortable sensation in his stomach disturbed him; he tolerated it for fifty years or so, and then he gave a little cry. Life had resumed its seriousness.

Arnold Bennett

SLEEPING BABY

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower,
So clings to me
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid against her cheek;
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm,
Swinging heavily to my movements as I walk,
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life,
Like a burden she hangs on me.
She has always seemed so light,
But now she is wet with tears and numb with pain
Even her floating hair sinks heavily,
Reaching downwards;
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

D. H. Lawrence

ROOM ONE

YE BLESSED CREATURES

. . . I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

IZAAK WALTON

A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate, but a somewhat barren and very imperfect thing to be.

J. S. BLACKIE

It is difficult to throw any interest into a chapter on childhood.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT



BOY

Forsothe, syr, my mynde is thys, at few wordes,
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes,
And makyng of snow-ballys and throwyng the
same;
For the whyche purpose to have set in frame,
Wyth my godfather god I wolde fayne have spoken,
Desyrnge him to have sent me by some token
Where I myghte have had great frost for my pyt-
fallys,
And plente of snow to make my snow-ballys.
This onys had, boyes lyvis be such as no man
leddys.
O, to se my snow ballys lyght on my felowes heddis,
And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr
wyn ges
In the pytfale! I say yt passeth all thynges.

John Heywood

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SCHOOL

Nicholas: Maister, John Nothingworth hath sworne by God, plaid by the way, solde his poyntes, chaunged his booke, stollen a knife, lied twise, lost his cappe.

Master: Is it true? Come hether, companion, untrusse you: untie you: put your hosen downe, dispatche.

John Nothingworth: Nicholas doth mocke me, plucketh me by the heare, by the eares: hath stroken me with his fist upon the head: hath stroken me: hath made me bleede.

Master: You shall be beaten both for companie, for ye have deserved it well.

Enter Francis the late-riser.

Master: From whence come you good scholar? Is it time to rise, and to come to schole at nine? Where have you beene?

Francis: Maister, I come from home: my father hath him recommended unto you, and sendeth unto you his ringe for a token, to the ende that you beate me not.

Master: That will serve you nothing, for you love not to rise in the morning, and come to schole by times, as the rest.

Francis: Maister, I met him by the way which did leape, did slide uppon the ice: which did cast snow: which fowght with his fist, and balles of snow: which did scorge his top: which played for pointes, pinnes, cherie stones, counters, dice, cardes.

Maister: Enter in galland, I will teach you a game which you know not.

Ye Blessed Creatures

Francis: Maister, pardon me for this time, and I will do so no more, it shalbe the first, and the last: Henry Page shalbe my suertie.

Master: Well, I will pardon you for this time, but if you do so any more, you shall not be quit for the price: I will pay you for both together.

Nicholas: William hath spitted on my paper: torne my booke: put out my theme: broken my girdle: trod my hat under his feete: marred my copie: spoken Englishe.

Master: Ah, littell fellow, you prattell, brabell, cakell, play the vice. Geve me my roddes: stretch your hand

Claudius Hollyband

A CHILDE

Is a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of *Adam* before hee tasted of *Eve*, or the Apple; and hee is happy whose small practice in the World can only write this Character. Hee is natures frēsh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling, dimmes and defaces. His Soule is yet a white paper unscribed with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, because he knows no evill, nor hath made meanes by sinne to bee acquainted with misery. Hee arrives not at the mischiefe of being wise, nor endures evils to come by forseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught

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of Worme wood. He playes yet, like a young Prentise the first day, and is not come to his taske of melancholy. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an Organ; and hee is best company with it when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mocking of mans businesse. His father hath writ him as his owne little story, wherein hee readeas those dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he has out liv'd. The elder he growes, hee is a stayer lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his purenesse, and the other fals into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

John Earle

MERRY SHEPHERD

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a fresh and well-favoured Countenance; and as he sate by himself, he Sung. Hark! said Mr. Great-heart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said—

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no Pride;

Ye Blessed Creatures

He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be His Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.

Then said their Guide: Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called Heart's-ease in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet.

Bunyan

BOY HOME FOR HOLIDAYS

The indented stick that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless and safe and natural as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there:
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease
His favourite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door and watches a retreat,

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And least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost. . .

Cowper

OBEDIENT BOY

There was a little boy whose name was Frank. He had a father and a mother, who were very kind to him; and he loved them. He liked to talk to them, and he liked to walk with them, and he liked to be with them. He liked to do what they asked him to do; and he took care not to do what they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, "Frank, shut the door," he ran directly and shut the door. When they said to him, "Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

Maria Edgeworth

GOOD GIRL

Lucy was a good little girl, and always minded what was said to her, and was very attentive whenever her father or mother had taught her anything. So her mother taught her to read and work, and when she was six years old she could employ herself, without being troublesome to anybody. She could work for herself, and for her brother, and sometimes, when Lucy behaved very well, her mother let her do a little work for her, or for her father. Her mother had given her a little thimble, to put upon her finger, and a little housewife, to

Ye Blessed Creatures

keep her needles and thread in, and a little pair of scissors, to cut her thread with, and a little work-bag, to put her work in; and Lucy's father had given her a little book, to read in, whenever she pleased, and she could read in it by herself, and understand all she read, and learn everything that was in it.

Maria Edgeworth

GOOD BOYS

Never did worthier lads break English bread;
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep these boys away from church,
Or tempt them to an hour of Sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
Where foot could come, to one or both of them
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
Like Roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;
They played like two young Ravens on the crags;
Then they would write, ay and speak too, as well
As many of their betters—and for Leonard!
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field
That, if he is alive, he has it yet.

Wordsworth

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TOMBOY

She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features; so much for her person, and not less impropositious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed, she had no taste for a garden, and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief, at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities; her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught, and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her to repeat the "Beggar's Petition," and, after all, her next sister Sally could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid; by no means; she learnt the fable of "The Hare and Many Friends" as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music, and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet, so at eight years old she began. She learnt a year and could not bear it; and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Cathe-

Ye Blessed Creatures

rine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother. Her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange unaccountable character! for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny. She was, moreover, noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Jane Austen

MARY

Sporting on the village green,
The pretty English girl is seen;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
While upon the wall so white
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,
She either sews, or spins, or knits;

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Hard she labours all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule),
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Jane Taylor

DIRTY JIM

There was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
 And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
 Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
 And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
 And not at all fit to be seen.

Jane Taylor

THE TWINS

. . . these were the twins; children of singular beauty, and dressed, if possible, more fancifully and brilliantly than their mamma. They resembled each other and had the same brilliant complexions, rich chestnut hair, delicately arched brows, and

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dark blue eyes. Though only eight years of age, a most unchildlike self-possession distinguished them. The expression of their countenances was haughty, disdainful and supercilious. Their beautiful features seemed quite unimpassioned, and they moved as if they expected everything to yield to them. The girl, whose long ringlets were braided with pearls, was ushered to a seat next to her father, and, like her brother, who was placed by Mrs. Ferrars, was soon engaged in negligently tasting delicacies, while she seemed unconscious of anyone being present, except when she replied to those who addressed her with a stare and a haughty monosyllable. The boy, in a black velvet jacket with large Spanish buttons of silver filagree, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of white satin, replied with reserve, but some condescension, to the good-natured but half-humorous inquiries of the husband of Zenobia.

"And when do you go to school?" asked his lordship in a kind voice and with a laughing eye.

"I shall go to Eton in two years," replied the child without the slightest emotion, and not withdrawing his attention from the grapes he was tasting, or even looking at his inquirer, "and then I shall go to Christchurch, and then I shall go into Parliament."

Disraeli

LITTLE EVANGELICAL

Tommy was taught hymns very soon after he could speak, appropriate to his tender age, point-

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ing out to him the inevitable fate of wicked children, and giving him the earliest possible warning and description of the punishment of little sinners. He repeated these poems to his step-mother after dinner, before a great, shining mahogany table, covered with grapes, pine-apples, plum-cake, port wine, and Madeira, and surrounded by stout men in black, with baggy white neckcloths, who took the little man between their knees, and questioned him as to his right understanding of the place whither naughty boys were bound. They patted his head with their fat hands if he said well, or rebuked him if he was bold, as he often was.

Thackeray

ADOLESCENT

James Crawley . . . was a gawky lad, at that uncomfortable age when the voice varies between an unearthly treble and a preternatural bass; when the face not uncommonly blooms out with appearances for which Rowland's Kalydor is said to act as a cure; when boys are seen to shave furtively with their sisters' scissors, and the sight of other young women produces sensations of terror in them; when the great hands and ankles protrude a long way from garments which have grown too tight for them; when their presence after dinner is at once frightful to the ladies, who are whispering in the twilight in the drawing-room, and inexpressibly odious to the gentlemen over the mahogany, who are restrained from freedom of intercourse and delightful interchange of wit by the

Ye Blessed Creatures

presence of that gawky innocence; when, at the conclusion of the second glass, papa says, "Jack, my boy, go out and see if the evening holds up," and the youth, willing to be free, yet hurt at not being yet a man, quits the incomplete banquet.

Thackeray

LITTLE GIRL OF FASHION

She could not play on the piano; she could not speak French well; she could not tell you when gunpowder was invented; she had not the faintest idea of the date of the Norman Conquest, or whether the earth went round the sun, or *vice versa*. She did not know the number of counties in England, Scotland, and Wales, let alone Ireland; she did not know the difference between latitude and longitude. She had had so many governesses: their accounts differed: poor Ethel was bewildered by a multiplicity of teachers, and thought herself a monster of ignorance. They gave her a book at a Sunday School, and little girls of eight years old answered questions, of which she knew nothing. The place swam before her. She could not see the sun shining on their fair flaxen heads and pretty faces. The rosy little children holding up their eager hands, and crying the answer to this question and that, seemed mocking her. She seemed to read in the book, "O Ethel, you dunce, dunce, dunce!" She went home silent in the carriage, and burst into bitter tears on her bed.

Thackeray

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SCHOOL

Then, I was sent to a great, cold, bare school of big boys; where everything to eat and wear was thick and clumpy, without being enough; where everybody, large and small, was cruel; I never whispered in that wretched place that I had been Haroun, or had had a seraglio: for, I knew that if I mentioned my reverses, I should be so worried, that I should have to drown myself in the muddy pond near the playground, which looked like the beer.

Dickens

SCHOOLBOYS

The young gentlemen were prematurely full of carking anxieties. They knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, inflexible syntactic passages, and ghosts of exercises that appeared to them in their dreams. Under the forcing system a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks. He had all the cares of the world on his head in three months. He conceived bitter sentiments against his parents and guardians in four; he was an old misanthrope in five; envied Quintus Curtius that blessed refuge in the earth in six; and at the end of the first twelvemonth had arrived at the conclusion, from which he never afterwards deserted, that all the fancies of the poets, and lessons of the sages, were a mere collection of words and grammar, and had no other meaning in the world.

Dickens

Ye Blessed Creatures

LITTLE GIRL

She was a beautiful fair little thing, with long, soft curls, and lips red as a rose, and large, bright blue eyes, all soft and happy and laughing, loving the friends of her childhood with passionate love, and fully expecting an equal devotion from them. It is of such children that our wives and sweethearts should be made.

Anthony Trollope

HOYDEN

Miss Matilda Murray was a veritable hoyden. . . . She might possibly make a handsome woman; but she was far too big-boned and awkward ever to be called a pretty girl, and at present she cared little about it. . . . The manner in which she learnt her lessons and practised her music, was calculated to drive any governess to despair. . . . When her lessons were over, however, her ill-humour was generally over too: while riding her spirited pony, or romping with the dogs or her brothers and sister, but especially with her dear brother John, she was as happy as a lark. As an animal, Matilda was all right, full of life, vigour, and activity; as an intelligent being, she was barbarously ignorant, indocile, careless and irrational . . .

As a moral agent, Matilda was reckless, headstrong, violent, and unamenable to reason. One proof of the deplorable state of her mind was, that from her father's example she had learned to

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swear like a trooper. Her mother was greatly shocked at the "unlady-like trick," and wondered "how she had picked it up." "But you can soon break her of it, Miss Grey," said she: "it is only a habit, and if you will just gently remind her every time she does so, I am sure she will soon lay it aside." I not only "gently reminded" her, I tried to impress upon her how wrong it was, and how distressing to the ears of decent people; but all in vain: I was only answered by a careless laugh, and, "Oh, Miss Grey, how shocked you are! I'm so glad!" Or, "Well! I can't help it; papa shouldn't have taught me: I learned it all from him; and may be a bit from the coachman."

Anne Brontë

POOR DICCS

. . . He was young for his size, and a very clever fellow, nearly at the top of the fifth. His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, hadn't put him into tails; and even his jackets were always too small; and he had a talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He wasn't on terms with Flashman's set, who sneered at his dress and ways behind his back; which he knew, and revenged himself by asking Flashman the most disagreeable questions, and treating him familiarly whenever a crowd of boys were round him. Neither was he intimate with any of the other bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, amongst other failings, he

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had that of impecuniosity in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how: and then, being also reckless, borrowed from any one; and when his debts accumulated and creditors pressed, would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would lie about in the fifth-form room and hall, doing his verses on old letter-backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular with them, though they all looked on him with a sort of compassion, and called him "Poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances, or to disregard wholly even the sneers of their enemy Flashman. However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself.

Thomas Hughes

CRIPPLE BOY

. . . Our Joe was a cripple. . . . He was one of the finest children ever seen; but, when only three years old, poor Joe stole away, and climbed up a ladder—he slipped, when some seven or eight feet from the ground, and fell on his back, doubling one of his legs under him. The little soul fluttered between earth and heaven for some time, but at last determined to stay with us. All that science,

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skill, and devotion could do was done for him at St. George's Hospital; but poor Joe was a hunch-back, with one leg longer than the other, but with the limbs of a giant, and the face of a Byron.

It is a great cause of thankfulness to me, when I think that Joe inherited the gentle, patient temper of his father and mother. Even when a mere boy, I began dimly to understand that it was fortunate that Joe was good-tempered. When I and the other boys would be at rounders, and he would be looking intently and eagerly on, with his fingers twitching with nervous anxiety to get hold of the stick, shouting now to one and now to another, by name, and now making short runs, in his excitement, on his crutch; at such times, I say, it used to come into my boy's head that it was as well that Joe was a good-tempered fellow; and this conviction grew on me year by year, as I watched with pride and awe the great intellect unfolding, and the mighty restless ambition soaring higher and higher. Yes, it was well that Joe had learned to love in his childhood.

Henry Kingsley

TWO BOYS

The visitors was a splendid-looking fellow, lithe and lightly built, but of a good compact make, with a sunburnt oval face, and hair like unspun yellow silk in colour, but one mass of short rough curls; eyebrows, yes, and eyelashes all dark, showing quaintly enough against his golden hair and bright pale skin. His mouth, with a rather full red under-

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lip for a child, had a look of such impudent and wilful beauty as to suggest at once the frequent call for birch in such a boy's education. His eyes too had a defiant laugh latent under the lazy light in them. Rather well got-up for the rest and delicately costumed, though with a distinct school stamp on him, but by no means after the muscle-manful type.

This boy had a short whip in one hand, which was of great and visible comfort to him. To switch his leg in a reflective measured way was an action at once impressive in itself and likely to meet and obviate any conversational necessity that might turn up. No smaller boy could accost him lightly while in that attitude.

At last, with a gracious gravity, seeing both elders in low-voiced talk, he vouchsafed five valuable words: "I say, what's your name?" Frank gave his name in with meekness, having a just sense of his relative insignificance. He was very honest and easy to dazzle.

"Mine's Reginald—Reginald Edward Harewood. It doesn't sound at all well" (this with a sententious suppressed flourish in his voice as of one who blandly deprecates a provoked contradiction)—"no, not at all; because there's such a lot of 'd's' in it. Yours is a much better name. How old are you?"

The abject Frank apologetically suggested "Nine."

"You just look it," said Reginald Harewood, with an awful calm, indicative of a well-groomed contempt for that time of life, restrained for the present by an exquisite sense of social courtesy. . .

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"Does your father often flog you?"

"I was never flogged in my life," said Frank, sensible of his deep degradation.

Reginald, as a boy of the world, could stand a good deal without surprise; experience of men and things had inured him to much that was curious and out of the usual way. But at the shock of this monstrous and incredible assertion he was thrown right off his balance. He got off the parapet, leaned his shoulders against it, and gazed upon the boy, to whom birch was a dim dubious myth, a jocose threat after dinner, with eyebrows wonderfully high up, and distended eyelids. Then he said, "Good—God!" softly, and dividing the syllables with hushed breath.

Swinburne

BOY ACTOR

He was a little boy of about seven or eight years old, and he had a small, quaint face with a tired expression on it, and wore a soiled scarlet Turkish fez on his head, and a big pepper-and-salt overcoat heavily trimmed with old, ragged imitation astrakhan. He was keenly alive to the sensation his entrance created among us when the loud buzz of conversation ceased very suddenly and all eyes were fixed on him; but he bore it very bravely, sitting back in his seat, rubbing his cold hands together, then burying them deep in his pockets and fixing his eyes on the roof. Soon the talk recommenced, and the little fellow, wishing to feel

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more free, took his hands out and tried to unbutton his coat. The top button—a big horn button—resisted the efforts he made with his stiff little fingers, so I undid it for him and threw the coat open, disclosing a blue jersey striped with red, green velvet knickerbockers, and black stockings, all soiled like the old scarlet flower-pot-shaped cap.

.

By-and-by the humorous gentlemen who sat on either side of him began to play him little tricks, one snatching off his scarlet cap and the other blowing on his neck. He laughed a little, just to show that he didn't object to a bit of fun at his expense, but when the annoyance was continued he put on a serious face, and folding up his cap thrust it into his overcoat pocket. He was not going to be made a butt of!

"Where is your home?" I asked him.

"I haven't got a home," he returned.

"What, no home? Where was your home when you had one?"

"I never had a home," he said. "I've always been travelling; but sometimes we stay a month in a place." Then, after an interval, he added: "I belong to a dramatic company."

"And do you ever go on the stage to act?" I asked.

"Yes," he returned, with a weary little sigh.

W. H. Hudson

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FOUR-YEAR-OLD

He was four and a half years old, dark, like his father; handsome like his aunt, and tall for his age; not one of his features resembled a feature of his mother's, but sometimes he "had her look." From the capricious production of inarticulate sounds, and then a few monosyllables that described concrete things and obvious desires, he had gradually acquired an astonishing idiomatic command over the most difficult of Teutonic languages; there was nothing that he could not say. He could walk and run, was full of exact knowledge about God, and entertained no doubt concerning the special partiality of a minor deity called Jesus towards himself.

Arnold Bennett

ROOM TWO
DAUGHTERS OF MEN

*Men byhove to take hede of maydens: for they
ben hote & tendre of complexion; smale, pliaunt
and fayre of disposicion of body; shamfaste, ferde-
full and mery touchyng the affeccion of the
mynde.... Their hondes and the uttermeste party
of their membres ben full subtyll and pleyant,
theyr voyce small, theyr speche easy and shorte,
lyght in goynge & shorte steppes, and lgyht wit
and heed: they ben sone angry, and they ben
mercyable and enuyous, bytter, gylefull, able to
lern.*

JOHN REVISA



VIRGIN

She is a Virgin of the age of eightene yeares, of stature neither too high nor yet too low, and such was Juno: hir haire blacke, yet comely, and such had Laeda: hir eyes hasill, yet bright, and such were the lyghtes of Venus.

And although my skill in Phisognomie be small, yet in my judgement she was borne under Venus, hir forehead, nose, lyppes, and chinne, fore-shewing (as by such rules we gesse) both a desire to lyve, and a good successe in love. In complection of pure sanguine, in condition a right Sainte, seldom given to play, often to prayer, the first letter of whose name (for that also is necessary) is *Camilla*.

John Lyly

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MERRY MAID MARIAN

. . . As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, ‘ If I had begun the dance, I would have held one mile though it had cost my life.’ At which words many laughed. ‘ Nay,’ saith she, ‘ if the Dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I’ll venture to tread one mile with him myself.’ I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs, and with a smooth brow bade the Taborer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skinful of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, bidding God bless the Dancer. I bad her adieu, and truly to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly.

William Kemp

MIRANDA

While she was under her mother, she was forced to be gentcel, to live in ceremony, to sit up late at nights, to be in the folly of every fashion, and always visiting on Sundays; to go patched, and

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loaded with a burden of finery to the Holy Sacrament; to be in every polite conversation; to hear profaneness at the playhouse, and wanton songs and love intrigues at the opera; to dance at public places, that fops and rakes might admire the fitness of her shape, and the beauty of her motions. The remembrance of this way of life makes her exceedingly careful to atone for it by a contrary behaviour. . . .

If Miranda was to run a race for her life she would submit to a diet that was proper for it. But as the race which is set before her is a race of holiness, purity and heavenly affection, which she is to finish in a corrupt, disordered body of earthly passions, so her everyday diet has only this one end, to make her body fitter for this spiritual race. She does not weigh her meat in a pair of scales, but she weighs it in a much better balance; so much as gives a proper strength to her body, and renders it able and willing to obey the soul, to join in psalms and prayers, and lift up eyes and hands towards heaven with greater readiness: so much is Miranda's meal. So that Miranda will never have her eyes swell with fatness, or pant under a heavy load of flesh, until she has changed her religion.

William Law

GIRL WITH GARTERS

A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satis-

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faction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others.
'I did not know,' says my friend, 'what to make
of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was
informed by her eldest sister, than she had a pair
of striped garters on.'

Steele

POLLY

Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You've cruelty, yet, ev'n in that, good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reserv'd a while;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile. . .
You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire,
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

Richard Savage

YOUNG LADY OF FASHION

From her infancy she had been indulged, to the extreme of folly, in all her wishes, and she started habitually at the unpleasant voice of control. She was beautiful; she had been too frequently told the high value of that beauty, and thought every moment passed in wasteful idleness during which she was not gaining some new conquest. She had a quick sensibility, which too frequently discovered itself in the immediate resentment of injuries or neglect. She had, besides, acquired the dangerous

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character of a wit; but to which she had no real pretensions, although the most discerning critic, hearing her converse, might fall into this mistake. Her replies had all the effect of repartee, not because she possessed those qualities which can properly be called wit but because what she said was delivered with an energy, an instantaneous and powerful conception of the sentiment, joined with a real or a well-counterfeited simplicity, a quick turn of the eye, and an arch smile.

Mrs. Inchbald

KATE

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
 Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughter of the woodpecker
 From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
 Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
 Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
 As edges of the scymetar.
Whence shall she take a living mate?
 For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
 As pure and true as blades of steel.

Tennyson

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GIRL IN MERINO

To her had not been denied the gift of beauty. It was not absolutely necessary to know her in order to like her; she was fair enough to please, even at the first view. Her shape suited her age; it was girlish, light and pliant; every curve was neat, every limb proportionate; her face was expressive and gentle; her eyes were handsome and gifted at times with a winning beam that stole into the heart, with a language that spoke softly to the affections. Her mouth was very pretty; she had a delicate skin, and a fine flow of brown hair, which she knew how to arrange with taste; curls became her, and she possessed them in picturesque profusion. Her style of dress announced taste in the wearer—very unobtrusive in fashion, far from costly in material, but suitable in colour to the fair complexion with which it contrasted, and in make to the slight form which it draped. Her present winter garb was of merino—the same soft shade of brown as her hair; the little collar round her neck lay over a pink ribbon, and was fastened with a pink knot. She wore no other decoration.

Charlotte Brontë

PAULINE

Pauline was not a particularly beautiful girl. Her hair was black, and, although there was a great deal of it, it was coarse and untidy. Her complexion was sallow—not as clear as it might be—and underneath the cheek-bones there were slight depressions.

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She had grown up without an attachment, so far as her father knew, and indeed so far as she knew. . . . She had an intellect, and it was one which sought for constant expression; consequently she was never dull. If she was dull, she was ill. She had none of that horrible mental constriction which makes some English women so insupportably tedious. The last thing she read, the last thing she thought, came out with vivacity and force, and she did not need the stimulus of a great excitement to reveal what was in her.

Mark Rutherford

CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER

'Yes, there she kneels in her father's church, her pretty head bowed over her clasped hands, her cloak and skirts falling in happy folds about her: I see it all!

'And underneath, that poor, sweet, soft, pathetic thing of flesh and blood, the eternal woman—great heart and slender brain—for ever enslaved or enslaving, never self-sufficing, never free . . . that dear, weak, delicate shape, so cherishable, so perishable, . . . ah, how I love it! Only painter-fellows and sculptor-fellows can ever quite know the fulness of that pure love.

'There she kneels and pours forth her praise or plaint, meekly and duly. Perhaps it's for me she's praying.'

George du Maurier

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PARSON'S DAUGHTER

On Saturday night . . . the parson's daughter sat in her own room before the open drawer of a bandy-legged black oak table, *balancing her bags*.

When the parson's daughter locked the drawer of the bandy-legged table, she did so with the vigour of one who had made up her mind, and set about the rest of her Saturday night's duties without further delay.

She put out her Sunday clothes, and her Bible and Prayer-book, and class-book and pencil, on the oak chest at the foot of the bed. She brushed and combed the silver-haired terrier, who looked abjectly depressed whilst this was doing, and preposterously proud when it was done. She washed her own hair, and studied her Sunday-school lesson for the morrow whilst it was drying. She spread a coloured quilt at the foot of her white one, for the terrier to sleep on—a slur which he always deeply resented.

Then she went to bed, and slept as one ought to sleep on Saturday night, who is bound to be at the Sunday School at 9.15 on the following morning, with a clear mind on the Rudiments of the Faith, the history of the Prophet Elisha, and the destinations of the parish magazines.

Juliana Horatia Ewing

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YOUNG LADY WITH A DELICATE AIR

Tall and slight, a grey dress, pale as the wet sky, fell from her waist outward in the manner of a child's frock. There was a lightness, there was brightness in the clear eyes. The intense youth of her heart was evanescent; it seemed constantly rising upwards like the breath of a spring morning. The face was pale, although there was bloom on the cheeks. The forehead was shadowed by a sparkling cloud of brown hair, the nose was straight, and each little nostril was pink tinted. The ears were like shells. There was a rigidity in her attitude. She laughed abruptly, perhaps a little nervously, and the abrupt laugh revealed the line of tiny white teeth. Thin arms fell straight to the translucent hands, and there was a recollection of Puritan England in look and in gesture.

George Moore

GIRL WITH RIBBON

Anne was fair, very fair, in a poetic sense; but in complexion she was of that particular tint between blonde and brunette which is inconveniently left without a name. Her eyes were honest and inquiring, her mouth cleanly cut and yet not classical, the middle point of her upper lip scarcely descending so far as it should have done by rights, so that at the merest pleasant thought, not to mention a smile, portions of two or three white teeth were uncovered whether she would or not. Some people said this was very attractive. She was grace-

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ful and slender, and, though but little above five feet in height, could draw herself up to look tall. In her manner, in her comings and goings, in her "I'll do this," or "I'll do that," she combined dignity with sweetness as no other girl could do; and any impressionable stranger youths who passed by were led to yearn for a windfall of speech from her, and to see at the same time that they would not get it. In short, beneath all that was charming and simple in this young woman there lurked a real firmness, unperceived at first, as the speck of colour lurks unperceived in the heart of the palest parsley flower.

She wore a white handkerchief to cover her white neck, and a cap on her head with a pink ribbon round it, tied in a bow at the front. She had a great variety of these cap-ribbons, the young men being fond of sending them to her as presents until they fell definitely in love with a special sweetheart elsewhere, when they left off doing so. Between the border of her cap and her forehead were ranged a row of round brown curls, like swallows' nests under eaves.

Thomas Hardy

GIRL WITH YELLOW HAIR

. . . an exceptional young maiden who glowed amid the dulness like a single bright-red poppy in a field of brown stubble. She wore an elegant dark jacket, lavender dress, hat with grey strings and trimmings, and gloves of a colour to harmonize. . .

Her face was exceedingly attractive, though artistically less perfect than her figure, which ap-

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proached unusually near to the standard of faultlessness. But even this feature of hers yielded the palm to the gracefulness of her movement, which was fascinating and delightful to an extreme degree.

Indeed motion was her speciality, whether shown on its most extended scale of bodily progression, or minutely, as in the uplifting of her eyelids, the bending of her fingers, the pouting of her lip. The carriage of her head—motion within motion—a glide upon a glide—was as delicate as that of a magnetic needle . . . when the instincts of her sex had shown her this point as the best and rarest feature in her external self, she was not found wanting in attention to the cultivation of finish in its details.

Her hair rested gaily upon her shoulders in curls, and was of a shining corn yellow in the high lights, deepening to a definite nut-brown as each curl wound round into the shade. She had eyes of a sapphire hue, though rather darker than the gem ordinarily appears; they possessed the affectionate and liquid sparkle of loyalty and good faith as distinguishable from that harder brightness which seems to express faithfulness only to the object confronting them. . . .

During pleasant doubt, when her eyes brightened stealthily and smiled (as eyes will smile) as distinctly as her lips, and in the space of a single instant expressed clearly the whole round of degrees of expectancy which lie over the wide expanse between Yea and Nay.

Thomas Hardy

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YOUNG WOMAN RUNNING

Ethelberta impulsively started off in a rapid run that would have made a little dog bark with delight and run after Her stateliness went away, and it could be forgiven for not remaining; for her feet suddenly raced along over the uneven ground with such force of tread that, being a woman slightly heavier than gossamer, her patent heels punched little D's in the soil with unerring accuracy wherever it was bare, crippled the heather-twigs where it was not, and sucked the swampy places with a sound of quick kisses.

Thomas Hardy

ROOM THREE
BELLES AND BEAUX

D

*But what are our complexions, are our looks!
Hindrances and pitfalls, dear girls, which beset us
on our way to higher things!*

WILKIE COLLINS

*"Well, to be sure! . . . We should freeze in
our beds if 'twere not for the sun, and, dang me!
if she isn't a pretty piece. A man could make a
meal between them eyes and chin—eh, hostler?
Odd nation dang my old sides if he couldn't!"*

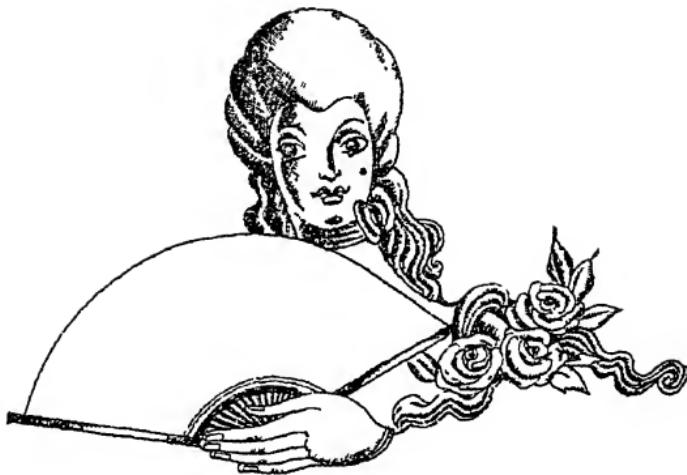
THOMAS HARDY

*But the great use of female beauty, the great
practical advantage of it, is that it naturally and
unavoidably tends to keep the husband in good
humour with himself, to make him, to use the
dealer's phrase, pleased with his bargain.*

COBBETT

*I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.*

BYRON



WINSOME WIFE

Fair was this yonge wyf, and therwithal,
As any wesele, hir body gent and smal.
A ceynt she werede, y-barred al of silk;
A barmclooth eek, as whyt as morne milk,
Upon hir lendes, ful of many a gore;
Whyt was hir smok, and brouded al bifore,
And eek bihnde, on hir coler aboute,
Of colblak silk withinne and eek withoute.
The tapes of hir whyte voluper
Were of the same suyte of hir coler;
Her filet brood, of silk, and set ful hye;
And sikerly she hadde a likerous yē.
Ful smale y-pulled were hir browes two,
And tho were bent, and blake as any sloo.
She was ful more blisful on to see
Than is the newe perejonette tree,
And softer than the wolle is of a wether:

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And by hir girdel heeng a purs of lether,
Tasseld with silk, and perled with latoun.
In al this world, to seken up and doun,
There nas no man so wys that coude thenche
So gay a popelote, or swich a wenche.
Ful brighter was the shynyng of hir hewe
Than in the Tour the noble y-forged newe.
But of hir song it was as loude and yerne
As any swalwe sittinge on a berne.
Thereto she coude skippe and make game,
As any kide, or calf, folwinge his dame,
Hir mouth was swete as bragot or the meeth,
Or hord of apples leyd in hey or heeth.
Winsinge she was, as is a joly colt;
Long as a mast and upright as a bolt.
A brooche she baar upon hir lowe coler,
As brood as is the bos of a bocler;
Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye;
She was a prymereole, a piggesnye
For any lord, to leggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

Chaucer

GOODLY MISTRESS JANE
Her eyen gray and steep
Causeth mine heart to leap;
With her brows bent
She may well represent
Fair Lucres, as I ween,
Or else fair Polexene,
Or else Calliope,
Or else Penelope . . .

Belles and Beaux

The Indy sapphire blue
Her veins doth ennew;
The orient pearl so clear,
The whiteness of her leer;
Her lusty ruby ruddies
Resemble the rose buddes;
Her lips soft and merry
Enbloomed like the cherry:
It were an heavenly bliss
Her sugar'd mouth to kiss.

Her beauty to augment,
Dame Nature hath her lent
A wart upon her cheek—
Who so list to seek
In her visage a scar,—
That seemeth from afar,
Like to the radiant star,
All with favour fret.
So properly it is set!
She is the violet,
The daisy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
The jelofer amiable

So sad and demure,
Behaving her so sure,
With words of pleasure
She would make to the lure
And any man convert
To give her his whole heart
Embracing therewithall
Her goodly middle small

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With sides long and strait!
To tell you what conceit
I had then in a trice,
The matter were too nice—
And yet there was no vice,
Nor yet no villainy,
But only fantasy.

But whereto should I note
How often did I toot
Upon her pretty foot?
It rased mine heart-root
To see her tread the ground
With heeles short and round . . .

So goodly as she dresses,
So properly she presses,
The bright golden tresses
Of her hair so fine,
Like Phœbus' beames shine!
Whereto should I disclose
The gartering of her hose?
It is for to suppose
How that she can wear
Gorgeously her gear;
Her fresh habiliments
With other implements
To serve for all intents . . .

Her kirtle so goodly laced,
And under that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say! . . .

Skelton

Belles and Beaux

RIPE GIRL

Medley: . . . She was the beautifulst creature I ever saw: a fine, easy, clean shape; light brown hair in abundance; her features regular; her complexion clear and lively; large, wanton eyes; but above all, a mouth that has made me kiss it a hundred times in imagination; teeth white and even, and pretty, pouting lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them, that look like the Provence rose fresh on the bush, ere the morning sun has quite drawn up the dew.

Dorimant: Has she wit?

Medley: More than is usual in her sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you would wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.

Sir George Etherege

COMPLETE BELLE

In Flavia's eyes is every grace,
She's handsome as she could be;
With Jacob's beauty in her face,
And Esau's where it should be.

Lord Chesterfield

SWEET SEVENTEEN

Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply

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blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips smiling, more sweetly at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness! . . . Then, Jack, her neck! Oh, Jack! Jack!

Sheridan

LUCY BRANDON

Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! All her movements, as the old parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who had received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Everything joyous affected her, and at once—air, flowers—sunshine, butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in sleep took that ineffable grace.

Bulwer Lytton

HETTY

Having taken off her gown and white kerchief, she drew a key from the large pocket that hung outside her petticoat, and, unlocking one of the lower drawers in the chest, reached from it two short bits of wax candle—secretly bought at Treddleston—and stuck them in the two brass sockets. Then she drew forth a bundle of matches, and lighted the candles; and last of all, a small red-framed shilling looking-glass, without blotches. It was into this small glass that she chose to look first after seating herself. She looked into it, smiling, and turning her head on one side, for a minute, then laid it down and took out her brush and comb from an upper drawer. She was going to let down her hair, and make herself look like that picture of a lady in Miss Lydia Donnithorne's dressing-room. It was soon done, and dark hyacinthine curves fell on her neck. It was not heavy, massive, merely rippling hair, but soft and silken, running at every opportunity into delicate rings. But she pushed it all backward to look like the picture, and form a dark curtain, throwing into relief her round white neck. Then she put down her brush and comb, and looked at herself, folding her arms before her, still like the picture. Even the old mottled glass couldn't help sending back a lovely image, none the less lovely because Hetty's stays were not of white satin, such as I feel sure heroines must generally went—but of dark greenish cotton texture.

George Eliot

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YAWNING GIRL

She had not heard him enter, and hardly realized his presence there. She was yawning, and he saw the red interior of her mouth as if it had been a snake's. She had stretched one arm so high above her coiled-up cable of hair that he could see its satin delicacy above the sunburn; her face was flushed with sleep, and her eyelids hung heavy over their pupils. The brimfulness of her nature breathed from her. It was a moment when a woman's soul is more incarnate than at any other time; when the most spiritual beauty bespeaks itself flesh; and sex takes the outside place in the presentation.

Thomas Hardy

CURLY LOCKS

He placed himself at a corner of the doorway for her to pass him into the house, and doated on her cheek, her ear, and the softly dusky nape of her neck, where this way and that the little lighter-coloured irreclaimable curls running truant from the comb and the knot—curls, half-curls, root-curls, vine-ringlets, wedding-rings, fledgling feathers, tufts of down, blown wisps—waved or fell, waved over or up or involutedly, or strayed, loose and downward, in the form of small silken paws, hardly any of them much thicker than a crayon shading, cunninger than long round locks of gold to trick the heart.

George Meredith

Belles and Beaux

SPORTSWOMAN

Mrs. Lovell's complexion was worth saving from the ravages of an Indian climate, and the persecution of claimants to her hand. She was golden and white, like an autumnal birch-tree—yellow hair, with warm-toned streaks in it, shading a fabulously fair skin. Then, too, she was tall, of a nervous build, supple and proud in motion, a brilliant horse-woman, and a most distinguished sitter in an easy drawing-room chair, which is, let me impress upon you, no mean quality. After riding out for hours with a sweet comrade, who has thrown the mantle of dignity half-way off her shoulders, it is perplexing, and mixed strangely of humiliation and ecstasy, to come upon her clouded majesty where she reclines as upon rose-hued clouds, in a mystic circle of restriction (she who laughed at your jokes, and capped them, two hours ago) a queen.

George Meredith

MATURE BEAUTY

She looked wonderfully beautiful with her grand ivory throat, her large blue forget-me-not eyes, and her heavy coils of golden hair. *Or pur* they were—not that pale straw colour that nowadays usurps the gracious name of gold, but such gold as is woven into sunbeams or hidden in strange amber; and they gave to her face something of the frame of a saint, with not a little of the fascination of a sinner. She was a curious psychological study. Early in life she had discovered the important truth that nothing

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looks so like innocence as an indiscretion; and by a series of reckless escapades, half of them quite harmless, she had acquired all the privileges of a personality. She had more than once changed her husband; indeed, Debrett credits her with three marriages; but as she had never changed her lover, the world had long ago ceased to talk scandal about her. She was now forty years of age, childless, and with that inordinate passion for pleasure which is the secret of remaining young.

Oscar Wilde

FINE WOMAN

Aunt Clara was a handsome woman. She had been called—but not by men whose manners and code she would have approved—“a damned fine woman.” Her age was about forty, which at that period, in a woman’s habit of mind, was the equivalent of about fifty to-day. Her latest photograph was considered to be very successful. It showed her standing behind a velvet chair. Her forearms, ruffled and braceleted, lay along the fringed back of her chair, and from one negligent hand depended a rose. A heavy curtain came downwards out of nothing into the picture, and the end of it lay coiled and draped on the seat of the chair. The great dress was of slate-coloured silk, with sleeves tight to the elbow, and thence, from a ribbon-bow, broadening to a wide, triangular climax that revealed quantities of lace at the wrists. The pointed ends of the sleeves were picked out with squares of velvet. A short and highly ornamental fringed

Belles and Beaux

and looped flounce waved grandly out behind from the waist to the level of the knees; and the stomacher recalled the ornamentation of the flounce; and both the stomacher and flounce gave contrasting value to the severe plainness of the skirt, designed to emphasize the quality of the silk. Round the neck was a lace collarette to match the furniture of the wrists, and the broad ends of the collarette were crossed on the bosom and held by a large jet brooch. Above that you saw a fine regular face, with a firm hard mouth and a very straight nose and dark eyebrows; small ears weighted with heavy jet ear-rings.

The photograph could not render the clear perfection of Aunt Clara's rosy skin; she had the colour and the flashing eye of a girl. But it did justice to her really magnificent black hair. This hair was all her own, and the coiffure seemed as ample as a judge's wig. From the low forehead the hair was parted exactly in the middle for about two inches; then plaited bands crossed and re-crossed the scalp in profusion, forming behind a pattern exceedingly complicated, and down either side of the head, now behind the ear, now hiding it, now resting on the shoulders, now hanging clear of them, fell long multitudinous glossy curls. These curls—one of them in the photograph reached as far as the stomacher—could not have been surpassed in Bursley.

Arnold Bennett

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*Indisputably, a great, good, handsome
man is the finest of all created things.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

APPRENTICE

Gailliard he was as goldfinch in the shawe,
Broun as a berie, a propre short felawe.
With lokkes blake, y-kempt ful fetisly.
Dauncen he coude so wel and jolily,
That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.
He was as ful of love and paramour
As is the hyve ful of hony swete:
Wel was the wenche with him mighthe mete.
At every brydale wolde he singe and hoppe,
He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe.

Chaucer

YOUNG SQUIRE

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,

Belles and Beaux

Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.

Chaucer

ARCADIAN

Upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about eighteen years of age, who sate (as on horseback) having nothing on him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silk and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea; on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair . . . was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet: himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown, as though he would threaten the world in the extremity.

Sir Philip Sidney

ALEXIS

He had a man-like look, and sparkling eye,
A front whereon sate such a majesty
As awed all his beholders; his long hair,
After the Grecian fashion, without care
Hung loosely on his shoulders, black as jet,
And shining with his oily honour'd sweat;

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His body straight, and well-proportion'd, tall,
Well-limb'd, well-set, long-arm'd; one hardly shall
Among a thousand find one in all points
So well compact, and sinew'd in his joints.
But that which crown'd the rest, he had a tongue
Whose sweetness toal'd unwillingness along,
And drew attention from the dullest ear,
His words so oily smooth and winning were.

John Chalkhill

YOUTH SMILING

. . . he is the picture of health, strength, activity, and good-humour. He has a good forehead, shaded with a quantity of waving light hair; a complexion which ladies might envy; a mouth which seems accustomed to laughing; and a pair of blue eyes that sparkle with intelligence and frank kindness.

Thackeray

TITLED NE'ER-DO-WELL

His heart was a stone. But he was beautiful to look at, ready-witted and intelligent. He was very dark, with that soft olive complexion which so generally gives to young men an appearance of aristocratic breeding. His hair, which was never allowed to become long, was nearly black, and was soft and silky without that taint of grease which is so common with silken-headed darlings. His eyes were long, brown in colour, and were made beautiful by the perfect arch of the perfect eyebrow. But perhaps the glory of his face was due more to

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the finished moulding and fine symmetry of the nose and mouth than to his other features. On his short upper lip he had a moustache as well formed as his eyebrows, but he wore no other beard. The form of his chin too was perfect . . . He was about five feet nine in height, and was as excellent in figure as in face. It was admitted by men and clamorously asserted by women that no man had ever been more handsome than Felix Carbury, and it was admitted also that he never showed consciousness of his beauty. He had given himself airs on many scores—on the score of his money, poor fool, while it lasted; on the score of his title; on the score of his army standing till he lost it; and especially on the score of superiority in fashionable intellect. But he had been clever enough to dress himself always with simplicity and to avoid the appearance of thought about his outward man. As yet the little world of his associates had hardly found out how callous were his affections—or rather how devoid he was of affection. His airs and his appearance, joined with some cleverness, had carried him through even the viciousness of his life.

Anthony Trollope

DEMODED HERO

Cyril Mowbray was pre-eminently handsome; intellect flashed from the brilliant eye, and was stamped in legible, unmistakeable characters on the lofty brow; yet though in the finely chiselled mouth and noble head, beauty of the rarest and most faultless kind was seen, passions fierce and im-

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petuous mingled likewise—passions which would carry in their exercise and indulgence misery to their possessor, unless chastened and regulated by stern coercion. And had Cyril acquired this restraining power? No!

Eliza Walker

SELF PORTRAIT

“ Standing five feet seven in my pumps, and five feet ten in my boots, with a trifling hint of the Piping faun softening the severity of my Roman nose and finely-chiselled mouth, I should perhaps have passed for effeminate, but that the sentimental school was just then in the ascendant . . . In short, people had supped full of horrors during the Revolution, and were now devoted to elegiac measures.

Mrs. Gore

NORTH VESTIBULE
C O S T U M E P I E C E S

*His clothes are something exterior to every man;
but to a woman her dress is part of her body....Its
motions are all present to her intelligence if not to
her eyes; no man knows how his coat-tails swing.
By the slightest hyperbole it may be said that her
dress has sensation. Crease but the very Ultima
Thule of fringe or flounce, and it hurts her as
much as pinching her. Delicate antennæ, or
feelers, bristle on every outlying frill. Go to the
uppermost: she is there; tread on the lowest: the
fair creature is there almost before you.*

THOMAS HARDY

*My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self is she,
When all her robes are gone.*

ANON. (1602)



FESTAL ROBE

In robe of lily white she was array'd,
That from her shoulder to her heel down wraught;
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
Branched with gold and pearl most richly wrought,
And borne of two fair damsels which were taught
That service well, her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
No other tire she on her head did wear,
But crowned with a garland of sweet rosiere.

Spenser

THE TOILETTE (MORNING)

Where be all my thinges? Goe fetch my cloathes: bring my pettycoate bodyes: I meane my damask quilt bodyes with whale bones, what lace doe you give me heere? This lace is too shorte, the tagges are broken, I cannot lace myselfe with

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it, take it away, I will have that of greene silke; when shall I have my undercoate? Give me my petticoate of wroughte Crimson velvet with silver fringe: why doe you not give my nightgowne? For I take cold: where be my stockens? Give me some cleane socks, I will have no woorsted hosen, shewe me my Carnation silk stockins: where laid you last night my garters? Take away these slippers, give me my velvet pantofles; send for the shoomaker that he may have again these turn-over shooes, for they be too high. Put on my white pumpes; set them up I will have none of them: give me rather my Spanish leather shooes, for I will walk today . . . Let me see that ruffe. How is it that the supporter is so soyled? . . . take it away give me my Rebato of cut-worke edged, is not the wyer after the same sorte as the other? . . . Is there no small pinnes for my Cuffes? . . . give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it: looke if my Cizers, the pincers, the pen-knife, the knife to close Letters, with the bodkin, the ear-picker and my Seale be in the case; where is my pursse to weare upon my gowne? And see that my silver Comfit box be full of Comfets: have I a cleane handkercher? I will have no Muffe, for it is not cole, but shall I have no gloves? Bring me my maske and my fanne. Help me to put on my Chayne of pearles.

Peter Eronnell

THE TOILETTE (NIGHT)

Now Maydens, is all my Ladies night geare readie? Set on her Cushen cloath, take out of the

Costume Pieces

way this Pewter-Candlesticke which is so foule,
make readie the Silver candlestickes with the waxe
candles, for you knowe she cannot endure the smell
of tallow, because it doth moste often stinke:
where be the snuffers? Where is the warming
pan? that it be not to seeke when she commeth,
and that she finde nothing wanting . . . My Lady
is at the gate, light the candle quickly.

. . . Go to, take of my cloathes, unpinne that,
untie this: Joly, help me to put off my gowne,
pull off my shoos, give me my pantofles, and my
night gowne, for feare I catch colde, why doe you
not give me my wast-coate? Where is the white
hayre-lace to binde my haire . . . I have not my
little linnen coyffe, nor my fustien undercap, when
shal I have my binding cloath for my fore-head?
Shall I have no coyfe with a ruffe to night, nor
fore-head cloath? Do not pull off my hosen yet
untill I be readie to goe to bed, but warme my
bed well. Prudence, why doe you not snuffe the
candell? You know not where be the snuffers,
burne your fingers then: Go to, kneele you downe
. . . let us say evening prayers . . . Amen. Well, let
everye one goe to bed in God's name.

Peter Eronnell

THEALMA

She trick'd herself in all her best attire,
As if she meant this day t'invite Desire
To fall in love with her: her loose hair
Hung on her shoulders, sporting with the air:

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Her brow a coronet of rose-buds crown'd,
With loving woodbine's sweet embraces bound.
Two globe-like pearls were pendant to her ears,
And on her breast a costly gem she wears,
An adamant, in fashion like a heart,
Whereon Love sat a-plucking out a dart,
With this some motto graven round about
On a gold border: *Sooner in than out.*
This gem Clearchus gave her, when, unknown,
At tilt his valour won her for his own.
Instead of bracelets on her wrists, she wore
A pair of golden shackles, chain'd before
Unto a silver ring enamel'd blue,
Whereon in golden letters to the view
This motto was presented: *Bound yet free.*
And in a true-love's knot a *T.* and *C.*
Buckled it fast together; her silk gown
Of grassy green, in equal plaits hung down
Unto the earth: and as she went the flowers
Which she had broider'd on it at spare hours,
Were wrought so to the life, they seem'd to grow
In a green field, and as the wind did blow,
Sometimes a lily, then a rose takes place,
And blushing seems to hide it in the grass:
And here and there gold oaes 'mong pearls she strew,
And seem'd like shining glow-worms in the dew.
Her sleeves were tinsel, wrought with leaves of green,
In equal distance, spangelèd between,
And shadowed over with a thin lawn cloud,
Through which her workmanship more graceful
show'd.
A silken scrip and shepherd's crook she had,
The badge of her profession: and thus clad,

Costume Pieces

Thealma leads her milky drove to field,
Proud of so brave a guide . . .

John Chalkhill

BRIDAL DRESS

In haste she rose; forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glass, and practised o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are placed,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist;
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face:
Broacaded flowers o'er the gay manteau shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine . . .

Gay

FASHION PLATE

She was more than usually dissatisfied with herself, and yet she had surely never, in all her life, looked so well as on this July afternoon. She had dressed herself with great care, and with the beautiful simplicity that a very rich woman alone can afford. Her gown was white "batiste," pleated, gathered, puckered into a thousand innocent folds and graceful draperies by the cunning hands of a Parisian artificer. There was not a scrap of lace or trimming on the white costume; it was the incarnation of absolute and dainty simplicity. Even the tiny snow-white little bonnet perched upon the girl's golden hair was devoid of all ornamentation,

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save some trifling bubbles of marabout feathers. In this unpretentious garb the heiress looked, as the infatuated Dick afterwards observed, like an early Christian martyr, or, as Lord Altamont less poetically suggested, like a youthful but designing widow.

Lady Lindsay

FINE LADY

Now she came along, with her head held up, balancing an enormous flat hat of pale yellow velvet, on which were streaks of ostrich feathers, natural and grey. She drifted forward as if scarcely conscious, her long blanched face lifted up, not to see the world. She was rich. She wore a dress of silky, frail velvet, of pale yellow colour, and she carried a lot of small rose-coloured cyclamens. Her shoes and stockings were of brownish grey, like the feathers on her hat, her hair was heavy, she drifted along with a peculiar fixity of the hips, a strange unwilling motion. . . .

D. H. Lawrence

ROOM FOUR
L O V E D A N D U N L O V E D

I will now begin to sigh, read poets, look pale, go neatly and be most apparently in love.

MARSTON

The love-season is the carnival of egoism, and it brings the touchstone to our natures.

GEORGE MEREDITH

"Love, an' please your Honour, is exactly like war, in this, that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning."

STERNE

Kissing, Joseph, is as the prologue to a play.

OLD PLAY

Allas! allas! that ever love was sinne!

Chaucer

Amanda. *The practick part of all unlawful love is—*

Berinthia. *O 'tis abominable: But for the speculative—that we must all confess—is entertaining. The conversation of all the virtuous women in town turns upon that and new clothes.*

VANBRUGH



MIRABELL ON MILLAMANT

I like her with all her faults—nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. . . . She once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em, and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance, till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties, and, in all probability, in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Congreve

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IMPETUOUS LOVER

Narcissa: What do you mean?

Young Worthy: To marry you to-morrow, madam.

Narcissa: Marry me! Who put that in your head?

Young Worthy: Some small encouragement which my hopes have formed, madam.

Narcissa: Hopes! Oh insolence! If it once comes to that I don't question but you have been familiar with me in your imagination. Marry you! What, lie in a naked bed with you, trembling by your side, like a tame lamb for sacrifice? Do you think I can be moved to love a man, to kiss him, toy with him, and so forth?

Young Worthy: No, madam, it is the man must kiss and toy with you, and so forth. Come, my dear angel, pronounce the joyful word and draw the scene of my eternal happiness. Ah, methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching bliss! Just laid within the bridal bed, our friends retired, the curtains close drawn around us, no light but Celia's eyes, no noise but her soft, trembling words and broken sighs that plead in vain for mercy. And now a trickling tear steals down her glowing cheek, which tells the rushing lover at length she yields, yet vows she'd rather die, but still submits to the unexperienced joy.
(Embracing her).

Narcissa: Oh Lord, dear cousin, and madam, let's be gone. I vow he grows rude!

Colley Cibber

Loved and Unloved

LOVE SCENE

“ You are going, then,” cried he, taking my hand, “ and you give me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not then, my too lovely friend!—will you not at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence? ”

“ My Lord,” cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, “ pray let me go! ”

“ I will,” cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, “ if you wish to leave me! ”

“ Oh, my Lord,” exclaimed I, “ rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your Lordship is not so cruel as to mock me! ”

“ Mock you! ” repeated he earnestly, “ no I revere you! I esteem and I admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women! And you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.”

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me: Lord Orville, hastily rising, supported me to a chair, upon which I sunk, almost lifeless.

For a few minutes, we neither of us spoke; and then, seeing me recover, Lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, intreated my pardon for his abruptness. The moment my strength returned, I attempted to rise, but he would not permit me.

I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his pro-

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testations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition: nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape—in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations—and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart.

I know not how long we were together; but Lord Orville was upon his knees, when the door was opened. . . . To tell you, sir, the shame with which I was overwhelmed, would be impossible; I snatched my hand from Lord Orville,—he too, started and rose. . . .

Fanny Burney

LOVER AND PROSPECTIVE SISTER-IN-LAW

“. . . Edward is very amiable, and I love him tenderly. But yet, he is not the kind of young man; there is something wanting—his figure is not striking; it has none of that grace which I should expect in the man who could seriously attach my sister. His eyes want all that spirit, that fire, which at once announce virtue and intelligence. And besides all this, I am afraid, mamma, he has no real taste. Music seems scarcely to attract him; and though he admired Elinor’s drawings very much, it is not the admiration of a person who can understand their worth. It is evident, in spite of his frequent attention to her while she draws, that, in fact, he knows nothing of the matter. He admires as a lover, not as a connoisseur. To satisfy me, those characters must be united. I could not be happy with a man whose tastes did not in every point coincide with my own. He must enter into all my

Loved and Unloved

feelings; the same books, the same music, must charm us both. O mamma, how spiritless, how tame, was Edward's manner in reading to us last night! I felt for my sister most severely. Yet she bore it with so much composure, she seemed scarcely to notice it. I could hardly keep my seat. To hear those beautiful lines, which have frequently almost driven me wild, pronounced with such impenetrable calmness, such dreadful indifference!

"He would certainly have done more justice to simple and elegant prose. I thought so at the time; but you *would* give him Cowper."

Jane Austen

ANN AND MR ELLIOT

Though they had now been acquainted a month, she could not be satisfied that she really knew his character. That he was a sensible man, an agreeable man, that he talked well, professed good opinions, seemed to judge properly and as a man of principle, this was all clear enough. He certainly knew what was right, nor could she fix on any one article of moral duty evidently transgressed; but yet she would have been afraid to answer for his conduct. She distrusted the past, if not the present. The names which occasionally dropt of former associates, the allusions to former practices and pursuits, suggested suspicions not favourable of what he had been. She saw there had been bad habits; that Sunday travelling had been a common thing

Jane Austen

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ILLICIT LOVER

The wickedness of the thing was more wicked to him than the charm of it was charming. It was dreadful to him to think that he had done a thing of which he would have to be ashamed if the knowledge of it were brought to his wife's ears. That he should have to own himself to have been wrong to her would tear him to pieces! That he should lord it over her as a real husband, was necessary to his happiness, and how can a man be a real lord over a woman when he has had to confess his fault to her, and to beg her to forgive him? A wife's position with her husband may be almost improved by such asking for pardon. It will enhance his tenderness. But the man is so lowered that neither of them can ever forget the degradation. And, though it might never come to that, though this terrible passion might be concealed from her, still it was a grievance to him and a disgrace that he should have anything to conceal. It was a stain in his own eyes on his nobility, a slur upon his escutcheon, a taint in his hitherto unslobbered honesty, and then the sin of it;—the sin of it!

Anthony Trollope

MIDDLE-CLASS LOVERS

Then low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,
She turned, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith, I
breathed

In some new planet: a silent cousin stole
Upon us and departed: 'Leave,' she cried,

Loved and Unloved

‘ O leave me! ’ ‘ Never, dearest, never: here
I brave the worst’: And while we stood like fools
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs
And poodles yell’d within, and out they came
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles. ‘ What, with him!
Go! ’ (shrill’d the cotton-spinning chorus) ‘ him! ’
I choked. Again they shriek’d the burthen ‘ Him! ’
Again with hands of wild rejection ‘ Go!—
Girl, get you in! ’ She went—and in one month
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
To lands in Kent and messuages in York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker.

Tennyson

MAIDEN’S DREAMS

She was a sweet, innocent, ladylike, high-spirited, joyous creature. . . . She was so nice that middle-aged men wished themselves younger that they might make love to her, or older that they might be privileged to kiss her. Though keenly anxious for amusement, though over head and ears in love with sport and frolic, no unholy thought had ever polluted her mind. That men were men, and that she was a woman, had of course been considered by her. Oh, that it might some day be her privilege to love some man with all her heart and all her strength, some man who should be, at any rate to her, the very hero of heroes, the cynosure of her world! It was thus that she considered the matter. There could surely nothing be so glorious as being well in love. And the one to be thus worshipped

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must of course become her husband. Otherwise would her heart be broken, and perhaps his,—and all would be tragedy. But with tragedy she had no sympathy. The loved one must become her husband. But the pictures she had made to herself of him were not at all like Lord George Germain. He was to be fair, with laughing eyes, quick in repartee, always riding well to hounds. . . . He must be sharp enough sometimes to others, though ever soft to her, with a silken moustache and a dimpled chin, and perhaps twenty-four years old. Lord George was dark, his eyes never laughed; he was silent generally, and never went out hunting at all. He was dignified, and tall, very handsome, no doubt—and a lord. . . . Could she make another picture, and paint him as her hero? There were doubtless heroic points in the side wave of that coal-black lock,—coal-black where the few grey hairs had not yet shown themselves, in his great height, and solemn polished manners. . . . It was now the great business of her life to fall in love with Lord George. She must get rid of that fair young man with the silky moustache and the daring dimple. The sallow, the sublime, and the Werter-faced must be made to take the place of laughing eyes and pink cheeks. She did work very hard, and sometimes, as she thought, successfully. She came to a positive conclusion that he was the handsomest man she ever saw, and that she certainly liked the few grey hairs. That his manner was thoroughly noble no one could doubt. If he were seen merely walking down the street he would surely be taken for a great man. He was one of

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whom, as her husband, she could be always proud; —and that she felt to be a great thing . . . though she made some tenderly cautious inquiries, she could not find what were his amusements. . . . He talked to her, when he did talk, chiefly of his family, of his own poverty, of the goodness of his mother and sisters . . . she strove very hard to be in love, and sometimes she thought that she had succeeded. In her little way she studied the man's character, and did all she could to ingratiate herself with him. Walking seemed to be his chief relaxation, and she was always ready to walk with him. She tried to make herself believe that he was profoundly wise. And then, when she failed in other things, she fell back upon his beauty. Certainly she had never seen a handsomer face. . . . And so they were married.

Anthony Trollope

DIANA

What did she do? She was Irish; therefore intuitively decorous in amatory challenges and interchanges. But she was an impulsive woman, and foliage was thick around, only a few small birds and heaven seeing; and penitence and admiration sprang the impulse. It had to be this or a burst of weeping:—she put a kiss upon his arm.

She had omitted to think that she was dealing with a lover, a man of smothered fire, who would be electrically alive to the act through a coat-sleeve. Redworth had his impulse. He kept it under,—she felt the big breath he drew in. Imagination began

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busily building a nest for him, and enthusiasm was not sluggish to make a home of it. The impulse of each had wedded; in expression and repression; her sensibility told her of the stronger.

George Meredith

THE WOOER. CONVERSATION PIECE

“ I can make you happy,” said he to the back of her head, across the bush. “ You shall have a piano in a year or two—farmers’ wives are getting to have pianos now—and I’ll practise up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings.”

“ Yes; I should like that.”

“ And have one of those nice little ten-pound gigs for market—and nice flowers, and birds—cocks and hens I mean, because they be useful,” continued Gabriel, teeling balanced between poetry and practicality.

“ I should like it very much.”

“ And a frame for cucumbers—like a gentleman and lady.”

“ Yes.”

“ And when the wedding was over, we’d have it put in the newspaper list of marriages.”

“ Dearly I should like that.”

“ And the babies in the births—every man jack of ‘em! And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be—and whenever I look up there will you be! ”

“ Wait, wait, and don’t be improper! ”

Her countenance fell, and she was silent awhile. He regarded the red berries between them over and

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over again, to such an extent that holly seemed in his after life to be a cipher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

"No; 'tis no use," she said. "I don't want to marry you."

"Try."

"I've tried hard all the time I've been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would talk about me and think I had won my battle, and I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband—

"Well?"

"Why, he'd always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he'd be."

"Of course he would—I, that is."

"Well, what I mean is that I shouldn't mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can't show off in that way by herself, I shan't marry—at least yet."

"That's a terrible wooden story!"

Thomas Hardy

CHILD LOVERS

She was dressed in blue linen, and a little cloud of honey-coloured hair; her small face had serious eyes the colour of the chicory flowers she was holding up to sniff at—a clean sober little maid, with a very touching upward look of trust. Her companion was a strong, active boy of perhaps fourteen, and he, too, was serious—his deep-set, black-lashed eyes looked down at her with a queer protective

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wonder, the while he explained in a soft voice broken up between two ages, that exact process which bees adopt to draw honey out of flowers. Once or twice this hoarse but charming voice became quite fervent, when she had evidently failed to follow; it was as if he would have been impatient, only he knew he must not, because she was a lady and younger than himself, and he loved her.

They sat down just below my nook, and began to count the petals of a chicory flower, and slowly she nestled in to him, and he put his arm round her. Never did I see such sedate, sweet lovering, so trusting on her part, so guardianlike on his. They were like, in miniature—though more dewy—those sober couples who have long lived together, yet whom one still catches looking at each other with confidential tenderness, and in whom, one feels, passion is atrophied from never having been in use.

Long I sat watching them in their cool communion, half-embraced, talking a little, never once kissing. They did not seem shy of that; it was rather as if they were too much each other's to think of such a thing. And then her head slid lower and lower down his shoulder, and sleep buttoned the lids over those chicory-blue eyes. How careful he was, then, not to wake her, though I could see his arm was getting stiff! He still sat, good as gold, holding her, till it began quite to hurt me to see his shoulder thus in chancery. But presently I saw him draw his arm away ever so carefully, lay her head down on the grass, and lean forward to stare at something.

John Galsworthy

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FIVE TOWNS LOVER

She stepped back into the shop.

"Do you know," she began, in a new tone, "You've quite altered my notion of poetry—what you said as we were going up to the station."

"Really!" He smiled nervously. He was very pleased. He would have been astounded by this speech from her, a professed devotee of poetry, if in those instants the capacity for astonishment had remained to him.

"Yes," she said, and continued, frowning and picking at her muff: "But you *do* alter my notions. I don't know how it is. . . . So this is your little office!"

. . . "Yes, go in and have a look at it."

. . . And no sooner was she in than she muttered, "I must hurry off now." Yet a moment before she seemed to have infinite leisure.

"Shall you be at Brighton long?" he demanded, and scarcely recognized his own accents.

"Oh! I can't tell! I've no idea. It depends."

"How soon shall you be down our way again?" She only shook her head.

"I say—you know—" he protested.

"Good-bye," she said, quavering. "Thanks very much." She held out her hand.

"But—" He took her hand.

His suffering was intolerable. It was torture of the most exquisite kind. Her hand pressed his. Something snapped in him. His left hand hovered shaking over her shoulder, and then touched her shoulder, and he could feel her left hand on his

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arm. The embrace was clumsy in its instinctive and unskilled violence, but its clumsiness was redeemed by all his sincerity and all hers. His eyes were within six inches of her eyes, full of delicious shame, anxiety and surrender. They kissed. . . . He had amorously kissed a woman. All his past life sank away, and he began a new life on the impetus of that supreme and final emotion. It was an emotion that in its freshness, agitating and divine, could never be renewed. He had felt the virgin answer of her lips on his. She had told him everything, she had yielded up her mystery, in a second of time. Her courage in responding to his caress ravished and amazed him. She was so unaffected, so simple, so heroic. And the cool, delicate purity of those lips! And the faint feminine odour of her flesh and even of her stuffs! Dreams and visions were surpassed. He said to himself, in the flood-tide of masculinity—

“ My God! She’s mine.”

And it seemed incredible.

Arnold Bennett

ARISTOCRATIC LOVERS

... her affianced moved to the opposite corner of the rustic building to scan the features of her he wholly worshipped and reluctantly doubted. Every sentence the able and beautiful girl uttered caused Sir John to shift his apparently uncomfortable person nearer and nearer, watching at the same time minutely the divine picture of innocence, until at last, when her reply was ended, he found himself,

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altogether unconsciously, clasping her to his bosom,
whilst the ruby brims, which so recently proclaimed
accusations and innocence met with unearthly
sweetness, chasing every fault over the hills of
doubt, until hidden in the hollow of immediate
hate.

Amanda Ros

MODERN LOVERS

The handsome and self-absorbed young man
looked at the lovely and self-absorbed girl
The lovely and self-absorbed girl
looked back at the handsome and self-absorbed
young man and thrilled.

And in that thrill he felt:
Her self-absorption is even as strong as mine.
I must see if I can't break through it
and absorb her in me.

And in that thrill she felt:
His self-absorption is even stronger than mine!
What fun, stronger than mine!
I must see if I can't absorb this Samson of self-
absorption.

So they simply adored one another
and in the end they were both nervous wrecks,
because
in self-absorption and self-interest they
were equally matched.

D. H. Lawrence

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SEXOLOGIST

Hen-angels preened their necks
When he went up above,
Because he knew All about Sex
But Nothing at All about Love.

Anon. (20th Century)

Virginitie is great perfectioun.

CHAUCER

EPITAPH

Enough; and leave the rest to fame;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill?
Now can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced,
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
Of virtue or ashamed or proud;
That her soul was on heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summed her life up every day;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night;
'Tis true; but all too weakly said:
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

Andrew Marvell

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MANLY WOMAN

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud in her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dare to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to Petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancys of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By *Jove*, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the christian System, is prophane.
But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a granadeer.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When *Jove* deputes a Lady in his stead?
A *Lady*! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *Men*.

Edward Young

AUNT MARGERY

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about

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twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet (which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot). This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-coloured ribbons, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

Steele

MRS. SLIPSLOP

She was a maiden-gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in her face. Her nose was likewise rather

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too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath, as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph. . . . The truth is, she had arrived at such an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a self-denial she had not only made amends for the small slip in her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

Fielding

MISS TREWBODY

At the time of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books: Nelson's *Festivals and Fasts* was one, the other was *The Queen's Cabinet Unlocked*; and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus, by means as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew and butter milk, her

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skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me! when she laid it down; but looking in the glass at the same time time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision' all the punctilio's of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health; nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependents.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its ap-

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propriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

Southern

EPICENE

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you:
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay,—you need not take the pains—
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains,
For man or maid's desiring:
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale,
The thing's not worth inquiring!

Thomas Moore

GAY OLD MAID

Poor Dolly Murray!—I might live to see
My hundredth year, but no such lass as she.

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Easy by nature, in her humour gay,
She chose her comforts, ratafia and play:
She loved the social game, the decent glass;
And was a jovial, friendly, laughing lass;
We sat not then at Whist demure and still,
But pass'd the pleasant hours at gay Quadrille.
Lame in her side, we placed her in her seat,
Her hands were free, she cared not for her feet;
As the game ended, came the glass around,
(So was the loser cheer'd, the winner crown'd),
Mistress of secrets, both the young and old
In her confided—not a tale she told;
Love never made impression on her mind,
She held him weak, and all his captives blind;
She suffer'd no man her free soul to vex,
Free from the weakness of her gentle sex;
One with whom ours unmoved conversant sate,
In cool discussion or in free debate.

Crabbe

MAIDEN LADY AT HOME

In that small house, with those green pales before,
Where jasmine trails on either side the door;
Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild at
will,
Were clipp'd in form and tantalised with skill;
Where cockles branch'd and pebbles neatly spread,
Formed shining borders for the larkspurs' bed;—
There lived a Lady, wise, austere, and nice
Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice;
In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd,
A pea-green Joseph was her favourit vest;

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Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and
lean.

There long she lived in maiden-state immured,
From looks of love and treacherous man secured;

Her neat small room, adorn'd with maiden-taste,
A clipp'd French puppy, first of favourites graced :
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art;
(For Poll, when living, lost the Lady's heart,
And then his life; for he was heard to speak
Such frightful words as tinged his Lady's cheek):
Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
Save by such speech, his gratitude and love.
A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside;
A type of sadness in the house of pride.
The polish'd surface of an India chest,
A glassy globe, in frame of ivory, press'd;
Where swam two finny creatures; one of gold,
Of silver one; both beauteous to behold :—
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit;
The beast well-manner'd and the fishes mute.
A widow'd Aunt was there, compell'd by need
The nymph to flatter and her tribe to feed;
Who, veiling well her scorn, endured the clog,
Mute as the fish and fawning as the dog.

Crabbe

THREE MAIDEN SISTERS

Perhaps one reason why they had remained single
was, that externally they were so like each other
that a suitor must have been puzzled which to

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choose, and may have been afraid that if he did choose one, he should be caught next day kissing another one in mistake. They were all tall, all thin, with long throats—and beneath the throats a fine development of bone. They had all pale hair, pale eyelids, pale eyes, and pale complexions. They all dressed exactly alike, and their favourite colour was a vivid green . . .

As there was such similitude in their persons, so, to an ordinary observer, they were exactly the same in character and mind. Very well behaved, with proper notions of female decorum—very distant and reserved in manner to strangers—very affectionate to each other and their relations or favourites—very good to the poor, whom they looked upon as a different order of creation, and treated with that sort of benevolence which humane people bestow upon dumb animals . . . But though an ordinary observer might have failed to recognise any distinction between these three ladies, and, finding them habitually dressed in green, would have said they were as much alike as one pea is to another, they had their idiosyncratic differences, when duly examined. Miss Margaret, the eldest, was the commanding one of the three; it was she who regulated their household (they all lived together), kept the joint purse, and decided every doubtful point that arose,—whether they should or should not ask Mrs. So-and-So to tea—whether Mary should or should not be discharged—whether or not they should go to Broadstairs or to Sandgate for the month of October. In fact, Miss Margaret was the WILL of the body corporate:

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Miss Sybil was of milder nature and more melancholy temperament; she had a poetic turn of mind, and occasionally wrote verses. Some of these had been printed on satin paper, and sold for objects of beneficence at charity bazaars. The county newspapers said that the verses "were characterised by all the elegance of a cultured and feminine mind." The other two sisters agreed that Sybil was the genius of the household, but, like all geniuses, not sufficiently practical for the world. Miss Sarah Chillingly, the youngest of the three, and now just in her forty-fourth year, was looked upon by the other as "a dear thing, inclined to be naughty, but such a darling that nobody could have the heart to scold her." Miss Margaret said "she was a giddy creature." Miss Syby wrote a poem on her, entitled

"Warning to a young Lady against the Pleasures of the World."

They all called her Sally: the other two sisters had no diminutive synonyms. Sally is a name indicative of fastness. But this Sally would not have been thought fast in another household, and she was now little likely to sally out of the one she belonged to.

Bulwer Lytton

CONSERVATIVE SPINSTER

She was a thorough Tory of the old school . . . She . . . took in *John Bull* and the *Herald*, and daily groaned deeply at the way in which these once great organs of true British public feeling were

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becoming demoralised and perverted. Had any reduction been made in the price of either of them, she would at once have stopped her subscription. In the matter of politics she had long since come to think that every thing good was over. She hated the name of Reform so much that she could not bring herself to believe in Mr. Disraeli and his bill. For many years she had believed in Lord Derby. She would fain believe in him still if she could. It was the great desire of her heart to have some one in whom she believed. In the bishop of her diocese she did believe, and annually sent him some little comforting present from her own hand. And in two or three of the clergymen around her she believed, finding in them a flavour of the unascetic godliness of ancient days which was gratifying to her palate. But in politics there was hardly a name remaining to which she could fix her faith and declare that there should be her guide. . . . She had a bust of Lord Eldon, before which she was accustomed to stand with hands closed and to weep,—or to think that she wept.

She was a little woman, now nearly sixty years of age, with bright grey eyes, and a strong Roman nose, and thin lips, and a sharp-cut chin. She wore a head-gear that almost amounted to a mob-cap, and beneath it her grey hair was always frizzled with the greatest care. Her dress was invariably of black silk, and she had five gowns,—one for church, one for evening parties, one for driving out, and one for evenings at home, and one for mornings. The dress, when new, always went to church. Nothing, she was wont to say, was too

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good for the Lord's house. . . . Miss Stanbury allowed herself the use of much strong language. She was very punctilious in all her habits, breakfasting ever at half-past eight, and dining always at six. . . . Her lunch was always of bread and cheese, and they who lunched with her either ate that—or the bread without the cheese. An afternoon "tea" was a thing horrible to her imagination. Tea and buttered toast at half-past eight in the evening was the great luxury of her life. She was as strong as a horse, and had never hitherto known a day's illness. As a consequence of this, she did not believe in the illness of other people—especially not in the illness of women. She did not like a girl who could not drink a glass of beer with her bread and cheese in the middle of the day, and she thought that a glass of port after dinner was good for everybody. Indeed, she had a thorough belief in port wine, thinking that it would go far to cure most miseries . . . She took the sacrament every month, and gave away exactly a tenth of her income to the poor. She believed that there was a special holiness in a tithe of a thing, and attributed the commencement of the downfall of the Church of England to rent charges, and the commutation of clergymen's incomes. . . .

She believed in Exeter, thinking that there was no other provincial town in England in which a maiden lady could live safely and decently. London was to her an abode of sin; and though she delighted to call herself one of the country set, she did not love the fields and lanes. . . . She liked to deal at dear shops; but would leave any shop,

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either dear or cheap, in regard to which a printed advertisement should reach her eye. She paid all her bills at the end of each six months, and almost took a delight in high prices. She would rejoice that bread should be cheap, and grieve that meat should be dear, because of the poor; but in regard to other matters no reduction in the cost of the article ever pleased her. She had houses as to which she was told by her agent that the rents should be raised; but she would not raise them. She had others which it was difficult to let without lowering the rents, but she would not lower them. All change was to her was hateful and unnecessary.

Anthony Trollope

CENSORIOUS LADY

Certainly Miss Mann had a formidable eye for one of the softer sex. It was prominent, and showed a great deal of the white, and looked as steadily, as unwinkingly, at you as if it were a steel ball soldered in her head; and when, while looking, she began to talk in an indescribably dry, monotonous tone—a tone without vibration or inflection—you felt as if a graven image of some bad spirit were addressing you. But it was all a figment of fancy, a matter of surface. Miss Mann's goblin grimness scarcely went deeper than the angel sweetness of hundreds of beauties. She was a perfectly honest, conscientious woman, who had performed duties in her day from whose severe anguish many a human Peri, gazelle-eyed, silken-tressed, and silver-tongued, would have shrunk appalled. She

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had passed alone through protracted scenes of suffering, exercised rigid self-denial, made large sacrifices of time, money, health for those who had repaid her only by ingratitude, and now her main—almost her sole—fault was that she was censorious.

Censorious she certainly was. She went to work at this business in a singularly cool, deliberate manner, like some surgeon practising with his scalpel on a lifeless subject. She made few distinctions; she allowed scarcely anyone to be good; she dissected impartially almost all her acquaintances. If her auditrress ventured now and then to put in a palliative word she set it aside with a certain disdain. Still, though thus pitiless in moral anatomy, she was no scandal-monger. She never disseminated really malignant or dangerous reports. It was not her heart so much as her temper that was wrong.

Charlotte Brontë

THREE LADIES OF ENGLAND

The ladies at Brookfield had let it be known that, in their privacy together, they were Pole, Polar, and North Pole. Pole, Polar, and North Pole were designations of the three shades of distance which they could convey in a bow: a form of salute they cherished as peculiarly their own; being a method they had invented to rebuke the intrusiveness of the outer world, and hold away all strangers until approved worthy. Even friends had occasionally to submit to it in a softened form. Arabella, the eldest, and Adela, the youngest, alter-

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nated Pole and Polar; but North Pole was shared by Cornelia with none. She was the fairest of the three; a nobly-built person; her eyes not vacant of tenderness when she put off her armour. In her war-panoply before unhappy strangers, she was a Britomart. They bowed to an iceberg, which replied to them with the freezing indifference of the floating colossus, when the Winter sun despatches a feeble greeting messenger-beam from his miserable Arctic wallet. The simile must be accepted in its might, for no lesser one will express the scornfulness toward men displayed by this strikingly well-favoured, formal lady, whose heart of hearts demanded for her as spouse, a lord, a philosopher, and a Christian, in one: and he must be a member of Parliament. Hence her isolated air.

George Meredith

BITTER SPINSTER

. . . Aunt Cissie's life had been sacrificed to the Mater, and Aunt Cissie knew it, and the Mater knew she knew it. Yet as the years went on, it became a convention. The convention of Aunt Cissie's sacrifice was accepted by everybody, including the self-same Cissie. She prayed a good deal about it. Which also showed that she had her own private feelings somewhere, poor thing. She had ceased to be Cissie, she had lost her life and her sex. And now, she was creeping towards fifty, strange green flares of rage would come up in her, and at such times, she was insane.

Loved and Unloved

Aunt Cissie's green flares of hellish hate would go up against all young things, sometimes. Poor thing, she prayed and tried to obtain forgiveness from heaven. But what had been done to her, *she* could not forgive, and the vitriol would spurt in her veins sometimes.

D. H. Lawrence

OLD MAID

Miss Cobbett was a small woman, black-haired, darkly downy at the corners of her upper lip, with brown eyes disproportionately large for her thin, rather sickly little face. Sombre and passionate eyes in which there was, almost permanently, an expression of reproach that could flash up into sudden anger or, as at this moment, derision. She had a right to look reproachfully on the world. Fate had treated her badly. Very badly indeed. Born and brought up in the midst of a reasonable prosperity, her father's death had left her from one day to another, desperately poor. She got engaged to Harry Markham. Life promised to begin again. Then came the War. Harry joined up and was killed. His death condemned her to shorthand and typing for the rest of her natural existence. Harry was the only man who had ever loved her, who had been prepared to take the risk of loving her. Other men found her too disquietingly violent and impassioned and serious. She took things terribly seriously. Young men felt uncomfortable and silly in her company. They revenged themselves by laughing at her for having

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no "sense of humour," for being a pedant and, as time went on, for being an old maid who was longing for a man. They said she looked like a witch. She had often been in love, passionately, with a hopeless violence. The men had either not noticed; or, if they had noticed, had fled precipitately, or had mocked, or, what was almost worse, had been patronizingly kind as though to a poor misguided creature who might be a nuisance but who ought, none the less, to be treated with charity. Ethel Cobbett had every right to look reproachful.

Aldous Huxley

Unmarried men are best Friends; best Masters; best Servants; but not always best Subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all Fugitives are of that condition.

BACON

SOLITARY

He was pale as a stone, in a palsy he seemed,
And clothed in a coarse suit I scarce can describe,
In a short coat and kirtle, a knife by his side.
Of a friar's frock were the two fore-sleeves;
Like a leek that has lain too long in the sun
He looked, with his lean cheeks, lowering on all.

Loved and Unloved

With wrath swelled his body, he bit both his lips,
Fast clenching his fists; to avenge him he thought
With works or with words, still awaiting his time.
He uttered his tales with an adder's tongue;
Chiding and challenging chose he as food;
To backbite and blacken, and bear false witness
Was his care and his courtesy, whereso he came.

Langland

SUSCEPTIBLE MAN

If any woman smile or cast on him an eye,
Up is he to the hard ears in love by and by:
And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life!
Master Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
Except she on him take some compassion.

Nicholas Udall

TOM DOVE

. . . *Tom Dove* could not digest his meat without musicke, nor drinke wine without women, so that his hostesse being a merrie wench, would oftentimes call in two or three of her neighbours wives to keepe him company: where, ere they parted, they were made as pleasant as Pies . . . so was he had in most reputation with the women, who for his sake made this song:

Welcome to towne, *Tom Dove, Tom Dove,*
The merriest man alive,
Thy company still we love, we love,
God grant thee well to thrive,

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And never will depart from thee,
For better or worse, my joy,
For thou shalt still have our good will,
God's blessing on my sweet Boy.

This song went up and down the whole country,
and at length became a dance among the common
sort, so that *Tom Dove*, for his mirth and good
fellowship, was famous in every place.

Thomas Deloney

WAG

There's Dickey Robinson,
A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a gentleman's chamber, a friend of mine. We
had
The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The gentleman's landlady invited him
To a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought Dick
Robinson,
Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst them all:
I lent him clothes.—But to see him behave it,
And lay the law, and carve and drink unto them,
And then talk bawdy and send frolics! O
It would have burst your buttons, or not left you
A seam.

Ben Jonson

CELIBATE

Virginius vow'd to keep his maiden-head,
And eats chast lettuce, and drinks poppy-seed,

Loved and Unloved

And smells on camphire-tasting; and, that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a vailed nunne;
Free as a new-absolved damosell,
That Frere Cornelius shrived in his cell:
Till, now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Janivere;
And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Biting on annys-seede and rose-marine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine;
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,
The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head;
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

Joseph Hall

COMPLETE BACHELOR

If heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vexed,
Nor ha've the ev'ning of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

John Pomfret

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MAN OF PLEASURE

I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. I am now as vain in my dress, and as flippant, if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me. . . . I have lived a bachelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which in the regular ways of life I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in.

Steele

STRONG, SILENT MAN

He was silent and grave. His appearance, however, was not unpleasing, in spite of his being, in the opinion of Marianne and Margaret, an absolute old bachelor, for he was on the wrong side of five-and-thirty; but though his face was not handsome, his countenance was sensible, and his address was particularly gentleman-like.

Jane Austen

Loved and Unloved

MR. CHILLINGLY MIVERS

He was a bachelor, now about the age of thirty-five. He was eminent for a supreme well-bred contempt for everybody and everything. He was the originator and chief proprietor of a public journal called *The Londoner*, which had lately been set up on that principle of contempt, and, we need not say, was exceedingly popular with those members of the community who admire nobody and believe in nothing. Mr. Chillingly Mivers was regarded by himself and by others as a man who might have achieved the highest success in any branch of literature, if he had deigned to exhibit his talents therein. But he did not so deign, and therefore he had full right to imply that, if he had written an epic, a drama, a novel, a history, a metaphysical treatise, Milton, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Hume, Berkeley, would have been nowhere. He held greatly to the dignity of the anonymous; and even in the journal which he originated, nobody could ever ascertain what he wrote. Nevertheless, Mr. Chillingly Mivers was . . . a very clever man, and by no means an unpleasant one in general society.

Bulwer Lytton

QUEER SPECIMEN

Mr. Jarniman . . . is in a confidential place, highly trusted. . . He is a curious mixture; he has true enthusiasm for boxing, he believes in ghosts. He mourns for the lost days of prize-fighting, he

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thinks that spectres are on the increase. He has a very large appetite, depressed spirits . . . he is a man of substance, in the service of a wealthy lady in poor health, expecting a legacy and her appearance to him . . . he does not drink to excess: he is a slow drinker.

George Meredith

THE MAN NO WOMAN WOULD MARRY

"Come forward, Christian, and show yourself. I didn't know you were there," said Fairway, with a humane look across towards that quarter.

Thus requested, a faltering man, with reedy hair, no shoulders, and a great quantity of wrist and ankle beyond his clothes, advanced a step or two by his own will, and was pushed by the will of others half a dozen steps more. He was Grandfer Cantle's youngest son.

"What be ye quaking for, Christian?" said the turf-cutter kindly.

"I'm the man."

"What man?"

"The man no woman will marry."

"The deuce you be!" said Timothy Fairway, enlarging his gaze to cover Christian's whole surface and a great deal more; Grandfer Cantle meanwhile staring as a hen stares at the duck she has hatched.

"Yes, I be he; and it makes me afeard," said Christian. "D'ye think 'twill hurt me? I shall always say I don't care, and swear to it, though I do care all the while."

"Well, be damned if this isn't the queerest start

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ever I know'd," said Mr. Fairway. "I didn't mean you at all. There's another in the country, then! Why did ye reveal yer misfortune, Christian?"

" 'Twas to be if 'twas, I suppose. I can't help it, can I?" He turned upon them his painfully circular eyes, surrounded by concentric lines like targets.

" No, that's true. But 'tis a melancholy thing, and my blood ran cold when you spoke, for I felt there were two poor fellows where I had thought only one. 'Tis a sad thing for ye, Christian? How'st know the women won't hae thee?"

" I've asked 'em."

" Sure I should never have thought you had the face. Well, and what did the last one say to ye? Nothing that can't be got over, perhaps, after all?"

" ' Get out of my sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking fool,' was the woman's words to me."

Thomas Hardy

THE MOUCHER

The years roll on, and he grows old. But no feebleness of body or mind can induce him to enter the workhouse; he cannot quit his old haunts. Let it rain or sleet, or let the furious gale drive broken boughs across the road, he still sleeps in some shed or under a straw-rick. In sheer pity he is committed every now and then to prison for vagabondage—not for punishment, but in order to save him from himself. It is in vain: the moment he is out he returns to his habits. All he wants is a little beer—he is not a drunkard—and a little

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tobacco, and the hedges. Some chilly evening, as the shadows thicken, he shambles out of the town, and seeks the limekiln in the ploughed field, where, the substratum being limestone, the farmer burns it. Near the top of the kiln the ground is warm; there he reclines and sleeps.

Richard Jefferies

HAPPY BACHELOR

“ ‘Tis bliss to be a bachelor, sir,” he said, gazing on the resinous trunk of an old damson tree. “ I gorge, I guzzle; I am merry, am melancholy; studious, harmonical, drowsy—and none to scold or deny me. For the rest, why youth is vain: yet youth had pleasure—innocence and delight. I chew the cud of many a peaceful acre. Ay, I have nibbled roses in my time. But now, what now? I have lived so long far from courts and courtesy, grace and fashion, and am so much my own close and indifferent friend—Why! he is happy who has solitude for housemate, company for guest. I say it, I say it; I marry daily wives of memory’s fashioning, and dream at peace.”

Walter De La Mare

Loved and Unloved

*Oh! 'tis a precious thing, when wives are
dead,
To find such numbers who will serve
instead:*

CRABBE

*"And there was her hair up in buckle as
if she'd never seen a clay-cold man at all."*

THOMAS HARDY

MERRY WIDOW

Valentine: What, the widow's health. . . . A lovely girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips; better sealing there than a bond for a million, ha!

Trapland: No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business;—you're a wag.

Valentine: No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business, fill again.—Pretty roundheaving breasts, a Barbary shape, and a jut with her bum would stir an anchorite, and the prettiest foot! . . .

Congreve

QUIET WIDOW

Whittle: . . . I cannot sleep with a noise; the Widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would

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stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air. Such a delicate creature: you shall see her. You were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now for my part I am with the old saying:

Wife a mouse,
Quiet house:
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

Garrick

HANDSOME WIDOW

Rather short, and inclining—but as yet only inclining—to rotundity of figure, with a peculiarly soft and clear complexion, Mrs. Damerel made a gallant battle against the hostile years. Her bright eye, her moist lips, the admirable smoothness of brow and cheek and throat, bore witness to sound health; as did the rows of teeth, uncontestedly her own, which she exhibited in her frequent mirth. A handsome woman still, though not of the type that commands a reverent admiration. Her frivolity did not exclude a suggestion of shrewdness, nor yet of capacity for emotion, but it was difficult to imagine wise or elevated thought behind that narrow brow. She was elaborately dressed, with only the most fashionable symbols of widowhood, rings adorned her podgy little hand, and a bracelet her white wrist. Refinement she possessed only in the society-journal sense, but her intonation was that of the idle class, and her grammar did not limp.

Gissing

Loved and Unloved

LUCY TANTAMOUNT

She was of middle height and slim . . . with short dark hair, oiled to complete blackness and brushed back from her forehead. Naturally pale, she wore no rouge. Only her thin lips were painted and there was a little blue round her eyes. A black dress emphasized the whiteness of her arms and shoulders. It was more than two years now since Henry Tantamount had died. . . . But she still mourned in her dress, at any rate by artificial light. Black suited her so well.

Aldous Huxley

ROOM FIVE
THE HOLY STATE

I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to procreate the world without this trivial vulgar way.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

To Church in the morning, and there saw a wed-ding in the Church . . . and the young people so merry with one another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.

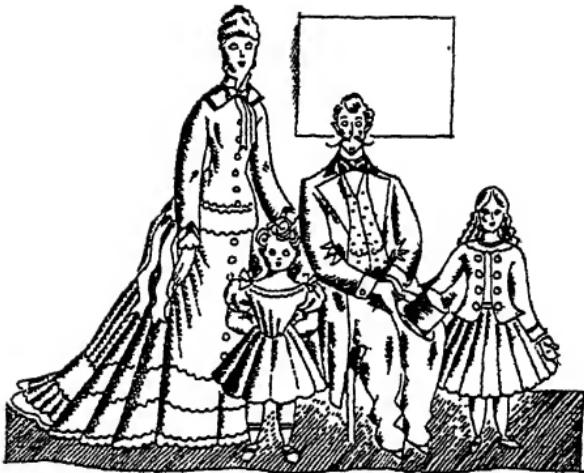
PEPYS

Most wives are, at times, misery-makers.

COBBETT

*What shall I do now with my spouse,
But abide her of my gentleness,
Till that she look out of the house
Of fleshly affection? Love mine she is,
Her bad is made, her bolster is bliss,
Her chamber is chosen; there is none mo.
Look out on me at the window of kindness.
Quia amore laugueo.*

ANON. (15th Century)



HOUSEWIFE

... a good husewif in an hous now doith oon werk
now an othir werk, as thei comen to hond; and now
sche brewith, now sche bakith, now sche sethith,
now sche rostith, now sche weischith disschis, now
sche berith aischis out, now sche strawith rischis in
the halle; and though these werks ben not like
gode and like worthi into the service of hir hus-
bonde, yit sche oughte to do the oon with the other
as thei comen forth to be doon in dyverse whilis,
and ellis if sche schulde seie to hir self: "Y wole
not do this, peraventure y schal fynde a better
werk," sche schulde make badde husewijfschip, and
in thilk studie sche schulde ofte be troublid, yea,
and be idil fro al good werk, and ofte be bigiled in
chesing the lasse good in stide of the better good to
be doon....

Reginald Pecock

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NEGLECTED WIFE

. . . would it not grieve a woman (being one every way able to delight her husband) to see him forsake her, despise and contemne her, being never so merry as when he is in other company, sporting abroad from morning till noone, from noone till night, and when he comes to bed, if he turnes to his wife, it is in such solemnesse, and wearisome drowsie lamenesse, that it brings lothsomnesse than any delight? can you then blame a woman in this case to be angry and displeased? Ile tell you what, among brute beasts it is a grieve intolerable.

Thomas Deloney

THE GOOD WIFE

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constant obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it is ebbing water. And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him, as to acquit herself. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot; and far more tractable in cold blood.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom; and then he hath conned his part so well, that he comes off with great applause. . . .

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows. Partly that she may not dishearten

The Holy State

him; and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable.

Fuller

ADORING WIFE

Never was passion more eager, delicate, or unre-served, than that which glowed within our breasts. Far from being cloyed with the possession of each other, our raptures seemed to increase with the term of our union. When we were parted, though but for a few hours, by the necessary avocations of life, we were unhappy during that brief separation, and met again, like lovers who knew no joy but in one another's presence. How many delicious evenings did we spend together, in our little apartment, after we had ordered the candles to be taken away, that we might enjoy the agreeable reflection of the moon in a fine summer's evening! Such a mild and solemn scene naturally disposes the mind to peace and benevolence; but when improved by the conversation of the man one loves, it fills the im-agination with ideas of ineffable delight! For my own part, I can safely say, my heart was so wholly engrossed by my husband, that I never took pleasure in any diversion where he was not personally concerned; nor was I ever guilty of one thought repugnant to my duty or my love.

Smollett

DEVOTED WIFE

By not one of the circle was he listened to with such unbroken, unalloyed enjoyment as by his

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wife, who was really extremely happy to see him, and whose feelings were so warmed by his sudden arrival as to place her nearer agitation than she had been for the last twenty years. She had been *almost* fluttered for a few minutes, and still remained so sensibly animated as to put away her work, move pug from her side, and give all her attention and all the rest of her sopha to her husband. She had no anxieties for anybody to cloud *her* pleasure: her own time had been irreproachably spent during his absence: she had done a great deal of carpet work, and made many yards of fringe; and she would have answered as freely for the good conduct and useful pursuits of all the young people of her own. It was so agreeable to her to see him again, and to hear him talk, to have her ear amused and her whole comprehensions filled by his narratives, that she began particularly to feel how dreadfully she must have missed him, and how impossible it would have been for her to bear a lengthened absence.

Jane Austen

VAIN WIFE

Mrs. Mason was not a delightful woman. She had been a beauty, and still imagined that she had not lost all pretension to be so considered. She spent, therefore, a considerable portion of her day in her dressing-room, spent a great deal of money for clothes, and gave herself sundry airs. She was a little woman with long eyes, and regular eyelashes, with a straight nose, and thin lips and regular teeth. Her face was oval, and her hair was brown.

The Holy State

It had at least once been all brown, and that which was now seen was brown also. But, nevertheless, although she was possessed of all these charms, you might look at her for ten days together, and on the eleventh you would not know her if you met her in the streets.

Anthony Trollope

UNSELFISH WIFE

My Lady had on her side three idols: first and foremost, Jove and supreme ruler, was her lord. . . . All wishes of his were laws with her. If he had a headache, she was ill. If he frowned, she trembled. If he joked, she smiled and was charmed. If he went a-hunting, she was always at the window to see him ride away, her little son crowing on her arm, or on the watch till his return. She made dishes for his dinner; spiced his wine for him; made the toast for his tankard at breakfast; hushed the house when he slept in his chair, and watched for a look when he woke. If my Lord was not a little proud of his beauty, my Lady adored it. She clung to his arm as he paced the terrace, her two fair little hands clasped round his great one; her eyes were never tired of looking into his face and wondering at its perfection. Her little son was his son, and had his father's look and curly brown hair. Her daughter . . . was his daughter, and had his eyes—were there ever such beautiful eyes in the world? All the house was arranged so as to bring him ease and give him pleasure. She liked the small gentry round about to come and pay him court, never caring for admiration for herself. . . .

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Not regarding her dress, she would wear a gown to rags, because he had once liked it; and, if he brought her a brooch or a ribbon, would prefer it to all the most costly articles of her wardrobe.

Thackeray

WIFE AND MOTHER

Mrs. Carter was one of these healthy, somewhat red-faced, gay creatures whom nothing represses. She was never melancholy with those who were suffering; not because she had no sympathy—for she was profoundly sympathetic—but because she was unsubduable. Her pulse was quick, and her heart so sound that her blood, rich and strong—blood with never a taint in it—renewed every moment every fibre of her brain. Her very presence to those who were desponding was a magnetic charm and she could put to flight legions of hypocondriacal fancies with a cheery word. Critics said she ruled her husband; but what husband would not rejoice in being so ruled? He came home weary and he did not want to rule. He wanted to be directed, and he gladly saw the reins in the hands of the “missus”, of whom he was justly proud. She conducted all the conversation; she spent his money, and even bought him his own clothes; and although she said a sharp thing or two now and then, she never really quarrelled with him. The eldest of her six children was only twelve years old, and she was not over methodical, so that her apartments were rather confused and disorderly. She was not, however, dirty, and would not tolerate dirt

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even in her boys, to whom, by the way, she administered very short and sharp directions sometimes. If they came to the table with grimy paws, the first intimation they had that their mother noticed it was a rap on the knuckles with the handle of a knife which sent the bread and butter flying out of their fingers. . . . It was curious that although she was a heavy woman she was so active. She was always on her legs from morning to night, and never seemed fatigued. Indeed, when she sat still she was rather uncomfortable; and this was her weak point, for her restlessness interfered with sewing and mending, which she abominated.

Mark Rutherford

GRANDMOTHER

They called her The Mater. She was one of those physically vulgar, clever old bodies who had got her own way all her life by buttering the weaknesses of her men-folk. Very quickly she took her cue. . . . The Mater knew [her son's] weaknesses to a hair's-breadth. She knew them and she traded on them by turning them into decorations for him, for his character. He wanted, in his own eyes, to have a fascinating character, as women have fascinating dresses. And the Mater cunningly put beauty-spots over his defects and deficiencies. Her mother-love gave her the clue to his weaknesses, and she hid them for him with decorations.

It was not as if the Mater were a warm, kindly soul. She wasn't. She only seemed it, cunningly.

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Under her old-fashioned lace cap, under her silver hair, under the black silk of her stout, short, forward-bulging body, this old woman had a cunning heart, seeking forever her own female power. And through the weakness of the unfresh, stagnant men she had bred, she kept her power, as her years rolled on, from seventy to eighty, and from eighty on the new lap, towards ninety.

For in the family there was a whole tradition of "loyalty": loyalty to one another, and especially to the Mater. The Mater, of course, was the pivot of the family. The family was her own extended ego. Naturally she covered it with her power. And her sons and daughters, being weak and disintegrated, naturally were loyal. Outside the family, what was for them but danger and insult and ignominy? Had not the rector experienced it, in his marriage? So now, caution! Caution and loyalty, fronting the world! Let there be as much hate and friction *inside* the family, as you like. To the outer world, a stubborn fence of unison.

D. H. Lawrence

*Commend a man for his qualities, but
take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient,
naked man.*

FORD

The Holy State

THE GOOD HUSBAND

His love to his wife weakeneth not his ruling her, and his ruling lesseneth not his loving her. Wherefore he avoideth all fondness (a sick love, to be praised in none, and pardoned only in the newly married), whereby more have wilfully betrayed their command than ever lost it by their wives' rebellion.

He alloweth her meet maintenance, but measures it by his own estate: nor will he give less, nor can she ask more. Which allowance, if shorter than her deserts and his desire, he lengtheneth it out with his courteous carriage unto her.

That she may not entrench on his prerogative, he maintains her propriety in feminine affairs, yea therein he follows her advice. Causes that are properly of feminine cognizance he suffers her finally to decide, not so much as permitting an appeal to himself, that their jurisdiction may not interfere.

Knowing that she is the weaker vessel, he bears with her infirmities. All hard using of her he detests, desiring therein to do not what may be lawful, but fitting.

He is careful that the wounds betwixt them take not air, and be publicly known. Jars concealed are half reconciled; which if generally known, it is a double task to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad. To this end he never publicly reproves her. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present, after which many rather study revenge than reformation.

Fuller

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SQUIRE SULLEN

Mrs. Sullen: O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see—but take this by the way: he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel nightcap. O matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing of his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose. Oh, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!

Farquhar

ELDERLY HUSBAND

We tiffed a little going to church and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution,—a girl bred wholly in the country,

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who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintance and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Sheridan

INDIFFERENT HUSBAND

Nature never intended Mr. Helstone to make a very good husband, especially to a quiet wife. He thought so long as a woman was silent nothing ailed her, and she wanted nothing. If she did not complain of solitude, solitude, however continued, could not be irksome to her. If she did not talk and put herself forward, express a partiality for this, an aversion to that, she had no partialities or aversions, and it was useless to consult her tastes. He made no pretence of comprehending women, or comparing them with men. They were a different, probably a very inferior, order of existence. A wife could not be her husband's companion, much less his confidante, much less his stay. *His* wife, after a year or two, was of no great importance to him in any shape; and when she one day, as he thought, suddenly—for he had scarcely noticed her decline—but, as others thought, gradually, took her leave of him and life, and there was only a still, beautiful-

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featured mould of clay left, cold and white, in the conjugal couch, he felt his bereavement—who shall say how little? Yet, perhaps, more than he seemed to feel it; for he was not a man from whom grief easily wrung tears.

Charlotte Brontë

DISILLUSIONED HUSBAND

You must know, Sir, I am a Turkey Merchant, and lived several Years in a Country where the Women show nothing but their Eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of Countenance to see my pretty Country-women laying open their Charms with so much Liberality, tho' at that time many of them were concealed under the modest Shade of the Tucker. I soon after married a very fine Woman who always goes in the Extremity of the Fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married Man must be, that I should make daily Discoveries in the dear Creature, which were unknown to the rest of the World. But since this new airy Fashion has come up, every one's Eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her Neck has grown eight Inches within these three Years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty Foot and Ankle are now exposed to the Sight of the whole World, which made my very Heart dance within me, when I first found myself their Proprietor. As in all appearance the Curtain is still Rising, I find a parcel of Rascally young Fellows in the Neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new Scene every Day.

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In short, Sir, the Tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her Person more than other Men, I have now the least Share of it. When she is at Home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in Mobs, Morning Gowns and Handkerchiefs; but strips every Afternoon to appear in Publick. For ought I can find, when she has thrown aside half her Cloaths, she begins to think herself drest. I am sure, had my Wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my Curiosity.

Addison

PHILOSOPHICAL HUSBAND

After that it was all over with me, of course. I got the new coat as cheap as I could, and I went through all the rest of it as cheap as I could. We were not a happy couple, and not a miserable couple. We were six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. How it was I don't understand, but we always seemed to be getting, with the best of motives, in one another's way. When I wanted to go upstairs, there was my wife coming down, or when my wife wanted to go down, there was I coming up. That is married life, according to my experience of it.

Wilkie Collins

UNGRATEFUL HUSBAND

... Mr. Furnival sat thinking ... of his wife; and I regret to say that the love which he bore to her, and the gratitude which he owed to her, and the

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memory of all that they had suffered and enjoyed together, did not fill his heart with thoughts towards her as tender as they should have done. . . . instead of counting up her virtues, he counted up his own. Had he not given her everything; a house such as she had not dreamed of in her younger days? servants, carriages, money, comforts, and luxuries of all sorts? He had begrimed her nothing, had let her have her full share of all his hard-earned gains; and yet she could be ungrateful for all this, and allow her head to be filled with whims and fancies as though she were a young girl,—to his great annoyance and confusion . . . he would not allow himself to become a laughing-stock to his own clerks and his own brethren through the impudent folly of a woman who owed to him everything; . . . I regret to say that he never once thought of those lonely evenings in Harley Street, of those long days the poor woman was doomed to pass without the only companionship which was valuable to her. . . . He had been open-handed to her as regards money, and therefore she ought not to be troublesome! He had done his duty by her, and therefore he would not permit her to be troublesome! Such, I regret to say, were his thoughts and resolutions as he sat thinking and resolving about Mrs. Furnival.

Anthony Trollope

DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND

It was now three months since his wedding-day, and the pomp and beauty of the sunrise, gold and

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scarlet bars with intermediate lakes of softest blue, had been obscured by leaden clouds, which showed no break and let loose a cold drizzling rain. How was it? He often asked himself that question, but could obtain no satisfactory answer. Had anything changed? Was his wife anything which he did not know her to be three months ago? Certainly not. He could not accuse her of passing herself off upon him with false pretences. What she had always represented herself to be she was now. There she stood precisely as she stood twelve months ago, when he asked her to become his wife, and he thought when she said "yes" that no man was more blessed than he. It was, he feared, true that he did not love her, nor she him; but why could they not have found it out before? What a cruel destiny was this which drew a veil before his eyes and led him blindfolded over the precipice! He at first thought, when his joy began to ebb in February or March, that it would rise again, and that he would see matters in a different light; but the spring was here, and the tide had not turned. It would never turn now, and he became at last aware of the sad truth—the saddest a man can know—that he had missed the great delight of existence. His chance had come and had gone. Henceforth all that was said and sung about love would find no echo in him. He was paralysed, dead in half of his soul, and would have to exist with the other half as well as he could.

Mark Rutherford

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*Wedlock should be like punch, some sweet,
some acid;
Then life is nicely turbulent and placid.*
JOHN WOLCOT

LOVING PAIR

“Behold,” she said, “and see
How bright I am of ble!
I am not cast away,
That can my husband say;
When we kiss and play
In lust and in liking
He calleth me his whiting,
His mulling and his miting,
His nobbles and his coney,
His sweeting and his honey,
With ‘Bass, my pretty bonny,
Thou are worth goods and money!’
Thus make I my fellow fonny,
Till that he dream and dronny:
For, after all our sport,
Then will he rout and snort:
Then sweetly together we lie
As two pigges in a sty....

Skelton

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SIR THOMAS AND LADY GRANDISON

Sir Thomas Grandison was one of the handsomest men of his time: He had a great notion of magnificence in living; and went deep into all the fashionable diversions, except gaming with cards and dice; tho' he ran into one as expensive, but which he called a nobler vice; valuing himself upon his breed of race-horses and hunters, and his kennel; in both which articles he was extravagant to profusion....

Lady Grandison brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine poetical vein, which he was fond of cultivating. Tho' his fortune was so ample, it was his person, and his verses, that won the Lady from several competitors. He had not, however, *her* judgment. He was a poet; and I have heard my grandfather say, that to be a poet, requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment....

He made, however, a *kind* husband, as it is called. His good-sense and his politeness, and the pride he took to be thought one of the best-bred men in England, secured her *complaisant* treatment. But Lady Grandison had qualities that deserved one of the best and tenderest of men. Her eye and ear had certainly misled her. I believe a woman who chooses a man whom every-body admires, if the man be not good, must expect that he will have calls and inclinations, that will make him think the character of a domestic man beneath him.

She endeavoured, at setting out, to engage his *companionableness*—shall I call it? She was fond

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of her husband. He had reason to be, and *was*, proud of his wife: But when he had shewed her every-where, and she began to find herself in circumstances, which ought to domesticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandison pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant byas; and after a while, leaving the whole family-care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praising her (He did her that justice) he was but little at home in the summer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diversions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts. . . .

He had been once absent from this admirable wife six whole months, when he left her but for one: He designed only an excursion to Paris, when he set out; but, when in company as gay as himself, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was still more inexcusable, he let his Lady hear from him by second-hand only. He never wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to surprise her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England. . . .

He asked her, however, after the first emotions (for she received him with real joy) If she could easily forgive him?—Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, if you can forgive yourself.

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

Be not serious, Sir Thomas, said my Lady; and

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flung her arms about him. You know, by your question, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither—But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the past six tedious months—Can I say they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by so long an absence: Let me lead you to the nursery; or, let the dear prattlers come down to receive their father's blessing. How delightful is their dawning reason! Their improvements exceed my hopes: Of what pleasure do you deprive yourself by these long absences!

Richardson

THE CONFERENCE

We should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened to debate.—We should begin to think, Mrs Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.—

We should so,—said my mother.—We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.—

I think we do, Mr Shandy, said my mother.

—Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunicks.—

—He does look very well in them,— replied my mother.—

—And for that reason it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.—

—It would so,—said my mother. —But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

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—He is very tall for his age, indeed,—said my mother.

—I can not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

—I cannot conceive for my life,—said my mother.

—Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am very short myself,—continued my father, gravely.

—You are very short, Mr Shandy,—said my mother.

—Humph!—quoth my father to himself, a second time; in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.—

—He will be very awkward in them at first,—replied my mother.

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't,—added my father.

—It will be very lucky,—answered my mother.

—I suppose,—replied my father, making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.—

—Exactly,— said my mother.

—Though I should be sorry for that,—added my father; and so the debate stopped again.

—They should be of leather,—said my father, turning him about again.

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—They will last him,—said my mother,—the longest.—

—But he can have no linings to 'em,—replied my father.

—He cannot,—said my mother.

—'Twere better to have them of fustian,—quoth my father.

—Nothing can be better,—said my mother.

—Except dimity,—replied my father: —"Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

—One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

—By no means,—said my mother: and so the dialogue stood still again.

—I am resolved, however—quoth my father, breaking silence a fourth time,—he shall have no pockets in them.—

—There is no occasion for any,—said my mother.

—I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

—I mean so too,—replied my mother.

—Though if he gets a gig or top—Poor souls! it is a crown and sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.—

—Order it as you please, Mr Shandy,—replied my mother.

—But don't you think it right?—added my father, pressing the point home to her.

—Perfectly,—said my mother, —if it pleases you, Mr Shandy.—

—There's for you!—cried my father, losing temper.

—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish, Mrs

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Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night; and further this chapter sayeth not.

Sterne

THE QUARREL

Jonathan: If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

Laetitia: Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

Jonathan: I hope, madam, at least, you will not tell me, to my face, that you have made your convenience of me!

Laetitia: I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making anything of you.

Jonathan: Yes, you have made a husband of me.

Laetitia: No, you made yourself so; for I repeat, once more, it was not my desire, but your own.

Jonathan: You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

Laetitia: La! sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair.—I have had other offers, and better too.

Jonathan: I wish you had accepted them, with all my heart.

Laetitia: I must tell you, Mr Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for showing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I

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gave to you. . . . I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you every way contemptible, and below my concern.

Jonathan: D—n you, madam, have I not more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

Laetitia: Very fine, truly! Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? Yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise?

Jonathan: Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for anything I care.

Laetitia: The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

Jonathan: I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a. b—ch you are; your actions will demonstrate it.

Laetitia: Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

Jonathan: Begin whenever you please, madam; . . . if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

Laetitia: Use me as you will; but d—n me, if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed, if ever I enter your bed more.

Jonathan: May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had

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ever any regard for; and that I now loathe and detest as much as ever I liked it.

Laetitia: It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person. . . .

Jonathan: Why, then, since we are come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agree, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

Laetitia: With all my heart.

Jonathan: Let us shake hands then, and hence-forwards never live like man and wife; that is never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

Laetitia: Agreed.—But pray, Mr Wild, why b—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you?

Jonathan: It is not worth your remembrance.

Laetitia: You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

Jonathan: Without control. . . . Let us now take a farewell kiss; and may I be hanged if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

Laetitia: But why b—ch?—Methinks I should be glad to know why b—ch.

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ning her temper heartily. She returned it again, with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution, and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Laetitia could not help concluding with the words, *Why b—ch?*

Fielding

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WEDDING NIGHT

. . . the retreat of Serafina filled Renaldo's breast with tumult and emotion; his blood began to flow in impetuous tides, his heart to beat with redoubled vigour and velocity, while his eyes seemed to flash with more than human splendour. Now his imagination began to anticipate with the enthusiastic rage of an inspired sibyl; he was instantaneously transported from the conversation, and every nerve was braced to such a degree of impatience, that human nature could not long endure the tension.

He, therefore, having withstood the impulse about a quarter of an hour, at length gave way to his impetuosity, and, springing from his friends, found himself in a dark passage, at the farther end of which he perceived Madam Clement coming out of a chamber with a light, which at sight of him she set down, and vanished in a moment. This was the star that pointed to his paradise; he hailed the signal, entered the apartment, and, like a lion rushing on his prey, approached the nuptial bed, where Serafina, surrounded by all the graces of beauty, softness, sentiment, and truth, lay trembling as a victim at the altar, and strove to hide her blushes from his view—the door was shut, the light extinguished—he owned his lot was more than mortal man could claim.

Here let me draw the decent veil that ought to shade the sacred mysteries of Hymen. Away, unhallowed scoffers, who profane, with idle pleasantry or immodest hint, these holy rites; and leave those happy lovers to enjoy, in one another's arms,

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unutterable bliss, the well-earned palm of virtue and of constancy, which had undergone the most severe refinement. A more deserving pair night's curtain shrouds not in its dark extent.

Smollett

FASHIONABLE COUPLE

Incapable of feeling any of what he called the romance of love, the passion, of course, had always been with Mr. Wharton of a very transient nature. Tired of his wife's person, he showed his indifference without scruple or ceremony. Notorious and glorying in his gallantries, he was often heard to declare, that no price was too high to be paid for beauty, except a man's liberty, but that was a sacrifice he would never make to any woman, especially to a wife. Marriage vows and custom-house oaths he classed in the same order of technical forms—nowise binding on the conscience of any but fools and dupes. Whilst the husband went on in this manner, the wife satisfied herself by indulgence in her strongest passions—the passion for dress and public admiration. Childishly eager to set the fashion in trifles, she spent unconscionable sums on her pretty person, and devoted all her days, or rather all her nights, to public amusements . . . she was never happy for half an hour together, at any place of public amusement, unless she fixed the gaze of numbers . . . but the reign of fashion is more transient even than the bloom of beauty. Mrs. Wharton's beauty soon grew familiar, and faded in the public eye; some newer face was this

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season the mode. . . . Mortified and utterly dejected she felt, with the keenest anguish, the first symptoms of the decline of public admiration.

Maria Edgeworth

HUMBLE COUPLE

She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love,
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A being—who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious.

Wordsworth

RUTH AND SIMON

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His Wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the Village Common. . . .

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;

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For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little—all
Which they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell. . . .

Wordsworth

THE PALMERS

Mrs. Palmer . . . was short and plump, had a very pretty face, and the finest expression of good-humour in it that could possibly be. Her manners were by no means so elegant as her sister's, but they were much more prepossessing. She came in with a smile, smiled all the time of her visit, except when she laughed, and smiled when she went away. Her husband was a grave-looking young man of five or six and twenty, with an air of more fashion and sense than his wife, but of less willingness to please or be pleased. He entered the room with a look of self-consequence, slightly bowed to the ladies, without speaking a word, and after briefly surveying them and their apartments, took up a newspaper from the table, and continued to read it as long as he stayed.

Jane Austen

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A MARRIAGE

They live together, and they dine together, and they say "my dear" and "my love" as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griets and pleasures are over.

Thackeray

ILL-MATCHED COUPLE

"Ill-matched," says Jack. "Not at all. It's a perfectly fair and equal transaction. *She* is regularly bought, and you may take your oath *he* is as regularly sold!"

Dickens

MR. AND MRS. BLOOMFIELD

He was a man of ordinary stature—rather below than above—and rather thin than stout, apparently between thirty and forty years of age: he had a large mouth, pale, dingy complexion, milky blue eyes, and hair the colour of a hempen cord. There was a roast leg of mutton before him: he helped Mrs. Bloomfield, the children and me, desiring me to cut up the children's meat; then, after twisting about the mutton in various directions, and eyeing it from different points, he pronounced it not fit to be eaten, and called for the cold beef.

"What is the matter with the mutton, my dear?" asked his mate.

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"It is quite overdone. Don't you taste, Mrs. Bloomfield, that all the goodness is roasted out of it? And can't you see that all that nice, red gravy is completely dried away."

"Well, I think the *beef* will suit you."

The beef was set before him, and he began to carve, but with the most rueful expressions of discontent.

"What is the matter with the *beef*, Mr. Bloomfield? I'm sure I thought it was very nice."

"And so it *was* very nice. A nicer joint could not be; but it is *quite* spoiled," replied he, dolefully.

"How so?"

"How so! Why don't you see how it is cut? Dear—dear! it is quite shocking!"

"They must have cut it wrong in the kitchen, then, for I'm sure I carved it quite properly here, yesterday."

"No *doubt* they cut it wrong in the kitchen—the savages! Dear—dear! Did ever any one see such a fine piece of beef so completely ruined. But remember that, in future, when a decent dish leaves this table they shall not *touch* it in the kitchen. Remember *that*, Mrs. Bloomfield!"

Notwithstanding the ruinous state of the beef, the gentleman managed to cut himself some delicate slices, part of which he ate in silence. When he next spoke, it was, in a less querulous tone, to ask what there was for dinner.

"Turkey and grouse," was the concise reply.

"And what besides?"

"Fish."

"What kind of fish?"

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"I don't know."

"*You don't know?*" cried he, looking solemnly up from his plate, and suspending his knife and fork in astonishment.

"No. I told the cook to get some fish—I did not particularize what."

"Well, that beats everything! A lady professes to keep house, and doesn't even know what fish is for dinner! professes to order fish, and doesn't specify what!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Bloomfield, you will order dinner yourself in future."

Anne Brontë

SAINT AND SINNER

She was so good, and he was so bad:
A very pretty time they had!
A pretty time and it lasted long;
Which of the two was more in the wrong?
He befouled in the slough of sin;
Or she whose piety pushed him in?
He found her yet more cold and staid
As wedded wife than courted maid:
She filled their house with freezing gloom;
He felt it dismal as a tomb:
Her steadfast mind disdained his toys
Of worldly pleasures, carnal joys;
Her heart firm-set on things above
Was frigid to his earthly love. . . .

James Thomson ('B.V.')

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GUNMAKER AND WIFE

Marchmont considered his wife's likes and inclinations somewhat silly; she considered his sordid and material. The husband's business was that of a gunmaker . . . and his soul was in that business always; the lady was best characterized by that superannuated phrase of elegance, a votary of the muse! An impressionable, palpitating creature . . . shrinking humanely from detailed knowledge of her husband's trade whenever she reflected that everything he manufactured had for its purpose the destruction of life. She could only recover her equanimity by assuring herself that some, at least, of his weapons were sooner or later used for the extermination of horrid vermin and animals as cruel to their inferiors in species as human beings were to theirs.

Her figure was small, elegant, and slight in build, tripping, or rather bounding, in movement. She was dark-eyed, and had that marvellously bright and liquid sparkle in each pupil which characterizes persons of Ella's cast of soul, and is too often a cause of heart-ache to the possessor's male friends, ultimately sometimes to herself. Her husband was a tall, long-featured man, with a brown beard; he had a pondering regard; and was, it must be added, usually kind and tolerant to her. He spoke in squarely shaped sentences, and was supremely satisfied with a condition of sublunary things which made weapons a necessity.

Thomas Hardy

When I am come home, I must commune with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants. All the which things I reckon and accompt among my business, forasmuch as they must of necessity be done: and done they must needs be, unless a man will be a stranger in his own house.

SIR THOMAS MORE

THE FAIRCHILD'S

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had three children; Lucy, who was about nine years old when these stories began; Emily, who was next in age; and Henry, who was between five and six. These little children never went to school: Mrs. Fairchild taught Lucy and Emily, and Mr. Fairchild taught little Henry. Lucy and Emily learned to read, and to do various kinds of needlework. Lucy had begun to write, and took great pains with her writing; their mamma also taught them to sing psalms and hymns, and they could sing several very sweetly. Little Henry, too, had a great notion of singing.

Besides working and reading, the little girls could do many useful things; they made their beds, rubbed the chairs and tables in their rooms, fed the

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fowls; and, when John was busy, they laid the cloth for dinner, and waited upon their papa and mamma whilst they were eating.

Mr. Fairchild taught Henry everything that was proper for little boys in his station to learn; and when he had finished his lesson in a morning, his papa used to take him very often to work in the garden. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild loved and feared God, and had done so, by the mercy of God, ever since their younger days.

They knew that their hearts were very bad, and that they could not be saved by any good thing they could do; on the contrary, that they were by nature fitted only for everlasting punishment: but they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and loved Him for having died for them; and they knew that He would save them, because He saves all those people who trust in Him. They believed also in the Holy Spirit of God—that it enters into the wicked hearts of men, and makes them good, and they knew that they could not do anything well without the help of this Holy Spirit: therefore they used to pray for this Holy Spirit every day; and their prayers were heard, for they were helped to be good every day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild loved their children dearly, but they did not wish them to be handsome, rich, or great: all they desired for them was that they might be the children of God, and go to heaven when they died.

Mrs. Sherwood

The Holy State

FATHER AND SON

Robert turned as pale as ashes when he heard his father's voice . . . "What's all this?" cried his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened. . . . Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father caught hold of him by the arm. "I will whip you now," said he, "and then, I hope, you will not." So Robert was whipped, till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him.

"There," said his father, when he had done, "now go without supper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served!"

Maria Edgeworth

HAPPY FAMILY

The Musgroves, like their houses, were in a state of alteration, perhaps of improvement. The father and mother were in the old English style, and the young people in the new. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove were a very good sort of people; friendly and hospitable, not much educated, and not at all elegant. Their children had more modern minds and manners. There was a numerous family; but the only two grown up, excepting Charles, were Henrietta and Louisa, young ladies of nineteen and twenty,

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who had brought from a school at Exeter all the usual stock of accomplishments, and were now, like thousands of other young ladies, living to be fashionable, happy, and merry. Their dress had every advantage, their faces were rather pretty, their spirits extremely good, their manners unembarrassed and pleasant; they were of consequence at home, and favourites abroad.

Jane Austen

LADY MIDDLETON AND CHILDREN

Fortunately for those who pay their court through such foibles, a fond mother, though in pursuit of praise for her children the most rapacious of human beings, is likewise the most credulous; her demands are exorbitant, but she will swallow anything . . . She saw with maternal complacency all the impudent encroachments and mischievous tricks to which her cousins submitted. She saw their sashes untied, their hair pulled about their ears, their work-bags searched, and their knives and scissors stolen away, and felt no doubt of its being a reciprocal enjoyment.

“John is in such spirits to-day!” said she, on his taking Miss Steele’s pocket-handkerchief and throwing it out of the window—“he is full of monkey tricks.”

And soon afterwards, on the second boy’s violently pinching one of the same lady’s fingers, she fondly observed, “How playful William is!”

“And here is my sweet little Anna-Maria,” she added, tenderly caressing a little girl of three years

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old, who had not made a noise for the last two minutes; “and she is always so gentle and quiet. Never was there such a quiet little thing!”

But unfortunately, in bestowing these embraces, a pin in her ladyship’s head-dress slightly scratching the child’s neck, produced from this pattern of gentleness such violent screams as could hardly be outdone by any creature professedly noisy. The mother’s consternation was excessive, but it could not surpass the alarm of the Miss Steeles; and everything was done by all three, in so critical an emergency, which affection could suggest, as likely to assuage the agonies of the little sufferer. She was seated in her mother’s lap, covered with kisses, her wound bathed with lavender water by one of the Miss Steeles, who was on her knees to attend her, and her mouth stuffed with sugar-plums by the other. With such a reward for her tears, the child was too wise to cease crying. She still screamed and sobbed lustily, kicked her two brothers for offering to touch her, and all their united soothings were ineffectual, till Lady Middleton luckily remembering that in a scene of similar distress last week some apricot marmalade had been successfully applied for a bruised temple, the same remedy was eagerly proposed for this unfortunate scratch, and a slight intermission of screams in the young lady on hearing it gave them reason to hope that it would not be rejected. She was carried out of the room, therefore, in her mother’s arms, in quest of this medicine, and as the two boys chose to follow, though earnestly entreated by their mother to stay behind, the four

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young ladies were left in a quietness which the room had not known for many hours.

"Poor little creature!" said Miss Steele, as soon as they were gone; "it might have been a very sad accident."

"Yet I hardly know how," cried Marianne, "unless it had been under totally different circumstances."

Jane Austen

FATHER, MOTHER, CHILD

"How are you, my dear?" said my father with compassionate tenderness, as he groped his way to the bed.

A faint voice muttered, "Better now, and so happy!" At the same moment, Mrs. Primmins pulled my father away, lifted a coverlid from a small cradle, and, holding a candle within an inch of an undeveloped nose, cried emphatically, "There—bless it!"

"Of course, ma'am, I bless it," said my father rather peevishly. "It is my duty to bless it—BLESS IT! And this, then, is the way we come into the world!—red, very red,—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit."

Bulwer Lytton

CROQUET FAMILY

Lord Montairy was passionately devoted to croquet. He flattered himself that he was the most accomplished male performer existing. He would have thought absolutely the most accom-

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plished, were it not for the unrivalled feats of Lady Montairy. She was the queen of croquet. Her sisters also used the mallet with admirable skill, but not like Victoria. Lord Montairy always looked forward to his summer croquet at Brentham. It was a great croquet family, the Brentham family; even listless Lord St. Aldegonde would sometimes play, with a cigar never out of his mouth. They did not object to his smoking in the air. On the contrary, "they rather liked it." Captain Mildmay, too, was a brilliant hand, and had written a treatise on croquet, the best going.

Disraeli

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE

So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady there saw each other as they were. With her illness and altered beauty my Lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love!—who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect!—who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers, muftis, and rabbins in the world, can bind to that monstrous allegiance. This couple was living apart then; the woman happy to be allowed to love and tend her children (who were never of her own goodwill away from her), and thankful to have saved such treasures as these out of the wreck in which the better part of her heart went down.

Thackeray

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GODLY HOUSEHOLD

This paradise, five miles from the standard at Cornhill, was separated from the outer world by a thick hedge of tall trees, and an ivy-coloured porter's-gate, through which they who travelled to London on the top of the Clapham coach could only get a glimpse of the bliss within. It was a serious paradise. As you entered at the gate, gravity fell on you; and decorum wrapped you in a garment of starch. The butcher-boy who galloped his horse and cart madly about the adjoining lanes and common, whistled wild melodies (caught up in abominable play-house galleries), and joked with a hundred cook-maids, on passing that lodge fell into an undertaker's pace, and delivered his joints and sweet-breads silently at the servants' entrance. The rooks in the elms cawed sermons at morning and evening; the peacocks walked demurely on the terraces; the guinea-fowls looked more quaker-like than those savoury birds usually do. The lodge-keeper was serious, and a clerk at a neighbouring chapel. The pastors who entered at that gate, and greeted his comely wife and children, fed the little lambkins with tracts. The head-gardener was a Scotch Calvinist, after the strictest order, only occupying himself with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world, which event he could prove by infallible calculations, was to come off in two or three years at farthest. Wherefore he asked should the butler brew strong ale to be able to be drunken three years hence; or the housekeeper (a follower of Joanna

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Southcott), make provision of fine linen and lay up stores of jams? On a Sunday (which good old Saxon word was scarcely known at the Hermitage), the household marched away in separate couples or groups to at least half a dozen of religious edifices, each to sit under his or her favourite minister.

Thackeray

WELL-REGULATED FAMILY

The Sympsons were church people... Mr. Sympson proved to be a man of spotless respectability, worrying temper, pious principles, and worldly views; his lady was a very good woman—patient, kind, well-bred. She had been brought up on a narrow system of views, starved on a few prejudices—a mere handful of bitter herbs; a few preferences, soaked till their natural flavour was extracted, and with no seasoning added in the cooking; some excellent principles, made up in a stiff raised crust of bigotry difficult to digest. Far too submissive was she to complain of this diet or to ask for a crumb beyond it.

The daughters were an example to their sex. They were tall, with a Roman nose apiece. They had been educated faultlessly. All they did was well done. History and the most solid books had cultivated their minds. Principles and opinions they possessed which could not be mended. More exactly-regulated lives, feelings, manners, habits, it would have been difficult to find anywhere. They knew by heart a certain young-ladies'-schoolroom code of laws on language, demeanour, etc.; they

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never deviated from its curious little pragmatical provisions, and they regarded with secret whispered horror all deviations in others. Abomination of Desolation was no mystery to them; they had discovered that unutterable Thing in the characteristic others called Originality. Quick were they to recognize the signs of this evil; and wherever they saw its trace—whether in look, word, or deed; whether they read it in the fresh, vigorous style of a book, or listened to it in interesting, un-hackneyed, pure, expressive language—they shuddered, they recoiled. Danger was above their heads, peril about their steps. What was this strange thing? Being unintelligible it must be bad. Let it be denounced and chained up.

Charlotte Brontë

THE DOCKWRATHS

Mr. Samuel Dockwrath was very angry as he spoke, or at any rate, he seemed to be so. There are men who take a delight in abusing those special friends whom their wives best love, and Mr. Dockwrath was one of these.

... Miriam Dockwrath, as she sat on this morning, listening to her husband's anger, with a sick little girl on her knee, and four or five others clustering round her, half covered with their matinal bread and milk, was mild-eyed and soft as ever. Hers was a nature in which softness would ever prevail;—softness and that tenderness of heart, always leaning, and sometimes almost

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crouching, of which a mild eye is sometimes the outward sign. But her comeliness and prettiness were gone. Female beauty of the sterner, grander sort may support the burden of sixteen children, all living,—and still survive. I have known it to do so, and to survive with much of its youthful glory. But that mild-eyed, soft, round, plumpy prettiness gives way beneath such a weight as that; years alone tell on it quickly; but children and limited means combined with years leave to it hardly a chance.

“I’m sure I’m very sorry,” said the poor woman, worn with her many cares.

“Sorry! yes, and I’ll make her sorry, the proud minx . . .”

“But Samuel, I don’t think she means to be doing any harm. You know she always did say —Don’t Bessy; how can you put your fingers into the basin in that way?”

“Sam has taken my spoon away, mamma.”

Anthony Trollope

MOTHER AND SON

George’s father always slept well, but the mother stirred at the slightest sound. She heard her boy on the other side of the wall pacing to and fro, and she slipped out of her bed, put on her dressing gown, and went to listen. Presently she knocked gently.

“George, my dear, aren’t you well?”

“Yes, mother; nothing the matter.”

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“Let me in.”

He let her in, and sat down. The moon shone brightly, and there was no need for any other light.

The mother came and sat beside her child.

“George, my dear, there is something on your mind? What is it?—tell me.”

“Nothing, mother; nothing indeed.”

She answered by taking his cold hand in both her own and putting it on her lap. Presently he disengaged himself, and went to the window. She sat still for a moment, and followed him. She looked up in his face, the moonlight was full upon it; there was no moisture in his eyes, but his lips quivered. She led him away, and got him to sit down again, taking his hand as before, but speaking no word. Suddenly, without warning, his head was on his mother’s bosom, and he was weeping as if his heart would break. Another first experience to him and to her; the first time he had ever wept since he was a child and cried over a fall or because it was dark. She supported that heavy head with the arm which had carried him before he could walk alone; she kissed him, and her tears flowed with his; but still she was silent. There was no reason why she should make further inquiry; she knew it all. By themselves there they remained till he became a little calmer, and then he begged her to leave him. She wished to stay, but he would not permit it, and she withdrew. When she reached her bedroom her husband was still asleep, and although she feared to wake him, she could no longer contain herself, and falling

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on her knees with her face in the bedclothes, so that she might not be heard, she cried to her Maker to have mercy on her child.

Mark Rutherford

HEAD OF FAMILY

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense moustache, which drooped and spread beneath the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrewd, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men. Having had his own way for innumerable years, he had earned a prescriptive right to it. It would never have occurred to old Jolyon that it was necessary to wear a look of doubt or of defiance.

John Galsworthy

ONLY CHILD AND PARENTS

His mother's thoughts were on Cyril as long as she was awake. His father, when not planning Cyril's welfare, was earning money whose unique object could be nothing but Cyril's welfare. Cyril was the pivot of the house; every desire ended somewhere in Cyril. The shop existed now solely

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for him. And those houses that Samuel bought by private treaty, or with a shamefaced air at auctions—somehow they were aimed at Cyril. Samuel and Constance had ceased to be self-justifying beings; they never thought of themselves save as the parents of Cyril.

They realized this by no means fully. Had they been accused of monomania they would have smiled the smile of people confident in their commonsense and their mental balance. Nevertheless they were monomaniacs. Instinctively they concealed the fact as much as possible. They never admitted it even to themselves. Samuel, indeed, would often say: "That child is not everybody. That child must be kept in his place." Constance was always teaching him consideration for his father as the most important person in the household. Nothing was left undone to convince him that he was a cypher, a nonentity, who ought to be very glad to be alive. But he knew all about his importance. He knew that the entire town was his. He knew that his parents were deceiving themselves. Even when he was punished he well knew that it was because he was so important. He never imparted any portion of this knowledge to his parents; a primeval wisdom prompted him to retain it strictly in his own bosom.

Arnold Bennett

OCTAGONAL ROOM

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS

Rejoice, ye righteous!

PSALM XXXII, 11

*Oh! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

*He never greatly cared for the society of what
are called good people. If any of them were scan-
dalised (and offences were sure to arise) he could
not help it. When he has been remonstrated with
for not making more concessions to the feelings
of good people, he would retort by asking, what
one point did these good people ever concede to
him?*

CHARLES LAMB



PLOUGHMAN

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad of dong ful may a fother,
A trewe swinker and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and partit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselfe.
He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
His tythes payed he ful faire and wel.
Bothe of his propre swink and his catel
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

Chaucer

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KNIGHT

A, Launcelot, he sayd, thou were hede of al crysten knyghtes: & now I dare say, sayd syr Ector, thou sir Launcelot, there thou lyest, that thou were never matched of erthely knyghtes hande; and thou were the curtest knyght that ever bare shelde; & thou were the truest frende to thy lover that ever bestrade hors; & thou were the trewest lover of a synful man that ever loved woman; & thou were the kyndest man that ever strake wyth swerde; & thou were the godeylst persone that ever cam emonge prees of knyghtes: & thou were the mekest man & the Ientyllest that ever ett in halle emonge ladyes; & thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that ever put spere in the breste . . .

Sir Thomas Malory

GOOD-HUMOURED MAN

In the daies of King Henrie the eight, that most noble and victorious Prince, in the beginning of his reigne, John Winchcomb, a broad cloth weaver, dwelt in Newberie, a towne in Barkshire: who for that he was a man of merry disposition, and honest conversation, was wondrous wel-beloved of Rich and Poore, specially, because in every place where hee came, hee would spend his money with the best, and was not at any time found a churle of his purse. Wherefore being so good a companion, hee was called of old and yongue Jacke of Newberie: a man so generally well knowne in all his countrey

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for his good fellowship, that hee could goe in no place but he found acquaintance; by meanes whereof Jacke could no sooner get a Crowne, but straight hee found meanes to spend it; yet had hee ever this care, that hee would alwaies keepe him selfe in comely and decent apparell: neyther at any time would hee bee overcome in drinke, but so discreetly behave himselfe with honest mirth, and pleasant conceits, that he was every Gentle-mans companion.

Thomas Deloney

HAPPY MAN

He is an happy man, that hath learned to read himself more than all books, and hath so taken out this lesson, that he can never forget it; that knows the world, and cares not for it; that, after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home; so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so pleasie it, that he makes it not a wanton: that in earthly things wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious: that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity; that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure; upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and for the greater calama-

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ties, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world; and loves to enjoy himself always; and sometimes his friend: and hath as full scope to his thoughts as to his eyes. . . . He walks cheerfully in the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide or more smooth. . . . He is well provided for both worlds; and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow creatures rejoice to serve him: his betters, the angels, love to observe him: God himself takes pleasure to converse with him: and hath sainted him afore his death, and in his death crowned him.

Joseph Hall

SOUND MAN

All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, have the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no neces-

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sity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

Steele

FRANK FORESIGHT

He had lived a Bachelor some Years about this Town, in the best of Companies; kept a Chariot and four Footmen, besides six Saddle Horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his Income; but, when he married the beautiful *Clarinda* (who brought him a plentiful Fortune) he dismiss'd two of his Footmen, four of his Saddle Horses, and his Chariot; and he kept only a Chair for the use of his Lady. Embroidered Cloths and laced Linnens were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain Drugget, and from that time forwards, in all the Accommodations of Life never coveted anything beyond Cleanliness and Convenience. When any of his Acquaintance asked him the Reason of this sudden Change; he would answer, " In single Life I cou'd easily compute my Wants, and provide against them; but the condition of Life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen Casualties, as well as with a great many distant, but unavoidable Expences The Happiness or Misery, in this World, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill Husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my Duty, till I have laid up a provision for three or four Children at least." " But pr'ythee *Frank*," says a pert Coxcombe that stood by, " why should'st thou reckon thy Chickens before—“ upon

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which he cut him short, and replied, “ ‘Tis no matter; a brave Man can never want Heirs, while there is one Man of Worth living.” This precautions way of reasoning and acting, has proved to Mr. *Foresight* and his Lady, an uninterrupted Source of Felicity. Wedlock sits light and easie upon them; and they are at present happy in Two Sons and a Daughter, who a great many Years hence will feel the good Effects of their Parents’ Prudence.

Addison

AMATEUR SCIENTIST

Whilom by silver Thames’s gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtile wight;
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,
Book-learned and quaint: a Virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things, and rare, were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne’er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study, day or night;
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth, or air, or seas.

He many a creature did anathomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distained:
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o’er the entrails of a gnat.

Akenside

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MERRY MAN

He is the life and spirit of the Company, and sparkling liquor, whilst others are its dregs and lees. He is never dry nor pumping, but alwayes full and flowing; every thing affording him matter of merriment; and for a need he can extract it out of nothing too. . . . and though to men of business he seems to conter but little to the seriouster part of life; yet he whets the knife of the serious man, and makes them more apt for business afterwards.

Richard Flecknoe

GOOD-NATURED MAN

Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralitical stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

Lord Chesterfield

DANIEL DOVE

Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men. In fact he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that

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he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself any thing. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun and wind and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought indeed that if he had had grammar learning in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining in this natural reflection.

Southey

VIRTUOUS ECCENTRIC

Being naturally of a meagre habit, he was, by indigence and hard study, worn almost to the

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bone, and so bended towards the earth, that in walking his body described at least 150 degrees of a circle. The want of stockings and shoes he supplied with a jockey straight boot and a half jack. His thighs and middle were cased in a monstrous pair of brown trunk breeches. . . . His shirt retained no signs of its original colour, his body was shrouded in an old greasy tattered plaid night-gown; a blue and white handkerchief surrounded his head, and his looks betokened that immense load of care which he had voluntarily incurred for the eternal salvation of sinners. Yet this figure . . . had appeared in the great world, and borne divers offices of dignity and trust with universal applause. His courage was undoubted, his morals were unimpeached, and his person held in great veneration and esteem; when his evil genius engaged him in the study of Hebrew, and the mysteries of the Jewish religion, which fairly disordered his brain, and rendered him incapable of managing his temporal affairs. When he ought to have been employed in the functions of his post, he was always wrapped in visionary conferences with Moses on the Mount; rather than regulate the economy of his household, he chose to exert his endeavours in settling the precise meaning of the word *ELO-HIM*; and having discovered that now the period was come, when the Jews and the Gentiles would be converted, he postponed every other consideration, in order to facilitate that great and glorious event.

Smollett

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SELF-SUFFICING MAN

He was first cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one; he found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply: trifles were the boundaries of his desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness in all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty which has some small connexion with letters, to wit a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

Henry Mackenzie

RETIRING MAN

He was not handsome, and his manners required intimacy to make them pleasing. He was too diffident to do justice to himself; but when his natural shyness was overcome, his behaviour gave every indication of an open, affectionate heart. His understanding was good, and his education had given it solid improvement. But he was neither fitted by abilities nor disposition to answer the wishes of his

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mother and sister, who longed to see him distinguished as—they hardly knew what. They wanted him to make a fine figure in the world in some manner or other. His mother wished to interest him in political concerns, to get him into Parliament, or to see him connected with some of the great men of the day. Mrs. John Dashwood wished it likewise; but in the meanwhile, till one of these superior blessings could be obtained, it would have quieted her ambition to see him driving a barouche. But Edward had no turn for great men or barouches. All his wishes centred in domestic comfort and the quiet of private life.

Jane Austen

SYMPATHETIC MAN

He is what you would probably call, at first view, rather a strange-looking man; for he is thin, dark, sallow, very foreign of aspect, with shadowy hair carelessly streaking his forehead. It appears that he spends little time at his toilet, or he would arrange it with more taste. He seems unconscious that his features are fine, that they have a southern symmetry, clearness, regularity in their chiselling; nor does a spectator become aware of this advantage till he has examined him well, for an anxious countenance and a hollow, somewhat haggard, outline of face disturb the idea of beauty with one of care. His eyes are large, and grave, and gray; their expression is intent and meditative, rather searching than soft, rather thoughtful than genial. When he parts his lips in a smile, his physiognomy is

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agreeable—not that it is frank or cheerful even then, but you feel the influence of a certain sedate charm, suggestive, whether truly or delusively, of a considerate, perhaps a kind nature, of feelings that may wear well at home—patient, forbearing, possibly faithful feelings.

Charlotte Brontë

ST. JOHN

St. John was a good man; but I began to feel he had spoken truth of himself . . . when he said he was hard and cold. The humanities and amenities of life had no attraction for him—its peaceful enjoyments no charm. Literally, he lived only to aspire—after what was good and great, certainly: but still he would never rest; nor approve of others resting round him. As I looked at his lofty forehead, still and pale as a white stone—at his fine lineaments fixed in study—I comprehended all at once that he would hardly make a good husband: that it would be a trying thing to be his wife. I understood, as by inspiration, the nature of his love for Miss Oliver; I agreed with him that it was but a love of the senses. I comprehended how he should despise himself for the feverish influence it exercised over him; how he should wish to stifle and destroy it; how he should mistrust its ever conducting permanently to his happiness, or hers. I saw he was of the material from which nature hews her heroes—Christian and Pagan—her law-givers, her statesmen, her conquerors: a steadfast bulwark for great interests to rest upon; but, at the

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fireside, too often a cold cumbrous column, gloomy
and out of place.

Charlotte Brontë

THE MILLER

I see the wealthy miller yet,
 His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
 His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half within and half without,
 And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
 Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—grey eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.

Tennyson

SWEET YOUTH

A florid apparel becomes some men, as simple
raiment suits others; and Clive in his youth was of
the ornamental class of mankind—a customer to
tailors, a wearer of handsome rings, shirt-studs,
mustachios, long hair, and the like; nor could he
help, in his costume or his nature, being pic-
turesque and generous and splendid. He was

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always greatly delighted with that Scotch man-at-arms in "Quentin Durward", who twists off an inch or two of his gold chain to treat a friend and pay for a bottle. He would give a comrade a ring or a fine-jewelled pin if he had no money. Silver dressing-cases, and brocade morning-gowns were in him a sort of propriety at this season of his youth. It was a pleasure to persons of colder temperament to sun themselves in the warmth of his bright looks and generous humour. His laughter cheered one like wine. I do not know that he was very witty; but he was pleasant. He was prone to blush: the history of a generous trait moistened his eyes instantly. He was instinctively fond of children, and of the other sex from one year old to eighty. . . . Mr Clive's mustachios and imperial . . . are of a warm yellowish chestnut colour, and have not yet known the razor. He wears a low cravat; a shirt front of the finest lawn, with ruby buttons. His hair of a lighter colour, waves almost to "his manly shoulders broad".

Thackeray

HONEST MAN

. . . Stanbury was untidy rather than otherwise in his outward person. Nor had he any air of fashion or special grace to recommend him, for he was undoubtedly an awkward-mannered man. But there was a glance of sunshine in his eye, and a sweetness in the curl of his mouth when he smiled. . . . Stanbury was a man about five feet ten, with shoulders more than broad in propor-

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tion, stout limbed, rather awkward of his gait, with large feet and hands, with soft wavy hair, with light grey eyes, with a broad, but by no means ugly, nose. His mouth and lips were large, and he rarely showed his teeth. He wore no other beard than whiskers, which he was apt to cut away through heaviness of his hand in shaving. . . . Hugh Stanbury was reputed to be somewhat hot in spirit and manner. He would be very sage in argument, pounding down his ideas on politics, religion, or social life with his fist as well as his voice. He was quick, perhaps, at making antipathies, and quick, too, in making friendships; impressionable, demonstrative, eager, rapid in his movements, sometimes to the great detriment of his shins and knuckles; and he possessed the sweetest temper that was ever given to a man for the blessing of a woman.

Anthony Trollope

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN

We all know the appearance of that old gentleman, how pleasant and dear a fellow he is, how welcome is his face within the gate, how free he makes with our wine, generally abusing it, how he tells our eldest daughter to light his candle for him, how he gave silver cups when the girls were born, and now bestows tea-services as they get married,—a most useful, safe, and charming fellow, not a year younger-looking or more nimble than ourselves, without whom life would be very blank. We all know that man; . . .

Anthony Trollope

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PHILANTHROPIST

He stood over six feet high; he had a beautiful red and white colour; a smooth round face, shaved as bare as your hand; and a head of lovely long flaxen hair, falling negligently over the poll of his neck. But why do I try to give you this personal description of him? If you ever subscribed to a Ladies' Charity in London, you know Mr Godfrey Ablewhite as well as I do. He was a barrister by profession; a ladies' man by temperament; and a Good Samaritan by choice. Female benevolence and female destitution could do nothing without him. Maternal societies for confining poor women; Magdalen societies for rescuing poor women; strong-minded societies for putting poor women into poor men's places, and leaving the men to shift for themselves;—he was vice-president, manager, referee to them all. Wherever there was a table with a committee of ladies sitting round it in council, there was Mr. Godfrey at the bottom of the board, keeping the temper of the committee, and leading the dear creatures along the thorny ways of business, hat in hand. I do suppose this was the most accomplished philanthropist (on a small independence) that England ever produced. As a speaker at charitable meetings the like of him for drawing your tears and your money was not easy to find. He was quite a public character. . . . And with all this, the sweetest-tempered person . . . the simplest and pleasantest and easiest to please you ever met with. He loved everybody. And everybody loved *him* . . . what chance had anybody

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of average reputation and capacities—against such a man as this?

Wilkie Collins

POOR SCHOLAR

. . . to judge from his appearance, he did not belong to the race of common mortals. His excessive meagreness would all but have qualified him to enter an exhibition in the capacity of living skeleton, and the garments which hung upon this framework would perhaps have sold for three-and-sixpence at an old-clothes dealer's. But the man was superior to these accidents of flesh and raiment. He had a fine face: large, gentle eyes, nose slightly aquiline, small and delicate mouth. Thick black hair fell to his coat-collar; he wore a heavy moustache and a full beard. In his gait there was a singular dignity; only a man of cultivated mind and graceful character could move and stand as he did.

Gissing

PHILOSOPHER

Here rots, without desire of resurrection,
A man who always missed his last connection.
He was, he knew, a second-rater,
But blamed himself, not his Creator.

Anon. (20th Century)

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*For honest women are so sold and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.*
WEBSTER

MRS. MARY LLOYD

She was by Nature and her parents' care,
A woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated season she
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty.
For she was still in either state of life,
Meek as a virgin, prudent as a wife.
And she well knew, although so young and fair,
Justly to mix Obedience, Love, and Care;
Whilst to her children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,
That they from her rule and example brought
A native Honour, which she stamp't and taught.
Nor can a single pen enough commend
So kind a sister and so clear a friend. . . .
Her house, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a pattern for a Monarchy. . . .
She was so pious that when she did die,
She scarce chang'd place, I'm sure not company. . . .
Nor were her virtues coarsely set, for she
Out-did example in civility. . . .

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Though none of Honour had a quicker sense,
Never had woman more of complacence;
Yet lost it not in empty forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her soul gentile.
And as in youth she did attract (for she
The verdure had without the vanity),
So she in age was mild and grave to all,
Was not morose, but was majestical.
Thus from all other women she had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill. . . .

Katherine Philips

LADY BOUNTIFUL

Boniface.—My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours. She cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men; green-sickness, obstruction, and fits of the mother, in women; the king's evil, chincough, and chil-blains in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years than the doctors have killed in twenty; and that's a bold word.

Farquhar

PARAGON

Flavia . . . though she could support any character, assumes none, never misled by fancy or vanity, but guided singly by reason: whatever she

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says or does is the manifest result of a happy nature and a good understanding, though she knows whatever women ought, and it may be, more than they are required to know. She conceals the superiority she has with as much care as others take to display the superiority they have not; she conforms herself to the turn of the company she is in, but in a way of rather avoiding to be distanced than desiring to take the lead. Are they merry, she is cheerful; are they grave, she is serious; are they absurd, she is silent. Though she thinks and speaks as a man would do, she effeminate, if I may use the expression, whatever she says, and gives all the graces of her own sex to the strength of ours; she is well-bred without the troublesome ceremonies and frivolous forms of those who only affect to be so. As her good-breeding proceeds jointly from good nature and good sense, the former inclines her to oblige, and the latter shews her the easiest and best way of doing it. Women's beauty, like men's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unless directed by a judgment, which seldom accompanies a great degree of either; her beauty seems but the proper and decent lodging for such a mind; she knows the true value of it, and far from thinking that it authorizes impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid these errors that are its usual attendants. Thus she not only unites in herself all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others; for she is loved and esteemed, though envied, by all.

Lord Chesterfield

EFFICIENT WOMAN

Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence, if she had been allotted to him for helpmate. But though she had, in Shakespeare's language, 'withered on the virgin thorn', hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable, but sickly sister-in-law, from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, and the breaking-up of his old establishment, to the widower and his daughter.

The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been as well as for what she now was; the young looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied in vain. She it was who provided those much approved plum cakes, not the less savoury for being homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in the parish which are the province of the Clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed. . . .

Elizabeth, before she went to reside with her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could

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in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the "Queen's Cabinet Unlocked." The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelt as she thought fit; but it was written in a well-proportioned Italian hand, with fine down-strokes and broad up-ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say, good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five-and-twenty years' residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding-school of the first repute, in one of the midland counties, used to say, when they spoke of an old pupil, '*her went to school to we.*' Miss Allison's language was not of this kind,—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave a raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

Southey

JOLLY WOMAN

Mrs. Jennings . . . was a good-humoured, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a good deal, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes and laughter, and before dinner was over had said many witty things on the subject of lovers and husbands.

Jane Austen

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CONTENTED WOMAN

Miss Bates stood in the very worst predicament in the world for having much of the public favour; and she had no intellectual superiority to make atonement to herself, or frighten those who might hate her into outward respect. She had never boasted either beauty or cleverness. Her youth had passed without distinction, and her middle of life was devoted to the care of a failing mother, and the endeavour to make a small income go as far as possible. And yet she was a happy woman, and a woman whom no one named without goodwill. It was her own universal goodwill and contented temper which worked such wonders. She loved everybody, was interested in everybody's happiness, quick-sighted to everybody's merits; thought herself a most fortunate creature, and surrounded with blessings in such an excellent mother, and so many good neighbours and friends, and a home that wanted for nothing. The simplicity and cheerfulness of her nature, her contented and grateful spirits, were a recommendation to everybody, and a mine of felicity to herself. She was a great talker upon little matters. . . .

Jane Austen

IDEAL MOTHER

She was indeed in many particulars an example for her sex—an example too valuable to be altogether lost. . . At whatever hour I arrived, I always found my mother sitting up for me alone. Not a

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word of reproach—not a question. If it happened to be cold or damp, I was greeted with a cheerful fire, by which she had been sitting, reading or netting, as her eyes would permit, and with a colour on her cheek, at seventy, which would have done no discredit to a girl at eighteen. She had always the supper-tray ready, but not brought in, so as neither to tempt me if I did not want anything, nor to disappoint me if I did. When a man throws himself into a chair, after the fatigues of the day, he generally feels for a period a strong propensity to silence, any interruption of which has rather a tendency to irritate. I observed that my mother had always great tact in discovering the first symptoms of revival, till which she would go on with her own occupation, and then inquire if I had had an agreeable party, and put such questions as showed a gratifying interest, equally removed from worrying curiosity and disheartening indifference. I recommend the same course generally to female consideration and adoption. If, from any engagement, I wished to breakfast earlier than usual—however early she was always ready, and without taking any credit for her readiness. If I was down before the hour, I was almost sure to find her seated at table; or, if the morning was fine, walking composedly before the windows, with breakfast prepared. If I desired to have a particular dinner, it was served up just as I asked for it—no alteration—no additional dish, with the very unphilosophical remark: “You have no occasion to eat it unless you like.” She seemed to be aware that needless variety causes a distraction destructive of perfect

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contentment, and that temptation resisted, as well as temptation yielded to, produced, though in an inferior degree, digestive derangement. I will mention only one other trait, and that is, that though she was unremitting in her care and attention when any of her family were ill, yet her own indispositions she always concealed as long as she could—for it seemed to give her pain to be the cause of the least interruption to the pleasure of those she loved.

Thomas Walker

KIND WOMAN

Lady Sarah was forty years old, and looked as though she were fifty and wished to be thought sixty. That she was, in truth, very good, no one either at Manor Cross or in Brotherton or any of the parishes around ever doubted. She knew every poor woman on the estate, and had a finger in the making of almost every petticoat worn. She spent next to nothing on herself, giving away almost all her own little income. She went to church whatever was the weather. She was never idle and never wanted to be amused. The place in the carriage which would naturally have been hers she had always surrendered to one of her sisters when there had been five ladies at Manor Cross, and now she surrendered again to her brother's wife. She spent hours daily in the parish school. She was doctor and surgeon to the poor people,—never sparing herself. But she was harsh-looking, had a harsh voice, and was dictatorial. The poor people

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had become used to her and liked her ways. The women knew that her stitches never gave way, and the men had a wholesome confidence in her medicines, her plasters, and her cookery.

Anthony Trollope

Grossly vicious characters have seldom come in my way.

HANNAH MORE

ROGUE

He that sat over-against him, in the *Plate-button'd Suit* and *White-Beaver Hat*, is a kind of *Amphibious Rascal*, a *Compound* of two sorts of *Villany*; He is one half *Town-trap* and the other half *Sweetener*. He always keeps at his beck three or four Handsome young Wenches, well Equip'd, and in good Lodgings, who are all *Modesty* without, and nothing but *Lewdness* within; who can seem as *Innocent as Doves*, and be as *Wicked as Devils*. . . . The other part of his life is *Tricking* People out of their Money by false *Dice* and *Cards*, which he handles with more gainful dexterity than the *German Artist*; and *Preaches* the *Parson* with such a *Fraudulent Deception* of the Sight, that he

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will drain the Pockets of a large Company in six Minutes, as clean as the *Royal-Oak-Lottery* shall in six Hours. He is often to be seen with a Country Cloth Coat on, all over Dirt, or according to the Weather, as if he had come a Fifty Mile Journey, tho' he's only traveld from *Salisbury-Court* to *Smithfield*, where he keeps the Market as constantly as a *Young Whore* does *Bartholomew-Fair*, or an old one the *Sacrament*; looking in his *Rusty Garb* as much like an *Honest Grasier*, as a *City Hypocrite*, in his *Black Coat* and *Band*, does like a *Good Christian*. He is constant to no sort of Dress, but changes his Cloaths as often as a *Whimsical Woman* does her mind; and *Statesman* like, always suits his Apparel to his Project; Being a rare *Tongue-Pad*, and Excellent at these following Qualifications; he can out *Flatter a Poet*, out *Huff a Bully*, out *Wrangle a Lawyer*, out *Cant a Puritan*, out *Cringe a Beau*, out *Face Truth*, and out *Lye the Devil*.

Ned Ward

BUTTERFLY

Far example, madam, my life; my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through such a variety of entertainments I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complexion; nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he makes so nauseous a

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figure in the side-bax, the ladies shou'd be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at ten o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resalve to take a turn in the park, and see the fine women; so huddle on my clothes, and get dress'd by one. If it be nasty weather, I take a turn in the chocolate house; where, as you walk, madam, you have the prettiest prospect in the world; you have looking-glasses all round you . . . from thence I go to dinner at Lacket's, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stab my vitals, they can compose you a dish, no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings; between eating my dinner, and washing my mouth, ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the play; where, till nine o'clock, I entertain myself with looking upon the company; and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them aut. So there's twelve of the four-and-twenty pretty well over. The other twelve, madam, are disposed of in two articles: In the first four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal raund O of delights. . . .

Vanbrugh

SOCIAL MAN

He is a fool with a good memory and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved; yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality—he is not exceptionis; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding railery, that

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he will construe an affront into a jest, and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

Congreve

SIR WALTER WATKYNS

He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that Ladies were seldom displeased with. I had not, however, discovered any great depth in him. My sister, I imagined, if she married him, would have the superiority in good sense: But I questioned whether Sir Walter would easily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a brisk man for an hour, and might have wit and sense too; but indeed I hardly ever saw him out of Ladies company; and he seemed to be of opinion, that flash rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them.

Richardson

SNEAK

Back to their homes the prudent vestry went
And *Richard Monday* to the workhouse sent,

There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use;
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;

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His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace.
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever-torpid breast;
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat,
He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that ran at all commands;
They used on all occasions Richard's hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole;
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledged his oath on either side;
In all rebellions Richard join'd the rest,
In all detections Richard first confess'd:
Yet, though disgraced, he watched his time so well,
He rose in favour, when in fame he fell;
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despised and fed the pliant boy.

Crabbe

PRETENTIOUS MAN

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things,"
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spoke of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,

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He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

Tennyson

BAD MAN

An elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin, bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; and his complexion was of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit and to have no connection with any

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mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had, was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long and yellow.

Dickens

DISREPUTABLE MAN

The gentleman was of that order of appearance, which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish gray—violent in its colours once, but sobered now by age and dinginess—and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in colour blue and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged, up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hairdressers are accustomed to wrap about

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their clients, during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache—a shaggy moustache too: nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style: the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty; very bold and very mean; very swaggering and very slinking; very much like a man who might have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

Dickens

ÆSTHETE

Adrian was an epicurean; one whom Epicurus would have scourged out of his garden, certainly: an epicurean of our modern notions. To satisfy his appetites without rashly staking his character, was the wise youth's problem for life. He had no intimates except Gibbon and Horace, and the society of these fine aristocrats of literature helped him to accept humanity as it had been, and was; a supreme ironic procession, with laughter of Gods in the background. Why not laughter of mortals also? Adrian had his laugh in his comfortable corner. He possessed peculiar attributes of a heathen God. He was a disposer of men: he was polished, luxurious, and happy—at their cost. He lived in eminent self-content, as one lying on soft cloud, lapt in sunshine. Nor Jove, nor Apollo, cast

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eye upon the maids of earth with cooler fire of selection, or pursued them in the covert with more sacred impunity. And he enjoyed his reputation for virtue as something additional. Stolen fruits are said to be sweet; undeserved rewards are exquisite.

George Meredith

PUBLISHER OF LIMITED EDITIONS

Cuthbert was the noisiest and the most drunken —on principle and for the love of art as well as for that of alcohol. He had an idea that by bawling and behaving offensively, he was defending art against the Philistines. Tipsy, he felt himself arrayed on the side of the angels, of Baudelaire, of Edgar Allan Poe, of De Quincey, against the dull uninspired mob. And if he boasted of his fornifications, it was because respectable people thought Blake a madman, because Bowdler had edited Shakespeare, and the author of *Madame Bovary* had been prosecuted, because when one asked for the Earl of Rochester's *Sodom* at the Bodleian, the librarians wouldn't give it unless one had a certificate that one was engaged on *bona fide* literary research. He made his living, and in the process convinced himself that he was serving the arts, by printing limited and expensive editions of the more scabrous specimens of the native and foreign literatures. Blond, beef-red, with green and bulging eyes, his large face shining, he approached vociferating greetings.

Aldous Huxley

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

SHAKESPEARE

MISTRESS MINX

Mistris Minx, a Marchants wife, that will eate no Cherries forsooth, but when they are at twentie shillings a pound, that lookes as simperingly as if she were besmeard, & jets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the Canaries: she is so finicall in her speach, as though she spake nothing but what shee had first sewd over before in her Samplers, and the puling accent of her voyce is like a fained treble, or ones voyce that interprets to the puppets. What should I tell how squeamish she is in her dyet, what toyle she put her poore servants unto, to make her looking glasses in the pavement? How she will not goe into the fields, to cowre on the greene grasse, but shee must have a Coatch for her convoy: and spends halfe a day in pranking her selfe if she be invited to anie strange place? Is not this the excesse of pride signior Sathan?

Nashe

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A SHEE PRECISE HYPOCRITE

Is one in whom good Women suffer, and have their truth mis-interpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what her selfe if you aske her, but shee is indeed one that ha's taken a toy at the fashion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. Shee is a Nonconformist in a close Stomacher and Ruffle of Geneva Print, and her puritie consists much in her Linen. Shee ha's heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinkes it a very sluttish Religion, and rayles at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty Woman. Shee ha's left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turning downe the leafe in her Booke when shee heares nam'd Chapter and Verse. When she comes home, shee commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two houres. She loves Preaching better than Praying, and of Preachers Lecturers, and thinkes the Weeke-dayes Exercise farre more edifying then the Sundaies. Her ofttest Gossipings are Sabaoth-dayes journeys, where (though an enemy to Superstition) shee will goe in Pilgrimage five mile to a silenc'd Minister, when there is a better Sermon in her owne Parish. Shee doubts of the Virgin Marie's Salvation, and dare not Saint her, but knowes her owne place in heaven as perfectly, as the Pew shee ha's a key to. Shee is so taken up with Faith, shee ha's no room for Charity, and understands no good Workes, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts

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nothing Vices but Superstition, and an Oath, and thinkes Adultery a lesse sinne, then to sweare by my Truely. Shee rayles at other Women by the names of *Jezabel* and *Dalilah*: and calls her owne daughters *Rebecka* and *Abigail*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. Shee suffers them not to learne on the Virginalls, because of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes sake, since they were reform'd to the tune of a Psalme. She over flowes so with the Bible, that she spils it upon every occasion, and wil not Cudgell her Maides without Scripture. It is a question, whether shee is more troubled with the Divell or the Divell with her: shee is alwayes challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spels no lesse potent then different, as being the sage Sentences of some of her owne Sectaries. No thing angers her so much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinkes the Brownist erroneous: but what shee cannot at the Church, shee do's at the Table, where shee prattles more then any against sense, and Antichrist, till a Capon wing silence her. Shee expounds the Priests of *Baal* Reading Ministers, and thinkes the Salvation of that Parish as desperate as the Turkes. Shee is a maine derider to her capacitie of those that are not her Preachers, and censures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradesman, shee helpes him to Customers, how soever to good Cheere, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings: for they never faile. Her Conscience is like others Lust never satisfied, and you might better answere *Scotus* then her Scruples. Shee is one that thinkes

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shee performes all her duty to God in hearing, and shewes the fruites of it in talking. Shee is more fiery against the May-pole then her Husband, and thinkes he might doe a Phinehas his act to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an ever-lasting Argument; but I am weary of her.

John Earle

AN HOLY SISTER

She that can sit three sermons in a day
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospels stuffs,
And edifies her books with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly, next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen where none see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours' space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say
That none can possibly be saved but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod upon the commandments;

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She that can sigh, and cry " Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the Pope, and scratch out " sudden death " :
And for all this can give no reason why:
There is an holy sister, verily.

Cowley

FLAVIA

Flavia has been the wonder of all her friends, for her excellent management, in making so surprising a figure on so moderate a fortune . . . She has everything that is in the fashion, and is in every place where there is any diversion. Flavia is very orthodox, she talks warmly against heretics and schismatics, is generally at Church, and often at the Sacrament. She once commended a sermon that was against the pride and vanity of dress, and thought it was very just against Lucinda, whom she takes to be a great deal finer than she need to be. If any one asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she like the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half-a-crown, or a crown, and tell him if he knew what a long milliner's bill she had just received, he would think it a great deal for her to give. . .

As for poor people themselves, she will admit of no complaints from them; she is very positive they are all cheats and liars, and will say anything to get relief; and therefore it must be a sin to encourage them in their evil ways. . .

Flavia would be a miracle of piety, if she was half so careful of her soul as she is of her body. The

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rising of a pimple in her face, the sting of a gnat, will make her keep her room two or three days, and she thinks they are very rash people that do not take care of things in time. . . .

But still she has so great a regard for the holiness of the Sunday, that she has turned a poor old widow out of her house, as a profane wretch, for having been found once mending her clothes on the Sunday night.

William Law

MISLEADING LADY

Desponding Phillis was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude;
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head.
In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
Repeat the Absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster Man;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;
Or on that mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaus to see it beare . . .

Swift

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GENTEEL LADY

She never carries a white shockdog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went out to the famous ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure), it was not, like other ladies, to hear these poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country 'quires in bob-wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she described her diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup.

Steele

PRUDE

A Prude, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smot their breast so loud;
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.

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Her mass-book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind:
But when in ev'ry page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdued;
As quick her beads she counted o'er
She cried—such wonders are no more!
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression,
But ev'ry week set all things even,
And balanced her accounts with heav'n . . .

Gay

WORLDLING

Lady Prue

Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, drest and curl'd,
And one among the wicked world:
Keeps her accounts exactly even
As thus : " Prue, creditor with Heaven,
By sermons heard on extra days:
Debtor: to masquerades and plays.
Item : by Whitfield, half an hour:
Per contra : to the colonel, four."

Richard Cambridge

LEARNED LADY

Mrs. Mowbray was, if I may be allowed the expression, a showing-off woman, and loved the information which she acquired, less for its own sake than for the supposed importance which it gave her among her acquaintance, and the means

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of displaying her superiority over other women. Before she secluded herself from society in order to study education, she had been the terror of the ladies in the neighbourhood; since despising small talk, she would always insist on making the gentlemen of her acquaintance (as much terrified sometimes as their wives) engage with her in some literary or political conversation. She wanted to convert every drawing-room into an arena for the mind and all her guests into intellectual gladiators. She was often heard to interrupt two grave matrons in an interesting discussion of an accouchement, by asking them if they had read a new theological tract, or a pamphlet against the minister? If they softly expatiated on the lady-like fatigue of body which they had endured, she discoursed in choice terms on the energies of the mind; and she never received or paid visits without convincing the company that she was the most wise, most learned, and most disagreeable of companions.

Mrs. Opie

TWO FRIENDS

Lady Middleton was equally pleased with Mrs. Dashwood. There was a kind of cold-hearted selfishness on both sides which mutually attracted them; and they sympathized with each other in an insipid propriety of demeanour, and a general want of understanding.

Jane Austen

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*What gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
When Peers and Dukes and all their sweep-
ing train,
Garters, and Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds "Your Grace" salutes
the ear!*

POPE

MARTYR

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put a band and adjust his periwig. He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble of martyr of ceremony and gentility.

Cowley

WORLDSLING

... Mr. Monkton, who was the younger son of a noble family, was a man of parts, information and sagacity; to great native strength of mind he added a penetrating knowledge of the world, and to faculties the most skilful of investigating the character of every other, a dissimulation the most profound in concealing his own. In the bloom of his youth,

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impatient for wealth and ambitious of power, he had tied himself to a rich dowager of quality, whose age, though sixty-seven, was but among the smaller species of her evil properties, her dissipations being far more repulsive than her wrinkles. . . . Ten years he had been married to her, yet her health was good, and her faculties were unimpaired; eagerly he had watched for her dissolution, yet his eagerness had injured no health but his own!

Fanny Burney

CHEAT

Clifford, as I shall call him, had not only a fine figure and a graceful address, but talents rare and various, and powers of conversation so fascinating, that the woman he had betrayed forgot her wrongs in his presence; and the creditor, who came to dun him for the payment of debts already incurred, went away eager to oblige him by letting him incur still more.

Fatal perversity of uncommon abilities! This man, who might have taught a nation to look up to him . . . made no other use of his talents than to betray the unwary of both sexes, the one to shame the other to pecuniary difficulties; . . . and sat down contented with the achievements of his day, if he had overreached a credulous tradesman, or beguiled an unsuspecting woman.

Mrs. Inchbald

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MAN ABOUT TOWN

Wharton had prepossessing manners, and wit sufficient whenever he pleased to make the worse appear the better reason. In private or in public debate he had at his command, and could descend to employ, all sorts of arms, and every possible mode of annoyance, from the most powerful artillery of logic to the lowest squib of humour. He was as little nice in the company he kept as in the style of his conversation. Frequently associating with fools, and willing even to be thought one, he made alternately his sport and advantage of the weakness and follies of mankind. Wharton was philosophically, politically, and fashionably profigate. After having ruined his private fortune by unbounded extravagance, he lived on—nobody knew how—in careless profusion. In public life he made a distinguished figure; and seemed, therefore, to think himself raised above the necessity of practising any of the minor virtues of economy, prudence, or justice, which common people find essential to their well-being in society. Far from attempting to conceal, he gloried in his faults; for he knew full well, that as long as he had the voice of numbers with him, he could bully, or laugh, or shame plain reason and rigid principle out of countenance. It was his grand art to represent good sense as stupidity, and virtue as hypocrisy. Hypocrisy was, in his opinion, the only vice which merited the brand of infamy; and from this he took sufficient care to prove, or at least to proclaim himself free. Even whilst he offended against the decen-

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cies of life, there seemed to be something frank and graceful in his manner of throwing aside all disguise. There appeared an air of superior liberality in his avowing himself to be governed by that absolute selfishness, which other men strive to conceal even from their own hearts. He dexterously led his acquaintance to infer that he would prove as much better than his professions, as other people are often found to be worse than theirs. Where he wished to please, it was scarcely possible to escape the fascination of his manners; nor did he neglect any mode of courting popularity. He knew that a good table is necessary to attract even men of wit; and he made it a point to have the very best cook, and the very best wines. He paid his cook, and his cook was the only person he did pay, in ready money. His wine merchant he paid in words—an art in which he was a professed and yet a successful adept, as hundreds of living witnesses were ready to attest. But though Wharton could cajole, he could not attach his fellow-creatures—he had a party, but no friend. With this distribution of things he was perfectly satisfied; for he considered men only as beings who were to be worked to his purposes; and he declared, that, provided he had power over their interests and their humours, he cared not what became of their hearts. It was his policy to enlist young men of talents or fortune under his banners. . . .

Maria Edgeworth

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BARONET

Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellynch Hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the Baronetage; there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one; there his faculties were roused into admiration and respect, by contemplating the limited remnants of the earliest patents; there any unwelcome sensation, arising from domestic affairs, changed naturally into pity and contempt, as he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century; and there, if every other leaf were powerless, he could read his own history with an interest that never failed.

Jane Austen

NOBLE LECTURER

Lord Curryfin was a man on the younger side of thirty, with a good person, handsome features, a powerful voice, and an agreeable delivery. He had a strong memory, much power of application, and a facility of learning rapidly whatever he turned his mind to. But with all this, he valued what he learned less for the pleasure which he derived from the acquisition, than from the effect which it enabled him to produce on others. He liked to shine in conversation, and there was scarcely a subject mooted in any society, on which his multifarious attainments did not qualify him to say something. He was readily taken by novelty in doctrine, and followed a new lead with

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great pertinacity; and in this way he had been caught by the science of panto-pragmatics, and firmly believed for a time that a scientific organisation for teaching everybody everything would cure all the evils of society. But being one of those "over sharp wits whose edges are very soon turned," he did not adhere to any opinion with sufficient earnestness to be on any occasion betrayed into intemperance in maintaining it. So far from this, if he found any unfortunate opinion in a hopeless minority of the company he happened to be in, he was often chivalrous enough to come to its aid, and see what could be said for it. When lecturing became a mania, he had taken to lecturing; and looking about for an unoccupied subject, he had lighted on the natural history of fish, in which he soon became sufficiently proficient to amuse the ladies, and astonish the fishermen in any seaside place of fashionable resort.

Thomas Love Peacock

THE YOUNG LORD

His lordship was scarcely past the meridian of life; yet, in spite of his gay and debonair manner, he looked old, as if he was paying for the libertinism of his youth by premature decrepitude. His countenance announced pretensions to ability, his easy and affable address, and the facility, with which he expressed himself, gained him credit at first for much more understanding than he really possessed. There was a plausibility in all he said; but, if it was examined, there was nothing in it but

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nonsense. Some of his expressions appeared brilliant; some of his sentiments just; but there was a want of consistency, a want of pervading mind in his conversation, which to good judges betrayed the truth, that all his opinions were adopted, not formed; all his maxims commonplace; his wit mere repetition; his sense merely *tact*.

Maria Edgeworth

THREE NOBLEMEN

The duke, who was the father of the Countess de Mowbray, was also lord-lieutenant of the county. Although advanced in years, he was still extremely handsome, with the most winning manners; full of amenity and grace. He had been a roué in his youth, but seemed now the perfect representative of a benignant and virtuous old age. He was universally popular; admired by young men, adored by young ladies.

Lord Pomeroy was there . . . a little lean, quiet, shy man, rather insignificant in appearance, but who observed everybody and everything; a conscientious man, who was always doing good, in silence and secrecy, and denounced as a boroughmonger, and had never sold a seat in his life, and was always looking out for able men of character to introduce them to public affairs.

The countenance of Lord Marnay bespoke the character of his mind; cynical, devoid of sentiment, arrogant, literal, hard. He had no imagina-

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tion, had exhausted his slight native feeling; but he was acute, disputatious, and firm even to obstinacy. Though his early education had been imperfect, he had subsequently read a good deal, especially in French literature. He had formed his mind by Helvetius, whose system he deemed irrefutable, and in whom alone he had faith. Armed with the principles of his great master, he believed he could pass through existence in adamantine armour, and always gave you in the business of life the idea of a man who was conscious you were trying to take him in, and rather respected you for it, but the working of whose cold unkind eye defied you.

Disraeli

SIR EGBERT

Sir Egbert Delapré stood on his broad stone terrace, whistled cheerily to his dogs, and smiled as he looked around.

Sir Egbert was beyond middle age, but still light and active in figure, carrying his head well in the air, as the Delaprés always did. His iron-grey hair was thick and wavy, his eyes gleamed from under bushy eyebrows. Trim old-fashioned whiskers defined the outline of his face, but no beard or moustache concealed his handsome mouth, or the fine, firm lines of a resolute chin. He might well look genially on a world which smiled so pleasantly back to him. All that he could see was fair and flourishing; and all that he could see was his own.

Mrs. Townshend Mayer

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GOOD EARL

" My life has been so different to yours, my dear child. . . . Ever since I can run I have been John Francis Charles, Earl of Delachaine, a being in a responsible and generally annoying position. Born too late for my advantage in these democratic times, too early for my tastes, which are often in advance of my years, I have had my hands full of business ever since I was a boy. My holidays have been taken up with dull country meetings and the management of property and agents, whilst in London my name has headed a few philanthropic or agricultural societies and helped to make up the list of dinner-party guests chronicled in the *Morning Post*. And my extravagances have been nominal; perhaps a quiet hack for the park, some parliamentary handbooks for my speeches in the House of Lords, and the evening paper I usually read at my mother's fireside! "

Lady Lindsay

LORD GEORGE

Lord George . . . was a tall, handsome, dark-browed man, silent generally and almost gloomy, looking, as such men do, as though he were always revolving deep things in his mind, but revolving in truth things not very deep,—how far the money would go, and whether it would be possible to get a new pair of carriage-horses for his mother. Birth and culture had given to him a look of intellect greater than he possessed; but I would not have it

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thought that he traded on this or endeavoured to seem other than he was. He was simple, conscientious, absolutely truthful, full of prejudices, and weak-minded. Early in life he had been taught to entertain certain ideas as to religion by those with whom he had lived at college, and had therefore refused to become a clergyman. The bishop of the diocese had attacked him; but, though weak, he was obstinate. The Dean and he had become friends, and so he had learned to think himself in advance of the world. But yet he knew himself to be a backward, slow, unappreciative man. He was one who could bear reproach from no one else, but who never praised himself even to himself.

Anthony Trollope

NOBLE EMIGRANT

This gentleman was a character that will be common some day, but was nearly unique at the date of our story.

He had not an extraordinary intellect, but he had great natural gaiety, and under that he had enormous good sense; his good sense was really brilliant, he had a sort of universal healthy mind that I can't understand how people get.

He was deeply in love with a lady who returned his passion, but she was hopelessly out of his reach, because he had not much money or expectations; instead of sitting down railing, or sauntering about whining, what did the Honourable Frank Winchester? He looked over England for the means of getting this money, and not finding it there, he

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surveyed the globe and selected Australia, where they told him, a little money turns to a deal, instead of dissolving in the hand like a lozenge in the mouth, as it does in London.

Charles Reade

DUKE

. . . the then Duke of Hampshire, fifth of that title, was uncontestedly the head man in his county, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Batton. He came of the ancient and loyal family of Saxelby, which, before its ennoblement, had numbered many knightly and ecclesiastical celebrities in its male line. It would have occupied a painstaking county historian a whole afternoon to take rubbings of the numerous effigies and heraldic devices graven to their memory on the brasses, tablets, and altar-tombs in the aisle of the parish-church. The Duke himself, however, was a man little attracted by ancient chronicles in stone and metal, even when they concerned his own beginnings. He allowed his mind to linger by preference on the many graceless and unedifying pleasures which his position placed at his command. He could on occasion close the mouths of his dependents by a good bomb-like oath, and he argued doggedly with the parson on the virtues of cock-fighting and baiting the bull.

This nobleman's personal appearance was somewhat impressive. His complexion was that of the copper-beech tree. His frame was stalwart, though slightly stooping. His mouth was large, and he carried an unpolished sapling as his walking-stick,

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except when he carried a spud for cutting up any thistle he encountered on his walks.

Thomas Hardy

SIR WILLIAM DE STANCY

‘ He was the star, as I may zay, of good company forty years ago. I remember him in the height of his jinks, as I used to see him when I was a very little boy, and think how great and wonderful he was. I can seem to zee now the exact style of his clothes; white hat, white trousers, white silk hand-kerchief; and his jonnick face, as white as his clothes with keeping late hours. There was nothing black about him but his hair and his eyes—he wore no beard at that time—and they were as black as slooes. The like of his coming on the race-course was never seen there afore nor since. He drove his ikkipage himself; and it was always hauled by four beautiful white horses, and two out-riders rode in harness bridles. There was a groom behind him, and another at the rubbing-post, all in livery as glorious as Jerusalem. What a ’stablishment he kept up at that time. I can mind him, sir, with thirty race-horses in training at once, seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters at his box t’other side of London, four chargers at Budmouth, and ever so many hacks. . . . ‘Tis quite lately, since his illness, that he came to that little place, in zight of the stone walls that were the pride of his fore-fathers. . . . Since that illness he has been happy, as you see him: no pride, quite calm and mild; at new moon quite childish. ‘Tis that makes him able to

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live there; before he was so ill he couldn't bear a sight of the place, but since then he is happy nowhere else. . . . They say that if his brain hadn't softened a little he would ha' died—'twas that saved his life.'

Thomas Hardy

CHARMING FELLOW

. . . Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said a brilliant or even an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a *History of the Peninsular War* in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking-glass, put the second on a shelf between *Ruff's Guide* and *Bailey's Magazine*; and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea-merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of pekoe and souchong. Then he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer; the sherry was a little too dry. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

Oscar Wilde

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NOBLE SCIENTIST

At forty Lord Edward was in all but intellect a kind of child. In the laboratory, at his desk, he was as old as science itself. But his feelings, his intuitions, his instincts were those of a little boy. Unexercised, the greater part of his spiritual being had never developed. He was a kind of child, but with his childish habits ingrained by forty years of living....

His work on assimilation and growth was celebrated. But what he regarded as the real task of his life—the greatest theoretical treatise on physical biology—was still unfinished....

Lord Edward preferred to work at night. He found the daylight hours disagreeably noisy. Breakfasting at half-past one, he would walk for an hour or two in the afternoon and return to read or write till lunch-time at eight. At nine or half-past he would do some practical work with his assistant, and when that was over they would sit down to work on the great book or to discussion of its problems. At one, Lord Edward had supper, and at about four or five he would go to bed.

Aldous Huxley

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*Or I'm a very Dunce, or Womankind
Is a most unintelligible thing:
I can see no sense, nor no Contexture find,
Nor their loose parts to Method bring,
I know not what the Learn'd may see,
But they're strange Hebrew things to Me.*

COWLEY

LANGUID LADY

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordained to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.

Edward Young

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LADY MASON

In person she was tall and comely.... Her face . . . seldom betrayed emotion, and never showed signs either of anger or of joy. Her forehead was high, and though somewhat narrow, nevertheless gave evidence of considerable mental faculties; nor was the evidence false, for those who came to know Lady Mason well, were always ready to acknowledge that she was a woman of no ordinary power. Her eyes were large and well formed but somewhat cold. Her nose was long and regular. Her mouth also was very regular, and her teeth perfectly beautiful; but her lips were straight and thin. It would sometimes seem that she was all teeth, and yet it is certain that she never made an effort to show them. The great fault of her face was in her chin, which was too small and sharp, thus giving on occasions something of meanness to her countenance. She was now forty-seven years of age, and had a son who had reached man's estate; and yet perhaps she had more of a woman's beauty at this present time than when she stood at the altar with Sir Joseph Mason. The quietness and repose of her manner suited her years and her position; age had given fullness to her tall form; and the habitual sadness of her countenance was fair in accordance with her condition and character. And yet she was not really sad,—at least, so said those who knew her. The melancholy was in her face rather than in her character, which was full of energy,—if energy may be quiet as well as assured and constant.

Anthony Trollope

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BARONET'S LADY

An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equanimity of fatigue not to be ruffled by interest or satisfaction, are the trophies of her victory. She is perfectly well-bred. If she could be translated to Heaven to-morrow, she might be expected to ascend without any rapture.

She has beauty still, and, if it be not in its heyday, it is not yet in its autumn. She has a fine face—originally of a character that would be rather called very pretty than handsome, but improved into classicality by the acquired expression of her fashionable state. Her figure is elegant, and has the effect of being tall. Not that she is so, but that “the most is made,” as the Honourable Bob Stables has frequently asserted upon oath, “of all her points.” The same authority observes that she is perfectly got up; and remarks, in commendation of her hair especially, that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud.

Dickens

OLD LADY IN HER APARTMENT

. . . the chamber was richly ornamented in the manner of Queen Elizabeth's time, with great stained windows at either end, and hangings of tapestry, which the sun shining through the coloured glass painted of a thousand hues; and here in state, by the fire, sate a lady, . . .

All Sorts and Conditions

My Lady Viscountess's face was daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare; she had a tower of lace on her head, under which was a bush of black curls—borrowed curls—. . . She sate in a great chair by the fire-corner; in her lap was a spaniel dog that barked furiously; on a little table by her was her Ladyship's snuff-box and her sugar-plum box. She wore a dress of black velvet, and a petticoat of flame-coloured brocade. She had as many rings on her fingers as the old woman of Banbury Cross; and pretty small feet which she was fond of showing, with great gold clocks to her stockings, and white pantofles with red heels; and an odour of musk was shook out of her garments whenever she moved or quitted the room, leaning on her tortoiseshell stick, little Fury barking at her heels.

Thackeray

LADY MIDHURST

Capricious or not, she was a beautiful old woman to look at; something like her brother John, who had been one of the handsomest men of his day; her daughter and grand-daughter, both women of singular beauty and personal grace, inherited their looks and carriage from her. Clear-skinned, with pure regular features, and abundant bright white hair (it turned suddenly some ten years after this date, in the sixtieth of her age), she was a study for old ladies. People liked to hear her talk; she was not unwilling to gratify them. At one time of her life, she had been known to say, her tongue got her into some trouble, and her style of sarcasm involved

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her in various unpleasant little differences and difficulties. All that was ever said against her she managed to outlive, and at fifty and upwards she was generally popular, except, indeed, with religious and philanthropic persons. These, with the natural instinct of race, smelt out at once an enemy in her. At sight of her acute attentive smile and reserved eyes a curate would become hot and incoherent; a lecturer nervous, and voluble to the last.

Swinburne

LADY DOROTHY VANDERDECKEN

Lady Dolly ought to have been perfectly happy. She had everything that can constitute the joys of a woman of her epoch.

She was at Trouville. She had won heaps of money at play. She had made a correct book on the races. She had seen her chief rival looking bilious in an unbecoming gown. She had had a letter from her husband to say that he was going away to Java or Jupiter, or somewhere indefinitely. She wore a costume which had cost a great tailor twenty hours of anxious and continuous reflection. Nothing but *baptiste* indeed! but *baptiste* sublimised and apotheosised by niello buttons, old lace, and genius. She had her adorers and slaves grouped about her. She had found her dearest friend out in cheating at cards. She had dined the night before at the Maison Persanne, and would dine this night at the Maison Normande. She had been told a state secret by a minister which she knew it was shameful of him to have been coaxed and chaffed into revealing. She had had a new comedy read to her in manu-

All Sorts and Conditions

script-form three months before it would be given in Paris, and had screamed at all its indecencies in the choice company of a Serene Princess and two ambassadressses as they took their chocolate in their dressing-gowns. Above all, she was at Trouville, having left half a million of debts behind her strewn about in all directions, and standing free as air in gossamer garments on the planks in the summer sunshine. There was a charming blue sea behind her; a balmy fluttering breeze around her; a crowd of the most fashionable sunshades of Europe before her, like a bed of full-blown anemones. She had floated and bobbed and swum and splashed semi-nude, with all the other mermaids *a la mode*, and had shown that she must still be a pretty woman, pretty even in daylight, or the men would not have looked at her so: and yet with all this she was not enjoying herself.

It was very hard . . .

Lady Dolly was not old; she was not quite thirty-four, and she was as pretty as if she were seventeen, perhaps prettier; even when she was not "done up", and she did not need to do herself up very much just yet, really not much, considering,—well, considering so many things, that she never went to bed till daylight, that she never ate anything digestible, and never drank anything wholesome, that she made her waist fifteen inches round, and destroyed her nerves with gambling, chloral, and many other things; considering these, and so many other reasons, besides the one supreme reason that everybody does it, and that you always look a fright if you don't do it.

Ouida

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GREAT LADY

Hermione knew herself to be well-dressed, she knew herself to be the social equal, if not far the superior, of anyone she was likely to meet in Willey Green. She knew she was accepted in the world of culture and of intellect. She was a *Kulturtrager*, a medium for the culture of ideas. With all that was highest, whether in society or in thought or in public action, or even in art, she was at one, she moved among the foremost, at home with them. No one could put her down, no one could make a mock of her, because she stood among the first, and those that were against her were below her, either in rank, or in wealth, or in high association of thought and progress and understanding. So, she was invulnerable. All her life, she had sought to make herself invulnerable, unassailable, beyond reach of the world's judgment.

And yet her soul was tortured, exposed. Even walking up the path to the church, confident as she was that in every respect she stood beyond all vulgar judgment, knowing perfectly that her appearance was complete and perfect, according to the first standards, yet she suffered a torture, under her confidence and her pride, feeling herself exposed to wounds and to mockery and to despite. She always felt vulnerable, vulnerable, there was always a secret chink in her armour. She did not know herself what it was. It was a lack of robust self, she had no natural sufficiency, there was a terrible void, a lack, a deficiency of being within her.

D. H. Lawrence

All Sorts and Conditions

*Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favours, dream as I have
done,—
Wake and find nothing.*

SHAKESPEARE

For courtiers will do anything for gold

KYD

BOON COMPANION

My living lieth here and there, of God's grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that
place;
Sometime Lewis Loiterer biddeth me come near;
Sometime Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer;
Sometime Davy Diceplayer, when he hath well cast,
Keepeth revel-rout, as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titivile keepeth us a feast;
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pie I am a bidden guest;
Sometime at Nichol Neverthrive's I get a sop;
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsop;
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydoddy's sleeve;
But this day on Ralph Roister Doister's, by his
leave,
For truly of all men he is my chief banker,
Both for meat and money, and my chief shoot-
anchor.

Nicholas Udall

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A GALLANT

Is one that was born and shapt for his Cloathes: and if *Adam* had not falne, had liv'd to no purpose. Hee gratulates therefore the first sinne, and fig leaves that were an occasion of braverie. His first care is his dresse, the next his bodie, and in the uniting of these two lies his soule and its faculties. Hee observes London trulier than the Termers, and his businesse is the street: the Stage the Court, and those places where a proper man is best showne. If hee be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more gentle and compleate, and he learns the best oathes for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newnesse as the fashion. His other talke is Ladies and such pretty things, or some jest at a play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, so does his body; the upper parts whereof are starcht as his linnen, and perchance use the same Laundresse. Hee has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boote, and takes great delight in his walke to heare his Spurs gingle. Though his life passe somewhat slidingly, yet he seemes very carefull of the time, for hee is still drawing his Watch out of his Poket, and spends parts of his houres in numbring them. He is one never serious but with his Taylor, when hee is in conspiracie for the next device. He is furnisht with his jests, as some wanderer with Sermons, some three for all Congregations, one especially against the Scholler, a man to him much ridiculous, whome hee knowes by no other definition, but a silly fellow in blacke. He is a kind of walking Mercers Shop,

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and shewes you one Stiffe to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes in, as the faire bed and Hangings he; and is merely ratable accordingly, fiftie or an hundred Pound as his suit is. His maine ambition is to get a Knight hood, and then an olde Ladie, which if he be happy in, he fils the Stage and a Coach so much longer. Otherwise, himselfe and his Cloathes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere hee dies in the Gaole, or the Country.

John Earle

COURTIER

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
stir,

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir? "

Pope

TOM. COURTLY

Tom. Courtly, who is the Pink of Courtesy, never fails of paying his Obeisance to every Man he sees, who has Title or Office to make him conspicuous. I who know him, can tell within half an Acre, how much Land one man has more than another by Tom's Bow to him. Title is all he knows of Honour, and Civility of Friendship. For this Reason, because he cares for no Man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his Respects to you. To this End he is very learned in Pedigree, and will

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abate something in the Ceremony of his Approaches to a Man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his Coat of Arms. What is the most pleasant of all his Character is, that he acts with a sort of Integrity in these Impertinencies; and though he would not do any Man any solid Kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his Quality. Tho' one cannot but laugh at his serious Consideration of Things so little essential, one must have a Value even for a frivolous good Conscience.

Steele

HANGER-ON

His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. "Psha, psha, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me, you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you; but there are a many damn'd honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other half wants weeding. If there were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yester-

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day to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. Ned, he says to me, Ned, says he, I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching, my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

Goldsmith

EFFEMINATE

A motely figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er Its pale cheeks the horrid, manly red.
Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote none but Itself should read.
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause;

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Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smiled, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd. . . .

Charles Churchill

TUFT-HUNTERS

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one who ne'er preferred
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

.
Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

Thomas Moore

SNOB

I ever at college
From commoners shrank,
Still craving the knowledge
Of people of rank:
In my glass my lord's ticket
I eagerly stuffed;
And all called me "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

All Sorts and Conditions

My patron! most noble!
 Of highest degree!
Thou never canst probe all
 My homage for thee!
Thy hand—oh! I'd lick it,
 Though often rebuff'd;
And still I am “Riquet,”
 The man with the Tuft!

His lordship's a poet,
 Enraptured I sit;
He's dull—(and I know it)—
 I call him a wit!
His fancy, I nick it,
 By me he is puff'd,
And still I am “Riquet,”
 The man with the Tuft!

Thomas Haynes Bayly

COURTESAN

Now's courtesan appears, who blows Love's fire,
 Her prattling eyes speak vain desire;
To catch this art-fair fly the following trout aspire.

This dame of pleasure, does, to seem more bright,
 Lattice her day with bars of light;
Spots this fair sorceress cloud, more to enforce
 delight.

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This Helen, who does Beauty counterfeit,
And on her face black Patches set
(Like tickets on the door) shows that she may be let.

• • • • •

Tempestuous whirlwinds revel in the air
Of her feign'd sighs: her smile's a snare,
Which she as slyly sets, as subtly does prepare.

Scarce is the toy at noon to th' girdle drest;
Nine pedlars need each morn be prest
To launch her forth: a ship as soon is rigg'd to th'
West.

At length she's built up with accoutred grace;
The spark's inflamed with her set face,
Her glancing eye, her lisping lip, her mincing pace.

Edward Benlowes

KING'S MISTRESS

Bane of my Life, once object of my joys,
Who'd Power to bless, but now has curs'd my
choice;

Charming in Feature, of an awful Mien,
Without an Angel, but a Dev'l within;
Beauteous but Lustful, Gen'rous not Good,
Modest in publick, but in private Lewd.

What vile Asmodeus has inflam'd thy Breast?
Why so deprav'd, and with such Graces blest?
How could a Lady so devoutly bred,
Be tempted to defile her Marriage-Bed ?

All Sorts and Conditions

Why to your Husband would you prove unjust,
And shame yourself to please a Monarch's Lust?
Why would you make such Charms your Prince's
Sport

To be a false, tho' glittering Lamp at Court?
When if you sav'd your Honour you had been
Altho' a Subject, greater than a Queen . . . ?

Anon. (17th Century)

ANOTHER

This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. . . . Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her mental accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant-Killer; could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies; and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were

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completely covered; a monstrous muff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. . . . You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions to the sovereign whom God anointed, to commit adultery where he thought proper.

Goldsmith

PARVENUE

Mrs Harrel, in truth, was innocent of heart though dissipated in life: married very young, she had made an immediate transference from living in a private family and a country town, to becoming the mistress of one of the most elegant houses in Portman Square, at the head of a splendid fortune, and wife to a man whose own pursuits soon shewed her the little value he himself set upon domestic happiness. Immersed in the fashionable round of company and diversions, her understanding, naturally weak, was easily dazzled by the brilliancy of

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her situation; greedily, therefore, sucking in air impregnated with luxury and extravagance, she had soon no pleasure but to vie with some rival in elegance, and no ambition but to exceed some superior in expence.

Fanny Burney

*Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town.*

NURSERY RHYME

*Few, save the poor, feel for the poor:
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

SIR HARVEY

So hungry and hollow Sir Harvey appeared.
He had beetling brows, coarse bulging lips,
And two bleary eyes, like a blind old hag;
Like a leathern purse were his loose-hung cheeks,
Lower than his chin low-drooping with age.
His beard, like a boor's, was beslobbered with
bacon;

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A hood on his head, and a lousy old hat;
In a tawny tabard, some twelve years old,
All tattered and torn, with lice for its tenants.

Langland

PAUPER

My father was ane auld man and ane hoir,
And was of age fourscore of yeirs and moir,
And Mald my mother fourscore and fyftene,
And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
Wee had ane meir, that caryit salt, and coill,
And everilk yier, scho brocht us hame ane foill.
We had thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tydier into the toun of Air.
My father was so waik of blude and bane,
That he deit quharefore my mother maid great
maine,
Then scho deit, within ane day or two;
And thair began my povertie and wo.
Our guid gray meir was baitand on the feild,
And our land's laird tuke hir, for his hyreild.
The vickar tuke the best cow be the heid,
Incontinent, quhen my father was deid,
And quhen the vickar herd tel how that my mother
Was deid, fra-hand, he tuke to hime ane uther.
Then Meg, my wife, did murne baith evin, and
morrow,
Till, at the last, scho deit, for verie sorrow.
And quhen the vickar hard tell my wife was deid,
The thrid cow he cleikid be the heid.
Thair umest clayis, that was of raploch gray,
The vickar gart his clarke bere thame away.

All Sorts and Conditions

Quhen all was gane I micht mak no debeat,
But, with my bairns, past for till beg my meat.

Sir David Lyndsay

ABRAHAM-MAN

Of all the mad rascals . . . *the Abraham-man* is the most phantastick: The fellow (quoth this old Lady of the *Lake* unto me) that sat halfe naked (at table to day) from the girdle upward, is the best *Abraham-man* that ever came to my house and the notablest villaine: he sweares he hath bin in bedlam, and will talke frantickly of purpose; you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine hee gladly puts himselfe to (beeing indeede no torment at all, his skin is either so dead, with some fowle disease, or so hardned with weather,) onley to make you beleeve he is out of his wits: he calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and coming neere any body, cryes out, *Poore Tom is a cold*.

Dekker

POOR OLD WOMAN

. . . Nancy Brown, a widow, whose son was at work all day in the fields, and who was afflicted with an inflammation in the eyes; which had for some time incapacitated her from reading: to her own great grief, for she was a woman of a serious, thoughtful turn of mind. I . . . found her alone, as usual, in her little, close, dark cottage, redolent of smoke and confined air, but as tidy and clean

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as she could make it. She was seated beside her little fire (consisting of a few red cinders and a bit of stick), busily knitting, with a small sackcloth cushion at her feet, placed for the accommodation of her gentle friend the cat; who was seated thereon with her long tail half encircling her velvet paws, and her half-closed eyes dreamily gazing on the low, crooked fender.

“ Well, Nancy, how are you to-day? ”

“ Why, middling, miss, i’ myseln—my eyes is no better, but I’m a deal easier i’ my mind nor I have been,” replied she, rising to welcome me with a contented smile: which I was glad to see, for Nancy had been somewhat afflicted with religious melancholy. I congratulated her upon the change. She agreed that it was a great blessing, and expressed herself “ right down thankful for it;” adding, “ If it please God to spare my sight, and make me so as I can read my Bible again, I think I shall be as happy as a queen.”

Anne Brontë

BEGGAR

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O give relief! and Heav’n will bless your store.

These tatter’d clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years:

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And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! Oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindle'd to the shortest span,
O! give relief! and Heav'n will bless your store.

Anon. (19th Century)

PEW OPENER

A vinegary face has Mrs. Miff, and a mortified bonnet, and eke a thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings. Beckoning to stray people to come into pews, has given Mrs. Miff an air of mystery; and there is reservation in the eye of Mrs. Miff, as

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always knowing of a softer seat, but having her suspicions of the fee. There is no such fact as Mr. Miff, nor has there been, these twenty years, and Mrs. Miff would rather not allude to him. He held some bad opinions, it would seem, about free seats; and though Mrs. Miff hopes he may be gone upwards, she couldn't possibly undertake to say so.

Dickens

SHABBY GENTEEL

Mrs. Morgan was a thin, tremulous woman, with watery eyes and a singular redness about the prominent part of her face, which seemed to indicate a determination of blood to the nose. All her married life had been spent in a cheerless struggle to maintain the externals of gentility. Not that she was vain or frivolous—indeed her natural tendencies made for homeliness in everything—but, by birth and by marriage connected with genteel people, she felt it impossible to abandon that mode of living which is supposed to distinguish the educated class from all beneath it. She had brought into the world three sons and three daughters; of the former, two were dead, and of the latter, one,—in each case, poverty of diet having proved fatal to a weak constitution.

Gissing

WORKHOUSE INMATE

He was a poor-looking, half-fed creature, with a cadaverous face. He had the special, workhouse, bloodless aspect—just as if he had lived on nothing

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stronger than gruel and had never smelt fresh air. The air, by the way, of those wards was something peculiar. It had no distinctive odour—that is to say, no odour which was specially this or that; but it had one that bore the same relation to ordinary odours which well-ground London mud bears to ordinary colours. The old man's face, too, had nothing distinctive in it. The only thing certainly predicable of him was, that nothing could be predicated of him. He was neither selfish nor generous; neither a liar nor truthful; neither believed anything, nor disbelieved anything; was neither good nor bad; had no hope hereafter, nor any doubt.

Mark Rutherford

YORKSHIRE MECHANIC

'I reckon 'at us manufacturing lads i' th' north is a deal more intelligent, and knaws a deal more nor th' farming folk i' the south. Trade sharpens wer wits; and them that's mechanics like me is forced to think. Ye know, what wi' looking after machinery and sich like, I've getten into that way that when I seen an effect I look straight out for a cause, and I oft lig hold on't to purpose; and then I like reading, and I'm curious to know what them that reckons to govern us aims to do for us and wi' us. And there's many 'cuter nor me; there's many a one amang them greasy chaps 'at smells o' oil, and amang them dyers wi' blue and black skins, that has a long head, and that can tell what a fool of a law is.'

Charlotte Brontë

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*And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick
that surfeit of too much, as they that starve
with nothing; it is no mean happiness
therefore, to be seated in the mean.*

SHAKESPEARE

*Nothing could moderate in the bosom of
the great English Middle Class, their pas-
sionate, absorbing, almost bloodthirsty
clinging to life.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

HUNTING GENTLEMAN

He has always had a good house over his head. He has always had some good hunters in his stable. He has always had some race-horses at his trainer's. He has always had some good brood mares in his paddocks; and he has always had a young one or two, coming up. He has always had some good pointers in his kennel. He has always had a pretty girl to wait at table. He has always had a good bottle of wine for his friends. He has always had some good stories to tell them; and he has always given them a hearty welcome. Reader! what more need be said.

“Nimrod” (C. J. Apperley)

SPORTING GENTLEMAN

He was a man somewhat under thirty, and nearly six feet in height. He was dressed in a blue coat, white corduroy breeches, fastened below the knee with small golden buttons; on his legs he wore white lamb's wool stockings, and on his feet shoes reaching to the ankles; round his neck was a hand-kerchief of the blue and bird's eye pattern; he wore neither whiskers nor moustaches, and appeared not to delight in hair, that of his head, which was of a light brown, being closely cropped; the forehead was rather high, but somewhat narrow; the face neither broad nor sharp, perhaps rather sharp than broad; the nose was almost delicate; the eyes were grey, with an expression in which there was sternness blended with something approaching to feline; his complexion was exceedingly pale, relieved, however, by certain pock-marks, which here and there studded his countenance; his form was athletic, but lean; his arms long. In the whole appearance of the man there was a blending of the bluff and the sharp. You might have supposed him a bruiser; his dress was that of one in all its minutiae, something was wanting, however, in his manner—the quietness of the professional man; he rather looked like one performing the part—well—very well—but still performing a part.

Borrow

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PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

He was handsome, as men go; rather tall, not too stout, precise in the modern fashion of his dress, and the pair of whiskers encasing a colourless depression up to a long, thin, straight nose, and closed lips indicating an aperture. The contraction of his mouth expressed an intelligence in the attitude of the firmly negative. The lips opened to smile, the teeth were faultless: an effect was produced, if a cold one—the colder for the unparticipating northern eyes; eyes of that half cloud and blue, which make a kind of hueless grey, and are chiefly striking in an authoritative stare. Without contradicting, for he was exactly polite, his look signified a person conscious of being born to command: in fine, an aristocrat among the “aristocracy of Europeans.” His differences of opinion were prefaced by a “Pardon me,” and pausing smile of the teeth; then a succinctly worded sentence or two, a perfect settlement of the dispute. He disliked argumentation.

George Meredith

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

He was one of those ageless, unchanging men on the farther side of fifty, who might be thirty, who might be anything.

. . . In all those years his pale, rather handsome face had never grown any older; it was like the pale grey bowler hat which he always wore, winter and summer—unageing, calm, serenely without expression.

DIPLOMATIC LADY

With a very good understanding she never allowed herself one original thought, or one spontaneous action. Her ideas, her language, and her conduct were entirely regulated by the ideas, language, and conduct of those who stood well with the world. Vanity in her was a steady, inward, but powerfully pervading principle. It did not evaporate in levity or indiscrimination, but was the hidden, tho' forcible spring of her whole course of action. She had all the gratification which vanity affords in secret, and all the credit which its prudent operation procures in public. She was apparently guilty of no excess of any kind. She had a sober scale of creditable vices and never allowed herself to exceed a few stated degrees in any one of them. She reprobated gaming, but could not exist without cards. Masquerades she censured as highly extravagant and dangerous, but when given by ladies of high quality, at their own houses, she thought them an elegant and proper amusement. Though she sometimes went to the play, she did not care for what passed on the stage, for she confessed the chief pleasure the theatre afforded, was to reckon up, when she came home, how many duchesses and countesses had bowed to her across the house.

A complete despot at home, her arbitrariness is so veiled by correctness of manner, and studied good breeding, that she obtains the credit of great mildness and moderation. . . .

Hannah More

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SELF-MADE MAN

Mr. Hargrave was one of those fortunate men whom a series of unforeseen accidents, aided by quickness of talent and industry, elevate from a mean and obscure situation of life to one of opulence and gentility; and, as is often the case with persons who are the makers of their own fortune, he valued himself greatly on the extent of his possessions, and had a particular spite against family pride, and what he denominated “a poor proud gentleman.” Mr. Hargrave’s understanding was good, but he fancied it better than it really was; or rather perhaps he did not so much overvalue his own ability, as undervalue that of those who surrounded him. He did not fancy, while measuring himself with others, that he was a giant; but he erroneously imagined them to be pygmies, while he piqued himself on his talent of overreaching and imposing upon his less acute companions. This propensity alone would have prevented him from being a desirable companion; as, though he was unconscious of it, his attempts were often discovered by the objects of them; and however politeness might prevent them from disclosing the discovery they felt an indignant resentment at being supposed weak enough to be so deceived.

Mrs. Opie

LADY WITH GRIEVANCE

Her vanity was gratified by being the mistress of a very extensive, if not very lively, establishment;

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but all the springs of her sympathy were frozen. Riches she possessed, but that which enriches them, the participation of affection, was wanting. All that they could purchase for her became indifferent, because that which they could not purchase, and which was more valuable than themselves, she had, for their sake, thrown away. She discovered, when it was too late, that she had mistaken the means for the end—that riches, rightly used, are instruments of happiness, but are not in themselves happiness. . . . She laid on external things the blame of her mind's internal disorder, and thus became by degrees an inveterate scold. She often went her daily rounds through a series of deserted apartments, every creature in the house vanishing at the creak of her shoe, much more at the sound of her voice, to which the nature of things affords no simile; for, as far as the voice of a woman, when attuned by gentleness and love, transcends all other sounds in harmony, so far does it surpass all others in discord, when stretched into unnatural shrillness by anger and impatience.

Thomas Love Peacock

MR. CHILLINGLY GORDON

Mr. Chillingly Gordon was one of those men who get on in the world without our being able to discover why. . . . He was considered a man of solid judgment, and his opinion upon all matters, private and public, carried weight. The opinion itself, critically examined, was not worth much, but the way he announced it was imposing. . . He had a

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square jaw and large red bushy eyebrows, which he lowered down with great effect when he delivered judgment. He had another advantage for acquiring grave reputation. He was a very unpleasant man. He could be rude if you contradicted him; and as few persons wish to provoke rudeness, so he was seldom contradicted.

Bulwer Lytton

NATURALIZED ENGLISHMAN

Personally, Mr. Alf was a remarkable man. No one knew whence he came or what he had been. He was supposed to have been born a German Jew; and certain ladies said that they could distinguish in his tongue the slightest possible foreign accent. Nevertheless it was conceded to him that he knew England as only an Englishman can know it. During the last year or two he had "come up" as the phrase goes, and had come up very thoroughly. He had been black-balled at three or four clubs, but had effected an entrance at two or three others, and had learned a manner of speaking of those which had rejected him calculated to leave on the minds of hearers a conviction that the societies in question were antiquated, imbecile and moribund. He was never weary of implying that not to know Mr. Alf, not to be on good terms with Mr. Alf, not to understand that let Mr. Alf have been born where he might and how he might, he was always to be recognized as a desirable acquaintance, was to be altogether out in the dark. And that which

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he so constantly asserted, or implied, men and women around him began at last to believe,—and Mr. Alf became an acknowledged something in the different worlds of politics, letters and fashion.

He was a good-looking man, about forty years old, but carrying himself as though he was much younger, spare, below the middle height, with dark brown hair which would have shown a tinge of grey but for the dyer's art, with well-cut features, with a smile constantly on his mouth, the pleasantness of which was always belied by the sharp severity of his eyes. He dressed with the utmost simplicity, but also with the utmost care. He was unmarried, had a small house of his own close to Berkeley Square at which he gave remarkable dinner parties, kept four or five hunters in Northamptonshire, and was reputed to earn £6000 a year out of the "Evening Pulpit," and to spend about half of that income.

Anthony Trollope

DESIGNING WOMAN

C.R. . . . is one of the cleverest *stupid* women I know, but nothing more. Her tone is, distinctly, bad. She has the sense to know this, but not to improve it. The best thing I have ever noticed about her is that, under these circumstances, she resolves to make the most of it. And I quite allow she is very effective when at her best—very taking, especially with boys. When she was quite little, she was the delight of male playfellows; girls always

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detested her, as women do now. . . . She can't be better than her style, but she won't be worse. . . .

The upshot of all this is just that our dear C.R. is one of the *safest* women alive. Not for other people, mind; not safe for you; not safe by any means for her husband; but as safe for herself as I am, or as the Queen is. She knows her place, and keeps to it; and any average man or woman who will just do that can do anything. She is a splendid manager in her way—a bad, petty, rather unwise way, I must and do think; but she is admirable in it. Like a *genre* painter. Her *forte* is Murillo beggar-boys; don't you sit to her. A slight sketch now and then in the Leech sporting manner is all very well. Even a single study between whiles in the Callot style may pass. But the gipsy sentiment I cannot stand. . . . When she has posed for the ordinary *fastish* woman, she goes in for a sort of Madonna-Gitana, a cross of Raphael with Bohemia.

She is wonderfully sensible for a clever person who is (I must maintain) naturally stupid, or she would have gone on a higher tack altogether and been one of the most noticeable people alive. She amuses herself in all sorts of ingenious ways; makes that wretch Ernest's life an Egyptian plague by constant friction of his inside skin and endless needle-probings of his sore mental places: enjoys all kinds of fun, sparingly and heartily at once, like a thoroughly initiated Epicurean (that woman is an esoteric of the Garden): and never for an instant slips aside from the strait gate and narrow way, while she has all the flowers and smooth paving of the broad one—at least all the enjoyment of

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them; or perhaps something better. She is sublime; she is anything you like; but she is not wholesome.

Swinburne

FOX-HUNTING LADY

Disappointment vitiated many of Lady Charlotte's first impulses; and not until strong antagonism had thrown her upon her generosity could she do justice to the finer natures about her. There was full life in her veins; and she was hearing the thirty fatal bells that should be music to a woman, if melancholy music; and she had not lived. Time, that sounded in her ears, as it kindled no past, spoke of no future. She was in unceasing rivalry with all of her sex who had a passion, or a fixed affection, or even an enjoyment. A sense that she was wronged by her fate haunted this lady. Rivalry on behalf of a man she would have felt mean—she would have plucked it from her bosom at once. She was simply envious of those who in the face of death could say, "I have lived." Pride, and the absence of any power of self-inspection, kept her blind to her disease. No recollection gave her joy save of the hours in the hunting-field. There she led gallantly; but it was not because of leading that she exulted. There the quick blood struck on her brain like wine, and she seemed for a time to have some one among the crowns of life. An object—who cared how small? was ahead: a poor old fox trying to save his brush; and Charlotte would have it if the master of cunning did not beat her. "It's

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my natural thirst for blood," she said. She did not laugh as she thought now and then that the old red brush dragging over grey dews toward a yellow *yolk* in the curdled winter-morning sky, was the single thing that could make her heart throb.

George Meredith

LADY WITH A PAST

She was tall and well made; perhaps too full in the bosom, perhaps too wide in the hips, and perhaps the smallness of the waist was owing to her stays. Her figure suggested these questions. She wore a fashionable lilac blue silk, pleated over the bosom; and round her waist a chatelaine to which was attached a number of trinkets, a purse of gold net, a pencil case, some rings, a looking-glass, and small gold boxes jewelled—probably containing powder. Her hair was elaborately arranged, as it by the hairdresser, and she exhaled a faint odour of heliotrope as she crossed the room. She was still a handsome woman; she once had been beautiful, but too obviously beautiful to be really beautiful; there was nothing personal or distinguished in her face; it was made of too well-known shapes—the long, ordinary, clear-cut nose, and the eyes, forehead, cheeks, and chin proportioned according to the formula of the casts in vestibules. That she was slightly *déclassée* was clear in the first glance. And she represented all that the word could be made to mean—*liaisons*, familiarity with fashionable restaurants, and the latest French literature.

George Moore

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Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind.

MACAULAY

A musician composes an air by putting notes together in certain relations; a poet composes a poem by putting thoughts and words in pleasant order; and a painter paints a picture by putting thoughts, forms, and colours in pleasant order.

RUSKIN

*I have a reasonable good ear for music:
let us have the tongs and the bones.*

SHAKESPEARE

Take a being of our kind; give him a stronger imagination and more delicate sensibility, which will ever between them engender a more ungovernable set of Passions, than the usual lot of man, implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as, arranging wild-flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of wanton butterflies—in short,

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send him adrift after some wayward pursuit which shall certainly mislead him from the paths of Lucre; yet, curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that only Lucre can bestow; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes, by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity; and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet.

BURNS

A SMALL POET

Is one that would fain make himself that which Nature never meant him; like a fanatic, that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry with a very small stock and no credit. . . Whatsoever he hears well said he seizes upon by poetical licence; and one way makes it his own, that is, by ill-repeating of it. This he believes to be no more theft than it is to take that which others throw away. By his means his writings are, like a tailor's cushion, of mosaic work, made up of several scraps sewed together. He calls a slovenly, nasty description great nature; and dull flatness strange easiness. He writes down all that comes in his head and makes no choice, because he has nothing to do it with, that is judgment. . . When he meets with anything that is very good he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true of his

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often missing his mark. . . When he writes he never proposes any scope or purpose to himself, but gives his genius all freedom: for as he that rides abroad can hardly be out of his way, so he that writes for his pleasure can seldom be beside his subject. It is an ungrateful thing to a noble wit to be confined to anything. For what purpose did the ancients feign Pegasus to have wings if he must be confined to hedges and ditches? Therefore he has no respect to decorum and propriety of circumstances; for the regard of persons, times and places is a restraint too servile to be imposed upon poetical licence.

Samuel Butler

POET IN RUIN

Beneath yon ruin'd Abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of Eve,
Where thro' some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone Screech-owl's note, who builds his
bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves,
Of flaunting Ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloyster'd brothers: thro' the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,

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'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls, or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults. . . .

Thomas Warton

POOR VERSIFIER

But who comes,

Brushing the floor with what was once, methinks,
A hat of ceremony? On he glides,
Slip-shod, ungartered; his long suit of black
Dingy, thread-bare, tho', patch by patch, renewed
Till it has almost ceased to be the same.
At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads
" 'Tis my necessity!" he stops and speaks,
Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face.

Samuel Rogers

POETICAL BARONET

One slight drawback there was—where is the friendship without it?—Sir Philip had a literary turn. He wrote poetry—sonnets, stanzas, ballads. . .

He would beguile her to take moonlight walks with him on the bridge, for the sole purpose, as it seemed, of pouring into her ear the longest of his ballads. He would lead her away to sequestered rustic seats, whence the rush of the surf to the sands was heard soft and soothing; and when he had her all to himself, and the sea lay before them,

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and the scented shade of gardens spread round, and the tall shelter of cliffs rose behind them, he would pull out his last batch of sonnets, and read them in a voice tremulous with emotion. He did not seem to know that though they might be rhyme they were not poetry.

Charlotte Brontë

THE SEER

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
 He saw thro' his own soul,
The marvel of the everlasting will,
 An open scroll

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
 The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thought were headed
 And winged with flame.

• • • • •
Tennyson

HEAD OF POET

It was a striking countenance to look upon. The poet wore a luxuriant black moustache and imperial and a slouched hat which shaded the forehead. The large dark eyes, . . . showed an unlimited capacity for misery; they looked out from beneath well-shaped brows as if they were reading the universe in the microcosm of the confronter's face, and were not altogether overjoyed at what the spectacle portended.

Thomas Hardy

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ACADEMICIAN

Time has somewhat thinned his copious locks, and prematurely streaked the head with silver. His face is rather wan; the eager sensitive hand which poises brushes and palette, and quivers over the picture, is very thin: round his eyes are many lines of ill-health, and, perhaps, care, but the eyes are as bright as ever, and when they look at the canvas, or the model which he transfers to it, clear, and keen, and happy. He has a very sweet singing voice, and warbles at his work, or whistles at it, smiling, He sets his hand little feats of skill to perform, and smiles with a boyish pleasure at his own matchless dexterity. I have seen him, with an old pewter mustard-pot for a model, fashion a splendid silver flagon in one of his pictures; paint the hair of an animal, the folds and flowers of a bit of brocade, and so forth, with a perfect delight in the work he was performing; a delight lasting from morning till sun-down, during which time he was too busy to touch the biscuit and glass of water which was prepared for his frugal luncheon. He is greedy of the last minute of delight, and never can be got from his darling pictures without a regret.

Thackeray

TWO PAINTERS

. . . His face was flushed, and he was perspiring freely and looked fierce. He was a very big young man, fair, with kind but choleric blue eyes, and the

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muscles of his brawny arm were strong as iron bands.

For three years he had borne Her Majesty's commission, and had been through the Crimean campaign without a scratch. He would have been one of the famous six hundred in the famous charge at Balaclava but for a sprained ankle (caught playing leapfrog in the trenches) which kept him in hospital on that momentous day. So that he lost his chance of glory or the grave, and this humiliating misadventure had sickened him of soldiering for life, and he never quite 'got over it.' Then, feeling within himself an irresistible vocation for art, he had sold out; and here he was in Paris, hard at work, as we see.

He was good-looking, with straight features; but I regret to say that, besides his heavy plunger's moustache, he wore an immense pair of drooping auburn whiskers, of the kind that used to be called Piccadilly weepers, and were afterwards affected by Mr. Sothern in *Lord Dundreary*. It was a fashion to do so then for such of our gilded youth as could afford the time (and the hair); the bigger and fairer the whiskers, the more beautiful was thought the youth! . . .

Little Billee was small and slender, about twenty or twenty-one, and had a straight white forehead veined with blue, large dark blue eyes, delicate, regular features, and coal-black hair. He was also very graceful and well built, with very small hands and feet, and much better dressed than his friends,

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who went out of their way to outdo the denizens of the Quartier Latin in careless eccentricity of garb, and succeeded. And in his winning and handsome face there was just a faint suggestion of some possibly very remote Jewish ancestor—just a tinge of that strong, sturdy, irrepressible, indomitable, indelible blood which is of such priceless value in diluted homeopathic doses, like the dry white Spanish wine called montijo, which is not meant to be taken pure; but without a judicious admixture of which no sherry can go round the world and keep its flavour intact; or like the famous bulldog strain, which it not beautiful in itself, and yet just for lacking a little of the same no greyhound can ever hope to be a champion....

George Du Maurier

ART MASTER

Mr. Hoskin, a young painter, whose pictures were sometimes rejected in the Academy, but who was a little lion in the minor exhibitions, came once a week to give her lessons, and when she went to town she called at his studio with her sketches. Mr. Hoskin's studio was near the King's Road, the last of a row of red houses, with gables, cross-beams, and palings. He was a good-looking, blond man, somewhat inclined to the poetical and melancholy type; his hair bristled, and he wore a close-cut red beard; the moustache was long and silky; there was a gentle, pathetic look in his pale blue eyes; and a slight hesitation of speech, an inability to express himself in words, created a passing impression of a

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rather foolish, tiresome person. But beneath this exterior there lay a deep, true nature, which found expression in twilit landscapes, the tenderness of cottage lights in the gloaming, vague silhouettes and vague skies and fields. Ralph Hoskin was very poor: his pathetic pictures did not find many purchasers, and he lived principally by teaching.

George Moore

THE MASTER

Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and a red ragged beard. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after.... "The only people a painter should know," he used to say, "are people who are *bête* and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual repose to talk to. Men who are dandies and women who are darlings rule the world, at least they should do so."

Oscar Wilde

SELF-PORTRAIT

"I'm fond of women. As a matter of fact I'm a great deal more at my ease with women than I am with men. Because I've cultivated them, I suppose. You see, it's like this with me. I've always had enough money to live on and the consequence is I have never had to mix with people more than I wished. And I've equally always had—well, I sup-

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pose you might call it a passion—for painting. Painting is far and away the most important thing in life—as I see it. But—my work's my own affair. It's the separate compartment which is me. No strangers allowed in. I haven't the smallest desire to explain what it is I'm after—or to hear other men. If people like my work I'm pleased. If they don't—well, if I was a shrugging person, I'd shrug. This sounds arrogant. It isn't. I know my limitations. But the truth about oneself always sounds arrogant, as no doubt you've observed.

"But women—well, I can only speak for myself—I find the presence of women, the consciousness of women, an absolute necessity. I know they are considered a distraction, that the very Big Pots seal themselves in their hives to keep away. All I can say is work without women would be to me like dancing without music or food without wine or a sailing boat without a breeze. They just give me that . . . what is it? Stimulus is not enough; inspiration is far too much. That—well, if I knew what it is, I should have solved a bigger problem than my own! And problems aren't in my line."

Katherine Mansfield

GOOD PAINTER

John Bidlake was forty-seven, at the height of his prowess and reputation as a painter; handsome, huge, exuberant, careless; a great laugher, a great worker, a great eater, drinker and taker of virginities.

Aldous Huxley

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PINTER'S WIFE

She was tangled up in her own self-conceit, a woman,
and her passion could only flare through the meshes towards other women, in communion; the presence of a man made her recoil and burn blue and cold, like the flame in a miner's lamp
when the after-damp is around it.

Yet she seemed to know nothing about it and devoted herself to her husband and made him paint her nude time after time, and each time it came out the same, a horrible lifeless, sexless, abstraction of the female form, technically "beautiful," actually a white machine drawing, more null than death. And she was so pleased with it, she thought one day it would be recognised as "great." And he thought so too. Nobody else did.

D. H. Lawrence

ARCHITECT

Although the upper part of his face and head was handsomely formed, and bounded by lines of sufficiently masculine regularity, his brows were somewhat too softly arched and finely pencilled for one of his sex; without prejudice, however, to the belief which the sum total of his features inspired—that though they did not prove that the man who

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thought inside them would do much in the world, men who had done most of all had had no better ones. Across his forehead, otherwise perfectly smooth, ran one thin line, the healthy freshness of his remaining features expressing that it had come there prematurely.

Though some years short of the age at which the clear spirit bids good-bye to that last infirmity of noble minds, and takes to house-hunting and investments, he had reached the period in a young man's life when episodic pasts, with a hopeful birth and a disappointing death, have begun to accumulate, and to bear a fruit of generalities; his glance sometimes seeming to state, "I have already thought out the issues of such conditions as these we are experiencing." At other times he wore an abstracted look: "I seemed to have lived through this moment before."

He was carelessly dressed in dark grey, wearing a rolled-up black kerchief as a neck-cloth; the knot of which was disarranged, and stood obliquely—a deposit of white dust having lodged in the creases.

Thomas Hardy

Dost know this water-fly?

SHAKESPEARE

DANCING MASTER

I looked in at the keyhole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book,

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and on a sudden jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would shake it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After that he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a pause for want of breath. . . .

He . . . told me "he was a dancing master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France." He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, "that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by letter." I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study. I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

Addison

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ACTOR

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of property-man. . . . But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity, who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above-mentioned. He had now unfortunately lost the wan distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility. It was thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening of his days; and, as there is no state of real happiness in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

Steele

ANOTHER

I went on in king Bajazet: my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while

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on my captive arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses . . . of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlaine was but a fool to me; though he was loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance; in general, I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-lane, and has always a fine effect.

Goldsmith

GROUP OF PLAYERS

. . . half a dozen chorus-men talked seriously of the possibility of getting another drink before the train came up. Their frayed boots and threadbare frock coats would have caused them to be mistaken for street idlers, but that one or two of their number exhibited patent leathers and smart made-up cravats of the latest fashion. Everywhere some contradiction was observed. Dubois's hat gave him the appearance of a bishop, his tight trousers confounded him with a groom. Joe Mortimer made up very well, with his set expression of face, and his long curls, for the actor whose friends once believed he was a genius. But it was Montgomery who had been struck the most decidedly with the trade-mark that had been laid sometimes lightly, sometimes heavily, upon this band of travelling mummers.

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Although it was clear that they were separated as much by birth as they were by education, as much by fortune as by talent, it was nevertheless curious to remark how they were united by that inexpres-sible something, that look of unrest, that homeless air, which change of place and fortune imprints upon the human vagrant. There was the same difference between the worthy tradesman walking with his wife at the other end of the platform, and these forty-two wanderers, as there is between the firm land that the peasant tills and the loose sand that the sea-wind blows. Montgomery was a perfect specimen: the very tails of his long Newmarket coat seemed as if they would preclude his frail body from resting long in any one place, just as the down of the dandelion catches the breeze and hurries the floating seed away. His face was generally seen in profile, for he had a knack of leaning his head to the left and right as he talked, and a profile in Montgomery's case meant a long nose and a side view of a *pince-nez*. He spoke of finales and the difficulty he experienced when he first went into an orchestra of beating two in a bar . . . he could not divest his conversation of theatrical allusions.

George Moore

A CRITIC

He wrote in two reviews; raw pork at night
He ate, and opium; kept a bear at college:
A most extraordinary man was he.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

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GOSSIP-WRITER

. . . Mr. Eavesdrop, a man who, by dint of a certain something like smartness, has got into good society. He is a sort of bookseller's tool, and coins all his acquaintance in reminiscences and sketches of characters. I am very shy of him, for fear he should print me.

Thomas Love Peacock

JOURNALIST AUTHOR

He was a short and corpulent man, with a very large head and no neck. In his earlier middle age he had been distressed by this absence of neck, but was comforted by reading in Balzac's *Louis Lambert* that all the world's great men have been marked by the same peculiarity. . . .

Mr Barbecue-Smith belonged to the old school of journalists. . . . He sported a leonine head with a greyish-black mane of oddly unappetizing hair brushed back from a broad but low forehead. And somehow he always seemed slightly, ever so slightly, soiled. In younger days he had gaily called himself a Bohemian. He did so no longer. He was a teacher now, a kind of prophet. Some of his books of comfort and spiritual teaching were in their hundred and twentieth thousand.

Aldous Huxley

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REVIEWER—SELF-PORTRAIT

I did not forget that I was connected with a review established on Oxford principles, the editor of which had translated Quintilian. All the publications which fell under my notice I treated in a gentlemanly and Oxford-like manner, no personalities—no vituperation—no shabby insinuations; decorum, decorum was the order of the day. Occasionally a word of admonition, but gently expressed, as an Oxford undergraduate might have expressed it, or master of arts. How the authors whose publications were consigned to my colleagues were treated by them I know not; I suppose they were treated in an urbane and Oxford-like manner, but I cannot say; I did not read the reviewals of my colleagues, I did not read my own after they were printed. I did not like reviewing.

Borrow

MR. WELBY

When his circumstances compelled him to eke out his income by literary profits, he slid into the grooves of periodical composition, and resigned all thoughts of the labour required for any complete work, which might take much time and be attended with scanty profits. He still remained very popular in society, and perhaps his general reputation for ability made him fearful to hazard it by any great undertaking. He was not . . . a despiser of all men and all things; but he regarded men and things as an indifferent though good-natured spectator re-

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gards the thronging streets from a drawing-room window. He could not be called *blasé*, but he was thoroughly *désillusionné*. Once over-romantic, his character was now so thoroughly imbued with the neutral tints of life that romance offended his taste as an obtrusion of violent colour into a sober woof. He was become a thorough Realist in his code of criticism, and in his worldly mode of action and thought. . . . He had grown too indolent to be combative in conversation, and only as a critic betrayed such pugnacity as remained to him by the polished cruelty of sarcasm.

Bulwer Lytton

**EAST VESTIBULE
AND GENTLE DULNESS**

*Of all burdens that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.*

SPENSER

*Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates
to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom
suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable
is the teller of "good stories,"—a nuisance
that should be put down by cudgelling, a submer-
sion in horse-ponds, or any mode of abatement, as
summarily as men would combine to suffocate a
vampire or a mad dog.*

DE QUINCEY

*And then, who punishes the bore? What sessions
and what assizes for him? What bill is found
against him? Who indicted him? When the judges
have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds—the
sheep-stealer disappears—the swindler gets ready
for the Bay—the solid parts of the murdered are
preserved in anatomical collections. But, after
twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the
same house, in the same attitude, eating the same
soup,—unpunished, untried, undissected—no scaf-
fold, no skeleton—no mob of gentlemen and ladies
to gape over his last dying speech and confession.*

SYDNEY SMITH



A BARREN MAN

He hath a soule drownd in a lump of flesh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. . . . He sleepes as hee goes, and his thoughts seldom reach an inch further than his eies. . . . One of the most unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane besides the right use, made fit for the cart and the flayle; and by mischance intangled amongst books and papers. . . . Hee is meere nothing of himselfe, neither eats, nor drinks, nor goes, nor spits, but by Imitation. . . . You shall note him oft (besides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy benummed pace) by a faire displaied beard, a night cap, and a gowne, whose very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of formalitie. But of all others, his discourse, and compositions best speake him, both of them are much of one stiffe and fashion.

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He speakes just what his booke or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome understands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last: for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now dischargeth his memory or Note-book of, not his understanding, for it never came there. . . . He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters up and downe windlesse without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it selfe, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, how ever *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Jests are either old flead *Proverbs*, or leane-sterv'd-hackney-*Apophthegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Servingmen, Tapsters, and Milkmaids, even laid aside by Balladers. . . . His compositions differ only *terminorum positione*, from dreames; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherent, drossie, rubbish stiffe, promiscuously thrust up together. Enough to infuse dulnesse and barrennesse of conceit into him that is so prodigall of his eares as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with suffering such durty stiffe cast into it. . . . nor can hee bee delivered without sweat, and sighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to shake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He spits, and scratches, and spawles, and turnes like sick men from one elbow to another. In a word, rippe him quite asunder, and examine every shred of him, you shall find him to bee just nothing; the object of contempt; yet such as hee is you must take him, for there is no hope he should ever become better.

Donne

And Gentle Dulness

BORE

But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the slow, deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length, says he, it is no matter, and so goes on. And to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Swift

SIR HARRY

Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' said Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that: but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the

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same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner, he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, ‘Madam, I have lost by you today.’ ‘How so, Sir Harry?’ replies my lady. ‘Madam,’ says he, ‘I have lost an excellent stomach.’ At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

Steele

WISEACRE

He stated with infinite perspicuity and knowledge, the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the Continent, calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on, and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated, would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying, “*Things were not carried on in this manner in Queen Elizabeth's days; the public was considered, and able*

And Gentle Dulness

men were consulted and employed. Those were days!" "Ay, Sir, and nights too, I presume," said a young man who stood near him, "some longer and some shorter, according to the variation of the seasons; pretty much like ours."

Lord Chesterfield

HOST

Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine. . . . It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed about them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Goldsmith

FORGETFUL TALKER

The prim man in the cloth boots, who had been unsuccessfully attempting to make a joke during the whole time the round game lasted, saw his opportunity and availed himself of it. The instant the glasses disappeared, he commenced a long story about a great public character, whose name he had forgotten, making a particularly happy reply to another eminent and illustrious individual who he had never been able to identify. He enlarged at some length and with great minuteness upon divers collateral circumstances, distantly connected with the anecdote in hand, but for the life of him, he couldn't recollect at that precise moment what the anecdote was, although he had been in the habit of

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telling the story with great applause for the last ten
years.

Dickens

EARNEST WOMAN

And then, he went on to reflect, she was really rather a bore with her heavy, insensitive earnestness. Really rather stupid in spite of her culture—because of it perhaps. The culture was genuine all right; she had read the books, she remembered them. But did she understand them? *Could* she understand them? The remarks with which she broke her long, long silences, the cultured, earnest remarks—how heavy they were, how humourless and without understanding! She was wise to be so silent; silence is as full of potential wisdom and wit as the unhewn marble of great sculpture. The silent bear no witness against themselves. Marjorie knew how to listen well and sympathetically. And when she did break silence, half her utterances were quotations. For Marjorie had a retentive memory and had formed the habit of learning the great thoughts and the purple passages by heart. It had taken Walter some time to discover the heavy, pathetically uncomprehending stupidity that underlay the silence and the quotations. And when he had discovered, it was too late.

Aldous Huxley

LORD ROSSVILLE

Lord Rossville's character was one of those, whose traits, though minute, are as strongly marked as

And Gentle Dulness

though they had been cast in a large mould. . . . As he was not addicted to any particular vice, he considered himself as a man of perfect virtue; and having been, in some respects, very prosperous in his fortune, he was thoroughly satisfied that he was a person of the most consummate wisdom. With these ideas of himself, it is not surprising that he should have deemed it his bounden duty to direct and manage every man, woman, child, or animal, who came within his sphere, and that too in the most tedious and tormenting manner. Perhaps the most teasing point in his character was his ambition—the fatal ambition of thousands—to be thought an eloquent and impressive speaker; for this purpose, he always used ten times as many words as were necessary to express his meaning, and these too of the longest and strongest description. Another of his tormenting peculiarities was his desire of explaining everything, by which he always perplexed and mystified the simplest subject—In short Lord Rossville was a sort of petty benevolent tyrant; and any attempt to enlarge his soul, or open his understanding, would have been in vain.

Miss Ferrier

A MEERE FORMAL MAN

Is somewhat more than the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you have seen his outside, you have lookt through him, and need employ your discovery no farther. His reason is meerly example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men

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doe thus, and he followes them. He is a Negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a foole; nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chiefe burden of his braine is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame: which hee performs the better, because hee is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet subject, and he prayes as he sweares, in the Phrase of the Land. He is a faire guest, and a faire inviter, and can excuse his good cheere in the accustomed Apologie. Hee ha's some faculty in mangling a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morsell to a neighbour trencher. Hee apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughes orderly himselfe, when it comes to his turne. His discourse is the newes that hee hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runnes to the Minster walke, to take a turne, or two, and so passes. He hath staid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

John Earle

DUBIUS

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man,—
Yes, you may catch him tripping if you can.
He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes, presumes it may be so.

And Gentle Dulness

His evidence, if he were call'd by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense,
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,
What he remembers seems to have forgot,
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befal,
Centering at last in having none at all.
Yet though he tease and baulk your listening ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduced to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool.
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having placed all truth above his reach;
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind and deaf and dumb.

Cowper

SUCCESSFUL OLD MAN

In later years he found his heart incline,
More than in youth, to gen'rous food and wine;
But no indulgence check'd the powerful love
He felt to teach, to argue, and reprove.

Meetings, or public calls, he never miss'd—
To dictate often, always to assist,
Oft he the clergy join'd, but not a cause
Pertain'd to them but he could quote the laws;

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He upon tithes and residence display'd
A fund of knowledge for the hearer's aid;
And could on glebe and farming, wool and grain,
A long discourse, without a pause maintain.

And now, into the vale of years declined,
He hides too little of the monarch-mind:
He kindles anger by untimely jokes,
And opposition by contempt provokes;
Mirth he suppresses by his awful frown,
And humble spirits, by disdain keeps down;
Blamed by the mild, approved by the severe,
The prudent fly him, and the valiant fear.

For overbearing is his proud discourse,
And overwhelming of his voice the force;
And overpowering is he when he shows
What floats upon a mind that always overflows.

This ready man at every meeting rose,
Something to hint, determine or propose;
And grew so fond of teaching, that he taught
Those who instruction needed not or sought.

Crabbe

ROOM SIX

'TIS MY VOCATION

*Yet all, sir, are not sons of the white hen;
Nor can we, as the songster says, come all
To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's smock.
When she is pleased to trick or tromp mankind,
Some may be coats, as in the cards; but, then,
Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and
ostlers,
As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it
Out in the game, which all the world is.*

BEN JONSON

We know,—Mr. Weller—we, who are men of the world—that a good uniform must work its way with women, sooner or later.

DICKENS

I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world . . . give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and his head shot off to-morrow.

SHERIDAN

“A soldier,” cried my Uncle Toby . . . “is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, than a man of letters.”

STERNE



THE COLONEL

Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had a great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many, who were not born when he came first into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar, and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your champagnes and burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

Lord Chesterfield

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THE OLD GENERAL

The gen'ral! one of those brave old commanders,
Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in
Flanders;

Frank and good natur'd, of a honest heart.

Loving to act the steady friendly part:

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
Chearful in converse, smart in repartee.

Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay;
But with old age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long;
Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
He each minute particular relates.

If you name one of Malbro's ten campaigns,
He tells you its whole hist'ry for your pains;
And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
As long in telling as it was in fighting:
His old desire to please is still express'd:
His hat's well cock'd, his perriwig's well dress'd;
He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
His eyes thro' wrinkled corners cast their rays:
Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says:
And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams

THE GENERAL'S LADY

Mrs Baynes, out of the field, was the commanding
officer over the general. She ordered his clothes for

'Tis my Vocation

him, tied his neckcloth into a neat bow, and, on tea-party evenings, pinned his brooch into his shirt-frill. She gave him to understand when he had had enough to eat or drink at dinner, and explained, with great frankness, how this or that dish did not agree with him. If he was disposed to exceed, she would call out, in a loud voice: "Remember, general, what you took this morning!"

Thackeray

THE CAPTAIN

He was about the middle height, light haired, broad shouldered, with a pleasant smiling mouth and well formed nose; but above all, he had about him that pleasure-loving look, that appearance of taking things jauntily and of enjoying life. . . . There are men whose very eyes glance business, whose every word imports care, who step as though their shoulders were weighed with thoughtfulness, who breathe solicitude, and who seem to think that all the things of life are too serious for smiles. . . . And then there are men who are always playfellows with their friends, who—even should misfortune be upon them,—still smile and make the best of it, who come across one like sunbeams, and who, even when tears are falling, produce the tints of a rainbow. . . . Such a one was Jack De Baron. . . .

. . . Of course the world had spoiled him. He was in the Guards. He was fond of pleasure. He was fairly well off in regard to all his wants. . . . He had gradually taught himself to think that his own luxuries and his own comforts should in his

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own estimation be paramount to everything. He was not naturally selfish, but his life had almost necessarily engendered selfishness. Marrying had come to be looked upon as an evil,—as had old age;—not of course an unavoidable evil, but one into which a man will probably fall sooner or later. To put off marriage as long as possible, and when it could no longer be put off to marry money was a part of his creed. In the meantime the great delight of his life came from women's society. He neither gambled or drank. He hunted and fished, and shot deer and grouse, and occasionally drove a coach to Windsor. But little love affairs, flirtations and intrigues, which were never intended to be guilty, but which now and again had brought him into some trouble, gave its charm to his life. On such occasion he would, too, at times, be very badly in love, assuring himself sometimes with absolute heroism that he would never again see this married woman, or declaring to himself in moments of self-sacrificial grandness that he would at once marry that unmarried girl. And then, when he had escaped from some especial trouble, he would take to his regiment for a month, swearing to himself that for the next year he would see no woman besides his aunts and his grandmother. . . .

In spite of all his little troubles Captain De Baron was a very popular man. There was a theory about him that he always behaved like a gentleman, and that his troubles were misfortunes rather than faults. Ladies always liked him, and his society was agreeable to men because he was neither selfish nor loud. He talked only a little, but still enough

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not to be thought dull. He never bragged or bullied or bounced. He didn't want to shoot more deer or catch more salmon than another man. He never cut a fellow down in the hunting field. He never borrowed money, but would sometimes lend it when a reason was given. He was probably as ignorant as an owl of anything really pertaining to literature, but he did not display his ignorance. He was regarded by all who knew him as one of the most fortunate of men. He regarded himself as being very far from blessed, knowing that there must come a speedy end to the things which he only half enjoyed, and feeling partly ashamed of himself in that he had found for himself no better part.

Anthony Trollope

MAJOR O'DOWD

Major O'Dowd, who had served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, and had paid for every step in his profession by some more than equivalent act of daring and gallantry, was the most modest, silent, sheepfaced and meek of little men, and as obedient to his wife as if he had been her tay-boy. At the mess-table he sat silently, and drank a great deal. When full of liquor, he reeled silently home. When he spoke, it was to agree with everybody on every conceivable point; and he passed through life in perfect ease and good humour. The hottest suns of India never heated his temper; and the Walcheren ague never shook it. He walked up to a battery with just as much indifference as to a

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dinner-table; had dined on horse-flesh and turtle with equal relish and appetite; and had an old mother, Mrs. O'Dowd of O'Dowdstown indeed, whom he had never disobeyed but when he ran away and enlisted, and when he persisted in marrying that odious Peggy Malony.

Thackeray

COLONEL CORFE

Colonel Corfe is the man to hear on such a theme. He is a colonel of companies . . . he is professedly a lady's man, a rose-beetle, and a fine specimen of a common kind; and he has been that thing, that shining delight of the lap of ladies, for a spell of years, necessitating a certain sparkle of the saccharine crystals preserving him, to conceal the muster. He has to be fascinating, or he would look outworn, forlorn. On one side of him is Lady Carmine; on the other, Lady Swanage; dames embedded in the blooming maturity of England's conservatory.

George Meredith

THE MAJOR

The Major was a short man, shorter by nearly two inches than his wife. . . His hair had once been red; it was now faded, and the tall forehead showed bald amid a slight gleaning. His beard and moustaches were thick, unkempt and full of grey hair. The nose was small and aquiline, and the eyes, shallow and pale blue, wore a silly and vacant stare. The skin was coloured everywhere alike, a

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sort of conventional tone of flesh-colour seemed to have been poured over the face, forehead, and neck. His short, thick hands covered with reddish hair. They fidgeted at the trousers and waistcoat, too tightly strained across his little round stomach; . . .

George Moore

*You say, dear Mamma, it is good to be
 talking
With those who will kindly endeavour to
 teach,
And I think I have learnt something while
 I was walking
Along with the sailor boy down on the
 beach.*

ELIZA COOK

*There's a sweet cherub that sits up aloft
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.*

DIBDIN

*For there's something about a sailor—
 Well, you know what sailors are.*

MUSIC-HALL SONG (20th Century)

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SEAFARING MAN

A Shipman was ther, wonynge fer by weste:
For aught I woot he was of Dertemouthc.
He rood upon a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of falding to the knee.
A daggere hanginge on a laas hadde he
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer hadde maade his hewe al broun;
And, certeinly, he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he y-drawe
Fro Burdeuxward whil that the chapman sleep,
Of nyce conscience took he no keepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer honde:
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers hym bisydes,
His herberwe and his mone, his lode-menage,
There nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake:
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond to Cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne.
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

Chaucer

GOOD CAPTAIN

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour
with which he preserved the dignity of his station,
and the hasty impatience with which he resented
any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to

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which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, the captain was one of the best-natured fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness to any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. . . Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called, the *Princess of Brazil*, as a widower of a deceased wife.

Fielding

THE SKIPPER

He was a tall, very large boned, gaunt man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders, displaying Herculean strength (and this we found he eminently possessed). His face was of a size corresponding to his large frame; his features were harsh, his eye piercing, but his nose, although bold, was handsome, and his capacious mouth was furnished with the most splendid row of large teeth that I ever beheld. The character of his countenance was determination rather than severity. When he smiled, the expression was agreeable. His gestures and his language were emphatic, and the planks trembled with his elephantine walk.

Captain Marryat

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CAPTAIN CROWNE

Captain Crowne had commanded a merchant's ship in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and saved some money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent seaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and scrupulously honest; but as little acquainted with the world as a sucking child; whimsical, impatient, and so impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the conversation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that seemed to burst from him by involuntary impulse. When he himself attempted to speak he never finished his period; but made such a number of abrupt transitions, that his discourse seemed to be an unconnected series of unfinished sentences, the meaning of which it was not easy to decipher.

Smollett

GENTLEMAN CHUCKS

He was considered to be the *taughtest* (that is, the most active and severe) boatswain in the service. He went by the name of " Gentleman Chucks"—the latter was his surname. He appeared to have received half an education; sometimes his language was for a few sentences remarkably well chosen, but, all of a sudden, he would break down at a hard word. . . He had a very handsome person, inclined to be stout, keen eyes, and hair curling in ringlets. He held his head up, and strutted as he walked. He declared " that an officer should look

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like an officer, and *comport* himself accordingly." In his person he was very clean, wore rings on his great fingers, and a large frill to his bosom, which stuck out like the back fin of a perch, and the collar of his shirt was always pulled up to a level with his cheek-bones. He never appeared on deck without his "persuader," which was three rattans twisted into one, like a cable; sometimes he called it his Order of the Bath, or his Trio juncto in Uno; and this persuader was seldom idle. He attempted to be very polite, even when addressing the common seamen, and, certainly, he always commenced his observations to them in a very gracious manner, but, as he continued, he became less choice in his phraseology. . . . "Allow me to observe, my dear man, in the most delicate way in the world, that you are spilling that tar upon the deck—a deck, sir, if I may venture to make the observation, I had the duty of seeing holystoned this morning. You understand me, sir, you have defiled his Majesty's forecastle. I must do my duty, sir, if you neglect yours; so take that—and that—and that—(thrashing the man with his rattan)—you d—d hay-making son of a sea-cook—do it again, d—n your eyes, and I'll cut your liver out."

Captain Marryat

OLD SAILOR

Near these a Sailor, in that hut of thatch
(A fish-boat's cabin is its nearest match),
Dwells, and the dungeon is to him a seat,
Large as he wishes—in his view complete:

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A lockless coffer and a lidless hutch
That hold his stores, have room for twice as much:
His one spare shirt, long glass, and iron box,
Lie all in view; no need has he for locks;
Here he abides, and, as our strangers pass,
He shows the shipping, he presents the glass;
He makes (unask'd) their ports and business known,
And (kindly heard) turns quickly to his own,
Of noble captains, heroes every one,—
You might as soon have made the steeple run:
And then his messmates, if you're pleased to stay,
He'll one by one the gallant souls display,
And as the story verges to an end,
He'll wind from deed to deed, from friend to friend;
He'll speak of those long lost, the brave of old,
As princes gen'rous and as heroes bold;
Then will his feelings rise, till you may trace
Gloom, like a cloud, form o'er his manly face,—
And then a tear or two, which sting his pride;
These he will dash indignantly aside,
And splice his tale;

Crabbe

CAPTAIN DOWLING

“ Of Captain Dowling would you hear me speak?
I'd sit and sing his praises for a week:
He was a man, and man-like all his joy,—
I'm led to question was he ever boy?
Beef was his breakfast; if from sea and salt,
It relish'd better with his wine of malt;
Then, till he dined, if walking in or out,
Whether the gravel teased him or the gout,

'Tis my Vocation

Though short in wind and flannel'd every limb,
He drank with all who had concerns with him:
Whatever trader, agent, merchant, came,
They found him ready every hour the same;
Whatever liquors might between them pass,
He took them all, and never balk'd his glass:
Nay, with the seamen working in the ship,
At their request, he'd share the grog and flip:

“ At fifty-five we lost him—after that
Life grows insipid and its pleasures flat;
He had indulged in all that man can have,
He did not drop a dotard to his grave;
Still to the last, his feet upon the chair,
With rattling lungs now gone beyond repair;
When on each feature death had fix'd his stamp,
And not a doctor could the body vamp;
Still at the last, to his beloved bowl
He clung, and cheer'd the sadness of his soul;

‘ I go,’ he said, ‘ but still my friends shall say,
'Twas as a man—I did not sneak away;
An honest life with worthy souls I've spent,—
Come fill my glass;’—he took it and he went.

Crabbe

NAVAL OFFICER

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,

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Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever baulks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their
strength to nerve.

Byron

JACK

I have always regarded Jack as the finest looking sailor that ever sailed. He is gray now, but as handsome as he was a quarter of a century ago—nay, handsomer. A portly, cheery, well-built figure of a broad-shouldered man, with a frank smile, a brilliant dark eye, and a rich dark eyebrow. I remember those under darker hair, and they look all the better for their silver setting. He has been wherever his Union namesake flies, has Jack, and I have met old shipmates of his, away in the Mediterranean and on the other side of the Atlantic, who have beamed and brightened at the casual mention of his name, and have cried, “ You know Jack Governor? Then you know a prince of men!” That he is! And so unmistakably a naval officer, that if you were to see him coming out of an Esquimaux snow-hut in seal's skin, you would be vaguely persuaded he was in full naval uniform.

Dickens

'Tis my Vocation

*Why so serious, why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from Chance thou canst not save
With all thy care and study.*

THOMAS FLATMAN

BUSINESS MAN

Calidus has traded above thirty years in the greatest city of the kingdom; he has been so many years constantly increasing his trade and his fortune. Every hour of the day is with him an hour of business; and though he eats and drinks very heartily, yet every meal seems to be in a hurry, and he would say grace if he had time. Calidus ends every day at the tavern, but has not leisure to be there till near nine o'clock. He is always forced to drink a good hearty glass, to drive thoughts of business out of his head, and make his spirits drowsy enough for sleep. He does business all the time that he is rising, and has settled several matters before he can get to his counting-room. His prayers are a short ejaculation or two, which he never misses in stormy, tempestuous weather, because he has always something or other at sea. Calidus will tell you, with great pleasure, that he

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has been in this hurry for so many years, and that it must have killed him long ago, but that it has been a rule with him to get out of the town every Saturday, and make the Sunday a day of quiet, and good refreshment in the country.

William Law

BLUFF BUSINESS MAN

He allowed his red whiskers to grow wherever nature had planted them, on his cheeks and under his chin. He wore thick shoes with nails in them, or natty round-toed boots, with tight trousers and a single strap. He affected the country-gentleman in his appearance. His hat had a broad brim, and the ample pockets of his cut-away coat were never destitute of agricultural produce, samples of beans or corn, which he used to bite and chew even on 'Change, or a whip-lash, or balls for horses: in fine he was a good old country-gentleman. If it was fine in Threadneedle Street, he would say it was good weather for the hay; if it rained, the country wanted rain; if it was frosty, "No hunting to-day, Tomkins, my boy," and so forth. As he rode from Bryanstone Square to the City you would take him—and he was pleased to be taken—for a jolly country squire. He was a better man of business than his more solemn and stately brother, at whom he laughed in his jocular way; and he said rightly, that a gentleman must get up very early in the morning who wanted to take *him* in.

Thackeray

'Tis my Vocation

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR

Mugford—Frederick Mugford, was his real name—and putting out of sight that little defect of his character, that he committed a systematic literary murder once a week, a more worthy good-natured little murderer did not live. He came of the old school of the press. Like French marshals, he had risen from the ranks, and retained some of the manners and oddities of the private soldier. A new race of writers has grown up since he enlisted as a printer's boy—men of the world, with the manners of other gentlemen. Mugford never professed the least gentility. He knew that his young men laughed at his peculiarities, and did not care a fig for their scorn. As the knife with which he conveyed his victuals to his mouth went down his throat at the plenteous banquets which he gave, he saw his young friends wince and wonder, and rather relished their surprise. Those lips never cared in the least about placing his *h*'s in the right places. They used bad language with great freedom—(to hear him bullying a printing-office was a wonder of eloquence)—but they betrayed no secrets, and the words which they uttered you might trust. He had belonged to two or three parties, and had respected them all. When he went to the Under-Secretary's office he was never kept waiting. . . .

Thackeray

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS

He disposed of fire-irons, grates, ovens, and kettles, and was at the present moment heavily

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engaged in the sale of certain newly-invented metallic tables and chairs lately brought out by the Patent Steel Furniture Company. . . . He looked as though a skin rather too small for the purpose had been drawn over his head and face, so that his forehead and cheeks and chin were tight and shiny. His eyes were small and green, always moving about in his head, and were seldom used by Mr. Kantwise in the ordinary way. At whatever he looked he looked sideways; it was not that he did not look you in the face, but he always looked at you with a sidelong glance, never choosing to have you straight in front of him. And the more eager he was in conversation—the more anxious he might be to gain his point, the more he averted his face and looked askance; so that sometimes he would prefer to have his antagonist almost behind his shoulder. And then as he did this, he would thrust forward his chin, and having looked at you round the corner till his eyes were nearly out of his head, he would close them both and suck in his lips, and shake his head with rapid little shakes, as though he were saying to himself, "Ah, Sir! you're a bad un, a very bad un." His nose—for I should do Mr. Kantwise injustice if I did not mention this feature—seemed to have been compressed almost into nothing by that skin-squeezing operation. It was long enough, taking the measurement down the bridge, and projected sufficiently, counting the distance from the upper lip; but it had all the properties of a line; it possessed length without breadth. There was nothing in it from side to

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side. If you assayed to pull it your fingers would meet. When I shall have also said that the hair on Mr Kantwise's head stood up erect all round to the height of two inches, and that it was very red, I shall have been accurate enough in his personal description.

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The first man who entered was short and very fat;—so fat that he could not have seen his knees for some considerable time past. His face rolled with fat, as also did all his limbs. His eyes were large, and bloodshot. He wore no beard, and therefore showed plainly the triple bagging of his fat chin. In spite of his overwhelming fatness, there was something in his face that was masterful and almost vicious. His body had been overcome by eating, but not as yet his spirit,—one would be inclined to say. This was Mr. Moulder, well known on the road as being in the grocery and spirit line; a pushing man who understood his business, and was well trusted by his firm in spite of his habitual intemperance. What did the firm care whether or no he killed himself by eating and drinking? He sold his goods, collected his money, and made his remittances. If he got drunk at night that was nothing to them, seeing that he always did his quota of work the next day. But Mr Moulder did not get drunk. His brandy and water went into his blood, and into his eyes, and into his feet, and into his hands,—but not into his brain.

Anthony Trollope

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CIVIL SERVANT

Sir Raffle was still standing with his hat on, and with his back to the fire, and his countenance was full of wrath. . . . He greatly wanted the comfort of a private secretary who would believe in him,—or at least pretend to believe in him. There are men who, though they have not sense enough to be true, have nevertheless sense enough to know that they cannot expect to be really believed in by those who are near enough to know them. Sir Raffle Buffle was such a one. He would have greatly delighted in the services of some one who would trust him implicitly,—of some young man who would really believe all that he said of himself and of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but he was wise enough to perceive that no such young man was to be had; or that any young man,—could such a one be found,—would be absolutely useless for any purposes of work. He knew himself to be a liar whom nobody trusted. And he knew himself also to be a bully,—though he could not think so low of himself as to believe that he was a bully whom nobody feared. A private secretary was at the least bound to pretend to believe in him. There is a decency in such things. . . .

Anthony Trollope

ANOTHER

To look at Mr Potts one would have thought that there at least went someone who had nothing to boast about. He was a little insignificant fellow

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with a crooked tie, a hat too small for him and a coat too large. The brown canvas portfolio that he carried to and from the Post Office every day was not like a business man's portfolio. It was like a child's satchel; it did up even with a round-eyed button. One imagined there were crumbs and an apple core inside. And then there was something funny about his boots, wasn't there? Through the laces his coloured socks peeped out. What the dickens had the chap done with the tongues? "Fried 'em," suggested the wit of the Chesney bus. Poor old Potts! "More likely buried 'em in his garden." Under his arm he clasped an umbrella. And in the wet weather when he put it up, he disappeared completely. He was not. He was a walking umbrella—no more—the umbrella became his shell.

Katherine Mansfield

*Next, to a graver tribe we turn our view,
And yield the praise to worth and science
due;
But this with serious words and sober style,
For these are friends with whom we seldom
smile.*

CRABBE

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MR. FILLET

. . . Mr. Fillet, a country practitioner in surgery and midwifery . . . was a man of some education, and a great deal of experience, shrewd, sly and sensible.

Smollett

CARELESS PRACTITIONER

Rut is a young physician to the family:
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More than her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest voluptuary;
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners;
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit;
Is saucy in his logics, and disputing,
Is anything but civil, or a man.

Ben Jonson

MENTAL HEALER

The doctor's comming,
Who, as by letters I advertis'd you,
Is the most promising man to cure your sonne
The kingdome yields. It will astonish you
To heare the mervailes he hath done in cures
Of such distracted ones as is your sonne,
And not so much by bodily physicke (no,
He sends few recipes to th' apothecaries)
As medicine of the minde, which he infuses
So skilfully, yet by familiar wayes,
That it begets both wonder and delight

'Tis my Vocation

In his observers, while the stupid patient
Finds health at unawares.

Richard Brome

A MEERE DULL PHISITIAN

His practice is some businesse at bed-sides, and his speculation an Urinall. Hee is distinguisht from an Empericke by a round velvet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is Doctor howsoever. He is sworne to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as University men to their statues, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all Aphorismes, though his reading be onely *Alexis* of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The best Cure he ha's done is upon his own purse, which from a leane sicklinesse he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gallypots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which are rank't in his Shelves, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows it not. If he have beene but a bystander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it, though he be guiltlesse; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of al odors he likest best the smel of Urine, and holds Vespatians rule, that no gaine is unsavory. If you send this once to him, you must resolve to be sicke howsoever, for he will never leave examining your Water till hee have shakt it into a disease. Then follows a writ to his

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drugger in a strange tongue, which he understands though he cannot conster. If he see you himselfe, his presence is the worst visitation : for if he cannot heale your sicknes, he will bee sure to helpe it. Hee translates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and benches must take Phisicke. He tels you your Maladie in Greeke, though it be but a cold, or head ach : which by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to some moment indeed; his most unfaithfull act is, that hee leaves a man gasping, and his pretence is, death and he have a quarrel, and must not meet; but his feare is, least the Carcasse should bleed. Anatomies and other spectacles of Mortalitie have hardened him, and hee's no more struck with a Funerall than a Gravemaker. Noblemen use him for a director of their stomacks, and Ladies for wantonnesse, especially if hee bee a proper man. If he be single, he is in League with his Shee-Apothecary, and because it is the Physitian, the husband is Patient. If he have leasure to be idle (that is to study) he ha's a smatch at Alcumy, and is sicke of the Philosophers stone, a disease uncurable, but by an abundant Phlebotomy of the purse. His two maine opposites are a Mountebanke and a good Woman, and hee never shewes his learning so much as in an invective against them and their boxes. In conclusion he is a sucking consumption, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both engendred out of mans corruption.

John Earle

'Tis my Vocation

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN

Coming to his patient he persuades him to put his trust in God, the fountain of health.

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He hansels not his new experiments on the bodies of his patients; letting loose mad recipes into the sick man's body, to try how well nature in him will fight against them, whilst himself stands by and see the battle, except it be in desperate cases, when death must be expelled by death.

To poor people he prescribes cheap but wholesome medicines: not removing the consumption out of their bodies into their purses.

He brings not news with a false spy, that the coast is clear, till death surprises the sick man. . . .

When he can keep life no longer in, he makes a fair and easy passage for it to go out.

Fuller

THE QUACK

This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white, three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never: it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat; but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth,

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nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, ' Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you.'

Goldsmith

YOUNG APOTHECARY

I was thin, between fifteen and sixteen years old, very tall for my age, and of my figure I had no reason to be ashamed; a large beaming eye, with a slightly aquiline nose, a high forehead, fair in complexion, but with very dark hair. I was always what may be termed a remarkably clean-looking boy, from the peculiarity of my skin and complexion; my teeth were small, but were transparent, and I had a very deep dimple in my chin. Like all embryo apothecaries, I carried in my appearance, if not the look of wisdom, most certainly that of self-sufficiency, which does equally well with the world in general. My forehead was smooth, and very white, and my dark locks were combed back systematically, and with a regularity that said, as plainly as hair could do, "The owner of this does everything by prescription, measurement, and rule." With my long fingers I folded up the little packets, with an air as thoughtful and imposing as that of a minister who has just presented a protocol as interminable as unintelligible; and the look of solemn sagacity with which I poured out the contents of one vial into the other would have well

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become the king's physician, when he watched the
"lord's anointed" *in articulo mortis.*

Captain Marryat

THE COUNTRY TOWN SURGEON

Charlson was a man not without ability; yet he did not prosper. Sundry circumstances stood in his way as a medical practitioner; he was needy; he was not a coddle; he gossiped with men instead of with women; he had married a stranger instead of one of the town young ladies; and he was given to conversational buffoonery. Moreover, his look was quite erroneous. Those only proper features in the family doctor, the quiet eye, and the thin straight passionless lips which never curl in public either for laughter or for scorn, were not his; he had a full-curved mouth, and a bold black eye that made timid people nervous. His companions were what in old times would have been called boon companions. . . All this was against him in the little town of his adoption.

Thomas Hardy

DR. HOLMES

Dr. Holmes examined him. There was nothing whatever the matter, said Dr. Holmes. Oh, what a relief! What a kind man, what a good man! thought Rezia. When he felt like that he went to the Music Hall, said Dr. Holmes. He took a day off with his wife and played golf. Why not try two tabloids of bromide dissolved in a glass of

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water at bedtime? These old Bloomsbury houses, said Dr. Holmes, tapping the wall, are often full of very fine panelling, which the landlords have the folly to paper over. Only the other day, visiting a patient, Sir Something, in Bedford Square—

.

Dr. Holmes came again. Large, fresh-coloured, handsome, flicking his boots, looking in the glass, he brushed it all aside—headaches, sleeplessness, fears, dreams—nerve symptoms and nothing more, he said. If Dr. Holmes found himself even half a pound below eleven stone six, he asked his wife for another plate of porridge at breakfast. (Rezia would learn to cook porridge.) But, he continued, health is largely a matter in our own control. Throw yourself into outside interests; take up some hobby. He opened Shakespeare—*Antony and Cleopatra*; pushed Shakespeare aside. Some hobby, said Dr. Holmes, for did he not owe his own excellent health (and he worked as hard as any man in London) to the fact that he could always switch off from his patients on to old furniture? And what a very pretty comb, if he might say so, Mrs. Warren Smith was wearing!

Virginia Woolf

DR. LIBBARD

He was a small man with delicate hands and well-formed features that were almost feminine. His brown eyes were large and melancholy. He used to waste a great deal of time sitting at the bedside

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of his patients, looking sadness through those eyes and talking in a sad, low voice about nothing in particular. His person exhaled a pleasing odour, decidedly antiseptic but at the same time suave and discreetly delicious.

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“Mrs. Hutton passed away half an hour ago.”

The voice remained even in its softness, the melancholy of the eyes did not deepen. Dr. Libbard spoke of death as he would speak of a local cricket match. All things were equally vain and equally deplorable.

Aldous Huxley

*And hath that early hope been blessed
with truth?*

*Hath he fulfilled the promise of his
youth? . . .*

HARROW PRIZE POEM

THE GOOD TEACHER

. . . His genius inclines him with delight in his profession. . . He studies his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. . . He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his

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precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

Fuller

DOMINE DOBIENSIS AND HIS ASSISTANT

As, in our school, it was necessary that we should be instructed in reading, writing, and ciphering, the governors had selected the Domine as the most fitting person that had offered for the employment, because he had, in the first place, written a work that nobody could understand upon the Greek particles; secondly, he had proved himself a great mathematician, having, it is said, squared the circle by algebraical false quantities, but would never show the operation for fear of losing the honour by treachery. . . . He was a man who breathed certainly in the present age, but the half of his life was spent in *antiquity* or algebra. Once carried away by a problem, or a Greek reminiscence, he passed away as it were, from his present existence, and everything was unheeded. His body remained, and breathed on his desk, but his soul was absent. The peculiarity was well known to the boys, who used to say, "Domine is in his dreams, and talks in his sleep." . . .

The Domine was grave and irascible, but he possessed a fund of drollery and the kindest heart. His features could not laugh, but his trachea did. The chuckle rose no higher than the rings of his windpipe, and then it was rigorously thrust back again by the impulse of gravity into the region of

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his heart, and gladdened it with hidden mirth in its dark centre. The Domine loved a pun, whether it was let off in English, Greek, or Latin. The last two were made by nobody but himself, and not being understood, were of course relished by himself alone. But his love of a pun was a serious attachment: he loved it with a solemn affection—with him it was no laughing matter.

In person, Domine Dobiensis was above six feet, all bone and sinews. His face was long, and his lineaments large; but his predominant feature was his nose, which, large as were the others, bore them down into insignificance. It was a prodigy—a ridicule; but he consoled himself—Ovid was called Naso. It was not an aquiline nose, nor was it an aquiline nose reversed. It was not a nose snubbed at the extremity, gross, heavy, or carbuncled, or fluting. In all its magnitude of proportions, it was an intellectual nose. It was thin, horny, transparent, and sonorous. Its snuffle was consequential, and its sneeze oracular. The very sight of it was impressive; its sound, when blown in school hours, was ominous. . . .

Mr Knapps was a thin, hectic-looking young man, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, very small in all his proportions, red ferret eyes, and without the least sign of incipient manhood; but he was very savage, nevertheless. Not being permitted to pummel the boys when the Domine was in the school-room, he played the tyrant most effectually when he was left commanding officer.

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The noise and hubbub certainly warranted his interference—the respect paid to him was positively *nil*. His practice was to select the most glaring delinquent, and let fly his ruler at him, with immediate orders to bring it back. These orders were complied with for more than one reason; in the first place, was the offender hit, he was glad that another should have his turn; in the second, Mr Knapps being a very bad shot (never having drove a Kamtchadale team of dogs), he generally missed the one he aimed at, and hit some other, who, if he did not exactly deserve it at that moment, certainly did for previous, or would for subsequent delinquencies. In the latter case, the ruler was brought back to him because there was no injury inflicted, although intended. However, be it as it may, the ruler always returned to him; and thus did Mr Knapps pelt the boys as if they were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, to the great risk of their heads and limbs. I have little further to say of Mr Knapps, except that he wore a black shalloon loose coat; on the left sleeve of which he wiped his pen, and upon the right, but too often, his ever-snivelling nose.

Captain Marryat

DISCIPLINARIAN

. . . when he came into collision with boys or customs, there was nothing for them but to give in or take themselves off; because what he said had to be done and no mistake about it. And this was beginning to be pretty clearly understood; the

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boys felt that there was a strong man over them, who would have things his own way; and hadn't yet learnt that he was a wise and loving man also. His personal character and influence had not had time to make itself felt, except by a very few of the bigger boys with whom he came more directly in contact; and he was looked upon with great fear and dislike by the great majority even of his own house.

Thomas Hughes

ABEL KEENE

A quiet, simple man was *Abel Keene*,
He meant no harm, nor did he often mean:
He kept a school of loud rebellious boys,
And growing old, grew nervous with the noise;

Crabbe

UNDER-MASTER

As to Mr Feeder, B.A., . . . he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. He might have been fitted up with a change of barrels, perhaps, in early life, if his destiny had been favourable; but it had not been; and he had only one, with which, in a monotonous round, it was his occupation to bewilder the young ideas of Dr Blimber's young gentlemen.

Dickens

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MR HEADSTONE

. . . He had acquired mechanically a great store of teacher's knowledge. . . . From his early childhood up his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage. The arrangement of his wholesale warehouse, so that it might be always ready to meet to demands of retail dealers—history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left—had imparted to his countenance a look of care; while the habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, or a manner that would be better described as one of lying in wait. There was a kind of settled trouble in his face. It was the face belonging to a naturally slow or inattentive intellect that had toiled hard to get what it had won, and that had to hold it now that it was gotten. He always seemed to be uneasy lest anything should be missing from his mental warehouse, and taking stock to assure himself.

Dickens

TRAGIC TUTOR

The simple truth was, that poor Mr Lawley was a little wrong in the head. A scholar and a gentleman, early misfortunes and an imprudent marriage had driven him to the mastership of the little country grammar school; and here the perpetual annoyance caused to his refined mind by the coarseness of clumsy or spiteful boys, had gradually unhinged his intellect. Often did he

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tell the boys "that it was an easier life by far to break stones by the roadside than to teach them"; and at last his eccentricities became too obvious to be any longer overlooked.

one. . . . It was a common practice among the

The *dénouement* of his history was a tragic Latin schoolboys . . . to amuse themselves by putting a heavy book on top of a door left partially ajar, and to cry out "Crown him!" as the first luckless youngster . . . received the book thundering on his head. One day, just as the trap had been adroitly laid, Mr Lawley walked in unexpectedly. The moment he entered . . . down came an Ainsworth's Dictionary on the top of his hat, and the boy, concealed behind the door, unconscious of who the victim was, enunciated with mock gravity, "Crown him! Three cheers!"

It took Mr Lawley a second to raise from his eyebrows the battered hat, and recover from his confusion; the next instant he was springing after the boy who had caused the mishap, and who, knowing the effects of the master's fury, fled with precipitation. In one minute the offender was caught, and Mr Lawley's heavy hand fell recklessly on his ears and back, until he screamed with terror. At last by a tremendous writhe wrenching himself free, he darted towards the door, and Mr Lawley, too exhausted to pursue, snatched his large gold watch out of his fob, and hurled it at the boy's retreating figure. The watch flew through the air; crash! It had missed its aim, and, striking the wall above the lintel, fell smashed into a thousand shivers.

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The sound, the violence of the action, the sight of the broken watch, which was the gift of a cherished friend, instantly woke the master to his senses. The whole school had seen it; they sat there pale and breathless with excitement and awe. The poor man could bear it no longer. He flung himself into his chair, hid his face with his hands, and burst into hysterical tears. It was the outbreak of feelings long pent-up. In that instant all his life passed before him—its hopes, its failures, its miseries, its madness. “Yes!” he thought, “I am mad.”

Raising his head, he cried wildly, “Boys, go, I am mad!” and sank again into his former position, rocking himself to and fro. One by one the boys stole out, and he was left alone. The end is soon told. Forced to leave Ayrton, he had no means of earning his daily bread; and the weight of this new anxiety forcing the crisis, the handsome, proud scholar became an inmate of the Brerely Asylum. A few years afterwards . . . he was dead. Poor broken human heart! May he rest in peace.

Dean Farrar

LECTURER

He could not be simple, he could not be spontaneous; he was tormented by self-consciousness, and it was impossible to him to talk and behave as those talk and behave who have been brought up more or less in the big world from the beginning. . . . His lectures, which were at first brilliant enough to attract numbers of men from other

'Tis my Vocation

colleges, became gradually mere dry, ingenious skeletons, without life or feeling. It was possible to learn a great deal from him; it was not possible to catch from him any contagion of that *amor intellectualis* which had flamed at one moment so high within him. He ceased to compose; but as the intellectual faculty must have some employment, he became a translator, a contributor to dictionaries, a microscopic student of texts, not in the interest of anything beyond, but simply as a kind of mental stone-breaking.

The only survival of that moment of glow and colour in his life was his love of music and the theatre. Almost every year he disappeared to France, to haunt the Paris theatres for a fortnight; to Berlin or Bayreuth, to drink his fill of music. He talked neither of music nor of acting; he made no one sharer of his enjoyment, if he did enjoy. It was simply his way of cheating his creative faculty, which, though it had grown impotent, was still there, still restless. Altogether a melancholy, pitiable man—at once thorough-going sceptic and thorough-going idealist, the victim of that critical sense which says No to every impulse, and is always restlessly, and yet hopelessly, seeking the future through the neglected and outraged present.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward

SCHOOL CHAPEL

Gumbril hoisted himself to his feet; the folds of his B.A. gown billowed nobly about him as he rose. He sighed and shook his head with the gesture of

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one who tries to shake off a fly or an importunate thought. When the time came for singing, he sang. On the opposite side of the chapel two boys were grinning and whispering to one another behind their lifted Prayer Books. Gumbriel frowned at them ferociously. The two boys caught his eye and their faces at once took on an expression of sickly piety; they began to sing with unction. They were two ugly, stupid-looking louts, who ought to have been apprenticed years ago to some useful trade, Instead of which they were wasting their own and their teacher's and their more intelligent comrades' time in trying, quite vainly, to acquire an elegant literary education. The minds of dogs, Gumbriel reflected, do not benefit by being treated as though they were the minds of men.

Aldous Huxley

SENSITIVE SCHOOLMASTER

The blinds are drawn because of the sun,
And the boys and the room in a colourless gloom
Of underwater float: bright ripples run
Across the walls as the blinds are blown
To let the sunlight in; and I,
As I sit on the shores of the class, alone,
Watch the boys in their summer blouses
As they write, their round heads busily bowed:
And one after another rouses
His face to look at me,
To ponder very quietly,
As seeing, he does not see.

.

'Tis my Vocation

And then he turns again, with a little, glad
Thrill of his work he turns again from me,
Having found what he wanted, having got what
was to be had. . . .

D. H. Lawrence

SOLITARY SCHOOLMASTER

Was Mr. Canfield thwarted? There was a curious look of lonely enlightenment about his head. At the University, and now and again with a head master or a fellow assistant-master he had had moments of exchange and been happy for a moment and seen the world alight. But his happiest times had been in loneliness, with thoughts coming to him out of books. They had been his solace and his refuge since he was fifteen; and in spite of the hair greying his temples he was still fifteen; within him were all the dreams and all the dreadful crudities of boyhood . . . he had never grown to man's estate. . . . He had another side; but there was no place in his life which would allow it expression. It could only live in the lives of people met in books; in sympathies here and there for a moment; in people who passed "like ships in the night"; in moments at the beginning and end of holidays when things would seem real, and as if henceforth they were going to seem real every day. If it found expression in his life, it would break up that life. Anyone who tried to make it find personal expression would be cruel; unless it were to turn him into a reformer or the follower of a reformer. That could happen to him. He was

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secretly interested in adventurers and adventuresses.

Dorothy Richardson

*Let's kill all the lawyers;
Now show yourselves men: 'tis for liberty.*
SHAKESPEARE

A PETTIFOUGGER

He's an *Amphibious Monster*, that partakes of two Natures, and those contrary: He's a great Lover both of *Peace* and *Enmity*; and has no sooner set People together by the Ears, but is Soliciting the *Law* to make an end of the Difference. His mother was a *Scold*, and he was begot in a time when his Father us'd the Act more for *Quietness sake* than *Procreation*. His *Learning* is commonly as little as his *Honesty*; and his *Conscience* much larger than his *Green-Bag*. His affection to the *Law* proceeds from the *Litigiousness* of his Ancestors, who brought the Family to *Beggary*. Therefore there is nothing he More abhors than Poverty in a *Client*. He is never more Proud than when he has a Fee for a Topping Council; and would make any Body believe Sergeant *such a one* and he are as great as the Devil and the Earl of Kent. He

'Tis my Vocation

gets money in *Term-time* by sitting in a *Tavern*, for every *Client* that comes in he makes pay Six-pence a Glass, till he has Sold a quart or two at that rate, and puts the over-plus in his Pocket, he seems always as busie as a Merchant in *Change time*; and if ever a cause is carried that he's concern'd in, he tells you its owing to his Management. . . . He's a Man of such *Justice*, that he loves all things should be done according to the *Law*; and calls every Body *Fool* that pays a Debt till he has forc'd the Creditor to prove it in some Courts at *Westminster*. . . .

Ned Ward

VIRTUOUS LAWYER

. . . Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney without blushing, though he had no reason to blush for his own practice, for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal, and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned with the widow and orphan, or any other object that sued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed, he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewhat libertine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and in private company

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he took pleasure in laying down the law; but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations. His stature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

Smollett

OPPORTUNIST

To mischief train'd ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom.
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim, prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face,
Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tie—thrice strok'd his
band.

Charles Churchill

COUNTRY LAWYER

One Man of Law in George the Second's reign
Was all our frugal fathers would maintain;
He too was kept for forms; a man of peace,
To frame a contract, or to draw a lease:
He had a clerk, with whom he used to write
All the day long, with whom he drank at night;
Spare was his visage, moderate his bill,
And he so kind, men doubted of his skill.

Crabbe

'Tis my Vocation

MR. PELL

Mr. Solomon Pell, one of this learned body, was a fat, flabby pale man, in a surtout which looked green one minute and brown the next; with a velvet collar of the same chameleon tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him at his birth, had given it an angry tweak from which it had never recovered. Being short-necked and asthmatic, however, he respiration principally through this feature; so, perhaps, what it wanted in ornament, it made up in usefulness. . . .

"The late Lord Chancellor, gentlemen, was very fond of me," said Mr. Pell. . . . "I remember, gentlemen, dining with him on one occasion;—there was only us two, but everything as splendid as if twenty people had been expected—the great seal on a dumb-waiter at his right hand, and a man in a bag-wig and suit of armour guarding the mace with a drawn sword and silk stockings—which is perpetually done, gentlemen, night and day; when he said, 'Pell,' he said: 'no false delicacy, Pell. You're a man of talent; you can get anybody through the Insolvent Court, Pell; and your country should be proud of you!' Those were his very words.—'My lord,' I said, 'you flatter me!—'Pell,' he said, 'If I do, I'm damned!'"

Dickens

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CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER

My guardian friend was now, at thirty-three,
A rising lawyer—ever, at the best,
Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed;
Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,
His new success he never seemed to trust.
By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,
To most severe had disciplined his mind:
He held it duty to be half unkind.
Bitter, they said, who but the exterior knew:
In friendship never was a friend so true:
The welcome fact he did not shirk to tell,
The good, if fact, he recognised as well.
Stout to maintain, if not the first to see,
In conversation who so great as he?
Leading but seldom, always sure to guide,
To false or silly if 'twas borne aside,
His quick correction silent he expressed,
And stopped you short, and forced you to your best.
Often, I think, he suffered from some pain
Of mind, that on the body worked again:
Or felt it in his sort of half-disdain,
Impatient not, but acrid in his speech;
The world with him her lesson failed to teach
To take things easily and let them go. . . .

Clough

DEBT-COLLECTOR

A man of mild temper and humane instincts, he
spent his day in hunting people who would not or
could not pay the money they owed, straining his

'Tis my Vocation

wits to circumvent the fraudulent, and swooping relentlessly upon the victims of misfortune. The occupation revolted him, but at present he saw no other way of supporting the genteel appearances which—he knew not why—were indispensable to his wife. He subsisted like a bird of prey; he was ever on the look out for carrion which the law permitted him to seize. From the point of view forced upon him, society became a mere system of legalised rapine. . . . He set his forehead against shame; he stooped to the basest chicanery; he exposed himself to insult, to curses, to threats of violence. Sometimes a whole day of inconceivably sordid toil resulted in the pouching of a few pence; sometimes his reward was a substantial sum. He knew himself despised by many of the creditors who employed him. “Bad debts? For how much will you sell them to me?” And as often as not he took away with his bargain a glance which was equivalent to a kick.

Gissing

*A woman is a worthy wight,
She serveth a man both day and night;
Thereto she putteth all her might;
And yet she hath but care and woe.*
ANON (15th Century)

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*A doosed fine gal—educated too—with
no biggodd nonsense about her.*

DICKENS

ALICE TRIP-AND-GOE

She simperith, she prankith, and jetteth with out fayl,
As a pecocke that hath spred and sheweth his gaye taile.
She minceth, she bridleth, she swimmeth to and fro;
She tredith not one here a wrye, she trypeth like a do:
A brode in the strete going or cumming homward,
She quaverith and wardelith like one in a galliard.
She talketh, she chatteth like a pye all daye,
And speaketh like a parat poppagaye;
And that as fine as a small silken threede,
Ye, and as high as an eagle can fle for a neade.

Anon (16th Century)

SERVING MAID

With merry lark this maiden rose,
And straight about the house she goes,
With swapping besom in her hand;
And at her girdle in a band
A jolly bunch of keys she wore;
Her petticoat fine laced before,

'Tis my Vocation

Her tail tucked up in trimmest guise,
A napkin hanging o'er her eyes,
To keep off dust and dross of walls,
That often from the windows falls.

.

She was not nice, nor yet too kind,
Too proud, nor of too humble mind,
Too fine, nor yet too brave, I trow.
She had, as far as I do know,
Two fair new kirtles to her back;
The one was blue, the other black.
For holy days she had a gown,
And every yard did cost a crown,
And more by eighteen pence, I guess;
She had three smocks, she had no less,
Four rails and eke five kerchers fair.
Of hose and shoes she had a pair;
She needed not no more to have;
She would go barefoot for to save
Her shoes and hose, for they were dear.
She went to town but once a year,
At Easter or some other day,
When she had licence for to play.
I had forgotten for to tell,
She had a purse she loved well,
That hanged at a ribbon green,
With tassels fair, and well beseem;
And as for gloves and knives full bright
She lacked not, nor trifles light,
As pins and laces of small cost.
I have to you rehearsed most
Of all her goods. Now to the form
And making of this creeping worm.

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Her port was low, her face was fair;
It came no sooner in the air
But it would peel, her cheeks were thin.
God knows she had a tender skin.
The worse mis-shape this minion had,
Her legs were swollen very bad;
Some heavy humour down did fall.
Her foot was narrow, short and small,
Her body slender as a snig;
But sure her buttocks were full big.
That came, I think, from sitting much:
And in her side she had a stitch,
That made her oft short-winded, sure.
But her complexion was full pure.
She was well made from top to tail;
Yes, all her limbs, withouten fail
Were fine andfeat. She had a hand,
There was no fairer in the land,
Her fingers small, her veins full blue;
Her nails a little largely grown;
Her mouth much like the sun it shone;
Her eyes as black as jet did seem;
She did herself full well esteem,
Her lips were red, but somewhat chapped,
Her tongue was still and seldom clapped,
She spake as she were in a cloud,
Neither too soft nor yet too loud,
And tripped upon the floor as trim,
Ye would have thought that she did swim. . . .

Thomas Churchyard

'Tis my Vocation

BEAUTY SPECIALIST

Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto her,
As to their president, their law, their canon;
More than they ever did to oracle Foreman,
Such rare receipts she has, sir, for the face,
Such oils, such tinctures, such pomatum,
Such perfumes, med'cines, quintessences, et cætera;
And such a mistress of behaviour,
She knows from the duke's daughter to the doxy,
What is their due just, and no more!

Ben Jonson

PROSTITUTE

. . . Blear-eyed Moll; a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her nick-name, was such as that nick-name bespoke: besides which it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if Nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small, that it was scarcely discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part; and some earthly damsel, perhaps from the same envy, had levelled the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionately higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which Nature had cut from ear to ear, at

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the bottom of which was a chin, preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom instead of suffering it to grow to its due length.

Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle.

.
We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons: the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Fielding

POETESS

She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat; her sandy locks hung down in a disorder I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its coif, for the benefit of scratching with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other.—Her forehead was high and wrinkled, her eyes were large, grey and prominent; her nose was long, sharp and aquiline; her mouth of vast capacity; her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peaked like a shoemaker's paring

'Tis my Vocation

knife: her upper lip contained a quantity of plain Spanish, which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck, that was not naturally very white, and the breast of her gown, which flowed loose about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and, to all appearances never *washed but in Castalian streams*.— Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, telescopes, and other learned apparatus: her snuff-box stood at her right hand; at her left hand lay her handkerchief sufficiently used, and a convenience to spit in appeared on one side of her chair. She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to disturb her; so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time she bit the quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and, at length, with an air of triumph repeated aloud:

Nor dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose!

Having committed her success to paper, she turned towards the door. . . . Then she demanded to know if I had ever been at the Hellespont; and swam from Sestos to Abydos . . . so saying she spit in her snuff-box, and wiped her nose with her cap, which lay on the table, instead of a handkerchief.

Smollett

SCHOOL DAME

Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a School;
That where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits;

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Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
Some trifling price, for freedom through the day.
At this good matron's hut the children meet,
Who thus becomes the mother of the street:
Her room is small, they cannot widely stray,—
Her threshold high, they cannot run away:
Though deaf, she sees the rebel-heroes shout,—
Though lame, her white rod nimbly walks about;
With bands of yarn she keeps offenders in,
And to her gown the sturdiest rogue can pin;
Aided by these, and spells, and tell-tale birds,
Her power they dread and reverence her words.

Crabbe

WOMAN WRITER

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
Whom maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit:
At once invoking, through her different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner and muse.
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A checker'd wreck of notable and wise,
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid.
There newborn plays foretaste the town's applause,
There dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next, and then a bill of fare;

'Tis my Vocation

A scene she now rejects, and now a dish,
Here Act the First, and here " Remove the Fish."
Now while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and threads, and bowls, and thimbles
mix.

Sheridan

THE YOUNG AUTHORESS

She soon, however, ceased to be contented with reading, and was eager to become a writer also. But, as she was strongly imbued with the prejudices of an antient family, she could not think of disgracing that family by turning professed author: she therefore confined her little effusions to a society of admiring friends, secretly lamenting the loss which the world sustained in her being born a gentlewoman.

Nor is it to be wondered at, that, as she was ambitious to be, and to be thought, a deep thinker, she should have acquired habits of abstraction, and absence, which imparted a look of wildness to a pair of dark eyes that beamed with intelligence, and gave life to features of the most perfect regularity.

Mrs. Opie

THE MAIDSERVANT

The Maidservant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times snug and neat, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary

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dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body. . .

In her manners, the Maidservant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistication of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way: and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over-saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily downstairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by: or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant

'Tis my Vocation

at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues,
stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. . .

Leigh Hunt

THE MONTHLY NURSE

The Monthly Nurse . . . is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossip, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her (excepting her own family), consist of wives who are brought to bed, and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minnikin hands tipped with buds of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a ‘bit o’ dinner’ that the servant maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at a ‘dish o’ tea,’ or at that which ‘keeps cold out of the

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stomach,' and puts weakness into it. If she is thin she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat she is one of the fubsiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope.—Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner cupboard, and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life is when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a piece of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a 'counter-action')—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box. . . .

Leigh Hunt

SCHOOLMISTRESS

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school—
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;

'Tis my Vocation

Staid was the dame, yet whole, and nicely clean.
Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd, with decent care.

And pendent ruffles of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case
From thoughtless wights in some unweeted place.
Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The lowly vestibule of Learning's fane;
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.

Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner, broken-hearted, crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never
kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,—
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;—
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Henry Kirke White

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CLASSICAL MISTRESS

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul.

Dickens

FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS

From all this it had come to pass that dabbling in literature which had been commenced partly perhaps from a sense of pleasure in the work, partly as a passport into society, had been converted into hard work by which money if possible might be earned. . . . Tidings had reached her of this and the other man's success, and—coming nearer to her still—of this and that other woman's earnings in literature. And it had seemed to her that, within moderate limits, she might give a wide field to her hopes. Why should she not add a thousand a year to her income? . . .

The one most essential obstacle to the chance of success in all this was probably Lady Carbury's conviction that her end was to be obtained not by producing good books, but by inducing certain people to say that her books were good. She did work hard at what she wrote,—hard enough at any rate

'Tis my Vocation

to cover her pages quickly; and was, by nature, a clever woman. She could write after a glib, commonplace, sprightly fashion, and had already acquired the knack of spreading all she knew very thin, so that it might cover a vast surface. She had no ambition to write a good book, but was painfully anxious to write a book that the critics should say was good. Had Mr. Broune, in his closet, told her that her book was absolutely trash, but had undertaken at the same time to have it violently praised in the "Breakfast Table" it may be doubted whether the critic's own opinion would have even wounded her vanity. The woman was false from head to foot, but there was much of good in her, false though she was.

Anthony Trollope

NURSE

Mrs. Horsfall had one virtue—orders received from MacTurk she obeyed to the letter. The ten commandments were less binding in her eyes than her surgeon's dictum. In other respects she was no woman, but a dragon. She . . . sat upstairs when she liked, and downstairs when she preferred it. She took her dram three times a day, and her pipe of tobacco four times . . .

In the commencement of his captivity Moore used feebly to resist Mrs. Horsfall. He hated the sight of her rough bulk, and dreaded the contact of her hard hands; but she taught him docility in a trice. She made no account whatever of his six feet, his manly thews and sinews; she turned him

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in his bed as another woman would have turned a babe in its cradle. When he was good she addressed him as "my dear" and "honey," and when he was bad she sometimes shook him. Did he attempt to speak when MacTurk was there, she lifted her hand and bade him "Hush!" like a nurse checking a forward child.

Charlotte Brontë

AUTHOR'S SECRETARY

She was a large, cool, fresh-coloured, permanently young lady, full of serious enthusiasms; she had been faultlessly educated in a girls' high school of a not too modern type, and she regarded Boon with an invincible respect. She wrote down his sentences (spelling without blemish in all the European languages) as they came from his lips, with the aid of a bright, efficient, new-looking typewriter. If he used a rare word or a whimsical construction, she would say, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Boon," and he would at once correct it; and if by any lapse of an always rather too nimble imagination he carried his thought into regions outside the tastes and interests of that enormous *ante-bellum* public it was his fortune to please, then, according to the nature of his divagation, she would either cough or sigh or—in certain eventualities—get up and leave the room.

H. G. Wells

ROOM SEVEN

B A C K T O T H E L A N D

*Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiul the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lye!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!*

CHARLES COTTON

*In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow-grounds
(That necessary toil of wealth and pride)
While moil'd and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face.*

JOHN CLARE

*A Ploughman marries a ploughwoman because
she is plump; generally uses her ill; thinks his chil-
dren an incumbrance; very often flogs them; and,
for sentiment, has nothing more nearly approach-
ing to it than the ideas of broiled bacon and
mashed potatoes.*

SYDNEY SMITH



YEOMAN

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of hys own, only he had a farme of iii. or iiij. pound by yere at the uttermost, and here upon he tilled so much as kept halfe a dozen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother milked xxx. kyne. He was able and did finde the kyng a harnessse, with himselfe, and his horse, whyle he came to the place that he shoulde receive the kynges wages. I can remembre, that I buckled hys harnessse, when he wente unto Blacke heathe felde. He kept me to schole, or els I hadde not bene able to have preached before the kinges majesty now. He maryed my systers wyth v. pounds, or xx. nobles a piece, so that he brought them up in godlinessse, and fear of God. He kepte hospitality for his pore neigboures. And some almesse he gave to the pore, and al thys dyd he of the said farm...

Bishop Latimer

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A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a Country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises therefore with *Chanticlear*, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a Cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of *June*, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's

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wages at next fair; and in chusing her garments counts no bravery i' th' world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physick and chirugery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

Sir Thomas Overbury

ARCADIAN SHEPHERDESS

. . . A young lady, truly of the finest stamp of beauty, and that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparel was but such as Shepherds' daughters are wont to wear: and as for her hair, it hung down at the free liberty of his goodly length, but that sometimes falling before the clear eyes of her sight, she was forced to put it behind her ears, and so open again the treasure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepherd, so wrapped up in that well-liked place, that I could discern no piece of his face. . .

Sir Philip Sidney

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ONE-EYED FIDDLER

On the large bough
Of a thick-spreading elm, Twangdillo sits;
One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain
Left undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scotch'd
His manly visage, but in pity left
One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal:
Yet still the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell
And comic phiz relieves his drooping friends.
Hark! from aloft his tortur'd catgut squeals,
He tickles ev'ry string, to ev'ry note
He bends his pliant neck, his single eye
Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time:
Let but this subtle artist softly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. . . .

William Somerville

RURAL MAID

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;

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She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease . . .

Gay

ANOTHER

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely Maid,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—
Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
When the slight cov'ring of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight,
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a jest of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Robert Bloomfield

PLOUGHMAN

With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and widened still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill:
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet the unwelcome
day:
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of a sober brown;
Again disturbed when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;

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His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes. . .

Robert Bloomfield

ANTIQUARIAN

. . . Mr. Chainmail, a good-looking young gentleman, as you see, with very antiquated tastes. He is fond of old poetry, and is something of a poet himself. He is deep in monkish literature, and holds that the best state of society was that of the twelfth century, when nothing was going forward but fighting, feasting, and praying, which he says are the three great purposes for which man was made. He laments bitterly over the inventions of gunpowder, steam, and gas, which he says have ruined the world. He lives within two or three miles, and has a large hall, adorned with rusty pikes, shields, helmets, swords, and tattered banners, and furnished with yew-tree chairs, and two long old worm-eaten tables, where he dines with all his household, after the fashion of his favourite age.

Thomas Love Peacock

COUNTRY MAGNATE

. . . Sir Simon Steeltrap, of Steeltrap Lodge, Member for Crouching-Curtown, Justice of the Peace for the county, and Lord of the United Manors of Spring-gun-and-Treadmill; a great preserver of game and public morals. By administering the laws which he assists in making, he disposes, at

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his pleasure, of the land and its live stock, including all the two-legged variety, with and without feathers, in a circumference of several miles round Steeltrap Lodge. He has enclosed commons and woodlands; abolished cottage gardens; taken the village cricket-ground into his own park, out of pure regard to the sanctity of Sunday; shut up footpaths and alehouses (all but those which belong to his electioneering friend, Mr. Quassia, the brewer); put down fairs and fiddlers; committed many poachers; shot a few; convicted one-third of the peasantry; suspected the rest; and passed nearly the whole of them through a wholesome course of prison discipline, which has finished their education at the expense of the county.

Thomas Love Peacock

YORKSHIRE GENTLEMAN

A Yorkshire gentlemen he was, *par excellence*, in every point; about forty-five years old, but looking at first sight still older, for his hair was silver white. His forehead was broad, not high; his face fresh and hale; the harshness of the north was seen in his features, as it was heard in his voice; every trait was thoroughly English—not a Norman line anywhere; it was an inelegant, unclassic, unaristocratic mould of visage. Fine people would perhaps have called it vulgar; sensible people would have termed it characteristic; shrewd people would have delighted in it for the pith, sagacity, intelligence, the rude yet real originality marked in every lineament, latent in every furrow. But it was an indocile, a

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scornful, and a sarcastic face—the face of a man difficult to lead, and impossible to drive. His stature was rather tall, and he was well made and wiry, and had a stately integrity of port; there was not a suspicion of the clown about him anywhere.

Charlotte Brontë

GROCER

Jonathan Honeywood was a hale man, on the right side of fifty, well to do in the opinion of his neighbours, and, in his own conception, uniquely, and even magnificently, situated. His form resembled one of his own sugar-casks, elongated to five foot six; and his round, full, yet handsome, face, in its expression partook the character of the contents. Oh! what a mantling, creaming glow of self-complacency illuminated his countenance, when he welcomed his first customers, who generally smiled in return; though there were not wanting among them, the cold, the critical, and the ascetic, who

Seldom smiled, or smiled in such a sort
As if they mocked themselves;

or, in this case, mocked their proud and bustling neighbour. Far happier, however, were those who partook his self-satisfaction, and listened, with greedy ears, to the assurance, (constantly given them) that his teas grew on the finest spot of ground in all China, and were reserved by the East India Company for his special demand. His sugars he might call incomparable, for the canes were cultivated in a peculiar manner, and the extraction con-

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ducted by a chemical process used only for him, as the best customer of the Colony. His nutmegs were grown in the most beautiful garden in Ceylon, by an old schoolfellow, who would not sell them to any other purchaser: and, as for his soap and candles, he would say, rising two inches perpendicularly as he spoke, "they need no commendation—I make them myself."

Mrs. Hofland

POOR MARY

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn-field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,
To play, and to idle and chat;
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

"Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired, and warm you must be;
Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

"Oh no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin, or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

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“ Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
Oh no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.”

Anon. (19th Century)

BLACKSMITH

I think that my father was the ideal of all the blacksmiths who ever lived.

He was *the* blacksmith. A man with a calm, square, honest face; very strong, very good-humoured, with plenty of kindly interest in his neighbours' affairs, and a most accurate memory for them. He was not only a most excellent tradesman, but he possessed those social qualities, which are so necessary in a blacksmith, to a very high degree; for in our rank in life the blacksmith is a very important person indeed. He is owner of the very best gossip-station, after the bar of the public-house; and, consequently, if he be a good fellow (as he is pretty certain to be, though this may be partiality on my part), he is a man more often referred to, and consulted with, than the publican; for this reason—that the *married women* are jealous of the publican, and not so of the blacksmith. As for my father, he was umpire of the buildings—the stopper of fights, and, sometimes, even the healer of matrimonial differences.

Henry Kingsley

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COUSIN THOMAS

Now this cousin lived four or five miles from Cranford on his own estate; but his property was not large enough to entitle him to rank higher than a yeoman; or rather, with something of the "pride which apes humility," he had refused to push himself on, as so many of his class had done, into the ranks of squires. He would not allow himself to be called Thomas Holbrook, Esq.; he even sent back letters with this address, telling the postmistress at Cranford that his name was *Mr* Thomas Holbrook, yeoman. He rejected all domestic innovations; he would have the house door stand open in summer and shut in winter, without knocker or bell to summon a servant. The closed fist or the knob of a stick did this office for him if he found the door locked. He despised every refinement which had not its root deep down in humanity. If people were not ill, he saw no necessity for moderating his voice. He spoke the dialect of the country in perfection; although Miss Pole . . . added, that he read aloud more beautifully and with more feeling than any one she had ever heard except the late rector.

Mrs. Gaskell

THE YOUNG LIME-BURNER

He was a thoroughbred son of the country, as far removed from what is known as the provincial, as the latter is from the out-and-out gentleman of culture. His trousers and waistcoat were of fustian, almost white, but he wore a jacket of old-fashioned

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blue West-of-England cloth, so well preserved that evidently the article was relegated to a box whenever its owner engaged in such active occupations as he usually pursued. His complexion was fair, almost florid, and he had scarcely any beard.

A novel attraction about this young man, which a glancing stranger would know nothing of, was a rare and curious freshness of atmosphere that appertained to him, to his clothes, to all his belongings, even to the room in which he had been sitting. It might have been said that by adding him and his implements to an over-crowded apartment you made it healthful. This resulted from his trade. He was a lime-burner; he handled lime daily; and in return the lime rendered him an incarnation of salubrity. His hair was dry, fair and frizzled, the latter possibly by the operation of the same caustic agent. He carried as a walking-stick a green sapling, whose growth had been contorted to a cork-screw pattern by a twining honeysuckle.

Thomas Hardy

FARMER ON SUNDAY

He had made a toilet of a nicely-adjusted kind—of a nature between the carefully neat and the carelessly ornate—of a degree between fine-market-day and wet-Sunday selection. He thoroughly cleaned his silver watch-chain with whiting, put new lacing straps to his boots, looked to the brass eyelet-holes . . . took a new handkerchief from the bottom of his clothes-box, put on the light waistcoat patterned all over with sprigs of an ele-

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gant flower uniting the beauties of both rose and lily without the defects of either, and used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy, and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel colour, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet seaweed round a boulder after the ebb.

Thomas Hardy

OLD SHEPHERD

Among the rest, at the corner of the pavement, stood an old shepherd, who attracted the eyes . . . by his stillness. He was evidently a chastened man. The battle of life had been a sharp one with him, for, to begin with, he was a man of small frame. He was now so bowed by hard work and years that, approaching from behind, a person could hardly see his head. He had planted the stem of his crook in the gutter, and was resting upon the bow, which was polished to silver brightness by the long friction of his hands. He had quite forgotten where he was, and what he had come for, his eyes being bent on the ground. A little way off negotiations were proceeding which had reference to him; but he did not hear them, and there seemed to be passing through his mind pleasant visions of the hiring successes of his prime, when his skill laid open to him any farm for the asking.

Thomas Hardy

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THE MARKET-PLACE

Here they surged on this one day of the week, forming a little world of leggings, switches and sample-bags; men of extensive stomachs, sloping like mountain sides; men whose heads in walking swayed as the trees in November gales; who in conversing varied their attitudes much, lowering themselves by spreading their knees, and thrusting their hands into the pockets of remote inner jackets. Their faces radiated tropical warmth; for though when at home their countenances varied with the seasons, their market-faces all the year round were glowing little fires.

All over-clothes here were worn as if they were an inconvenience, a hampering necessity. Some men were well-dressed; but the majority were careless in that respect, appearing in suits which were historical records of their wearer's deeds, sun-scorchings, and daily struggles for many years past. Yet many carried ruffled cheque-books in their pockets which regulated at the bank hard by a balance of never less than four figures. In fact, what these gibbous human shapes specially represented was ready money—money insistently ready—not ready next year like a nobleman's—often not merely ready at the bank like a professional man's, but ready in their large plump hands.

Thomas Hardy

THE COWMAN

He was a curious-looking old man, in old frayed clothes, broken boots, and a cap too small for him.

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He had short legs, broad chest, and long arms, and a very big head, long and horse-like, with a large shapeless nose and grizzled beard and moustache. His ears, too, were enormous, and stood out from the head like the handles of a rudely shaped terracotta vase or jar. The colour of his face, the ears included, suggested burnt clay. But though nature had made him ugly, he had an agreeable expression, a sweet benign look in his large dark eyes, which attracted me. . . .

He said that he was over seventy, and had spent the whole of his life in the neighbourhood, mostly with cows, and had never been more than a dozen miles from the spot where we were standing. At intervals while we talked he paused to utter one of his long shouts to which the cows paid no attention. At length one of the beasts raised her head and had a long look, then slowly crossed the field to us, the others following at some distance. They were shorthorns, all but the leader, a beautiful young Devon, of a uniform rich glossy red; but the silky hair on the distended udder was of an intense chestnut, and all the parts that were not clothed were red too—the teats, the skin round the eyes, the moist embossed nose; while the hoofs were like polished red pebbles, and even the shapely horns were tinged with that colour. Walking straight up to the old man, she began deliberating licking one of his ears with her big rough tongue, and in doing so knocked off his old rakish cap. Picking it up, he laughed like a child, and remarked, ‘She knows me, this one does—and she loikes me.’

W. H. Hudson

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OLD LABOURER

An old agricultural labourer, he had a grey face and grey hair and throat-beard, he stooped a good deal, and struck me as being very feeble and long past work. But he told me that he still did some work in the fields. The older farmers who had employed him for many years past gave him a little to do; he also had his old-age pension, and his children helped to keep him in comfort. He was quite well off, he said, compared to many. There was a subdued and sombre cheerfulness in him, and when I questioned him about his early life, he talked very freely in his slow old peasant way. He was born in a village in the Vale of Aylesbury, and began work as a ploughboy on a very big farm. He had a good master and was well fed, the food being bacon, vegetables, and home-made bread, also suet pudding three times a week. But what he remembered best was a rice pudding which came by chance in his way during his first year on the farm. There was some of the pudding left in a dish after the family had dined, and the farmer said to his wife, "Give it to the boy"; so he had it, and never tasted anything so nice in all his life. How he enjoyed that pudding! He remembered it now as if it had been yesterday, though it was sixty-five years ago.

W. H. Hudson

REFRESHMENT ROOM

CAKES AND ALE

*I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where
we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the
window, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.*

IZAAK WALTON

*I am sure if he be a good poet he has discovered
a good tavern in his time.*

BEN JONSON

*'Tis the best Theater of natures, where they are
truely acted, not plaied.*

JOHN EARLE

*Where the Cross-Keys and Plumber's-Arms invite
Laborious men to taste their coarse delight;*

CRABBE



AT BETTY THE BREWSTER'S

Now beginneth Sir Glutton to go to his shrift;
His course is to kirkward, as culprit to pray.
But Betty the brewster just bade him, "Good-
morrow,"
And asked him therewith as to whither he went.

" To holy church haste I, to hear me a mass,
And straight to be shriven, and sin nevermore."
" Good ale have I, Gossip; Sir Glutton, assay it!"
" But hast thou hot spices at hand, in thy bag?"
" I have pepper and paeony-seed, and a pound of
garlick,

And a farthingworth of fennel-seed, for fasting
days."

Then Glutton goes in, and with him great oaths.
Cicely the shoe-seller sat on the bench,
The warrener Wat, and his wife also,
Timothy the tinker, with two of his lads,

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The hackney-man Hick, the needle-man Hugh,
Clarice of Cock-lane, the clerk of the church,
Davy the ditcher, and a dozen others;
Sir Piers the priest, and Parnel of Flanders,
A fiddler, a ratcatcher, a Cheapside raker,
A rider, a rope-seller, dish-selling Rose,
Godfrey of Garlickhithe, Griffin of Wales;
And a heap of upholsterers, early assembled,
Gave Glutton, with glad cheer, a treat of good ale.

Langland

THE DEAD HOST'S WELCOME

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold:
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have its sup:
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

John Fletcher

Cakes and Ale

THE WOOLSACK

I peeped in at the Woolsack,
O, what a goodly sight did I
Behold at midnight chime!
The wenches were drinking of mulled sack!
Each youth on his knee, that then did want
A year and a half of his time.

They leaped and skipped,
They kissed and they clipped,
And yet it was counted no crime.

The grocer's chief servant brought sugar,
And out of his leather pocket he pulled,
And culled some pound and a half;
For which he was suffered to smack her
That was his sweetheart, and would not depart,
But turned and lick'd the calf.

He rung her, and flung her,
He kissed her, and he swung her,
And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Anon. (17th Century)

DECAYED TAVERN

Large the domain, but all within combine
To correspond with the dishonour'd sign;
And all around dilapidates; you call—
But none replies—they're inattentive all:
At length a ruin'd stable holds your steed,
While you through large and dirty rooms proceed,
Spacious and cold; a proof they once had been
In honour,—now magnificently mean;
Till in some small half-furnish'd room you rest,
Whose dying fire denotes it had a guest.

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In those you pass'd where former splendour
reigned,

You saw the carpets torn, the paper stain'd;
Squares of discordant glass in windows fix'd,
And paper oil'd in many a space betwixt;
A soil'd and broken sconce, a mirror crack'd
With table underpropp'd and chairs new back'd;
A marble side-slab with ten thousand stains,
And all an ancient Tavern's poor remains.

Crabbe

COUNTRY HOTEL

"There is the low dark wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hatstand (with a whip or two standing up in it belonging to bagmen who are still snug in bed), by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of meets for the week of the County hounds. The table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china and bearing a pigeon pie, ham, round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread in a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands; kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea, all smoking hot. The table can never hold it all; the cold meats are removed to the sideboard, they were only put on for show and to give us an appetite. And now fall on, gentlemen all.

Thomas Hughes

Cakes and Ale

A HANDSOME HOSTESSE

Is the fairer commendation of an Inne, above the faire Signe or faire Lodgings. She is the Loadstone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her Lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her companie, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcell in it: No Citizens wife is demurer than shee at the first greeting, nor drawes in her mouth with a chaster simper, but you may be more familiar without distaste, and shee do's not startle at Baudry. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sacke more then would have beene spent elsewhere, and her little Jugs are accepted, to have her Kisse excuse them. Shee may be an honest woman, but is not beleev'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidel in it then her Husband.

John Earle

GOOD ALEHOUSE

The weather being wet, and my two-legged horse being almost tired (for indeed my own legs were all the supporters that my body had), I went dropping into an alehouse; there found I, first a kind welcome, next good liquor, then kind strangers (which made good company), then an honest host, whose love to good liquor was written in red characters both in his nose, cheeks and forehead: an hostess I found there too, a woman

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of very good carriage; and though she had not so much colour (for what she had done) as her rich husband, yet all beholders might perceive by the roundness of her belly, that she was able to draw a pot dry at a draught, and ne'er unlace for the matter.

Anon. (17th Century)

HOTEL KEEPER'S WIFE

O'er all within the lady-hostess rules,
Her bar she governs, and her kitchen schools;
To every guest th' appropriate speech is made,
And every duty with distinction paid;
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—
“Your honour's servant”—“Mister Smith, good
night.”

Crabbe

ANOTHER

Rosy and round, adorn'd in crimson vest,
And flaming ribands at her ample breast:
She, skill'd like Circe, tried her guests to move,
With looks of welcome and with words of love;
And such her potent charms, that men unwise
Were soon transformed and fitted for the sties.

Her port in bottles stood, a well-stain'd row
Drawn for the evening from the pipe below;
Three powerful spirits filled a parted case,
Some cordial bottles stood in secret place;
Fair acid-fruits in nets above were seen,
Her plate was splended and her glasses clean;

Cakes and Ale

Basins and bowls were ready on the stand,
And measures clatter'd in her powerful hand.

Crabbe

INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

. . . Annie was of a pleasing face, and very gentle manner, almost like a lady, some people said; but without any airs whatever, only trying to give satisfaction. And if she failed, she would go and weep, without letting any one know it, believing the fault to be all her own, when mostly it was of others. But if she succeeded in pleasing you, it was beautiful to see her smile, and stroke her soft chin in a way of her own, which she always used, when taking note how to do the right thing again for you. And then her cheeks had a bright clear pink, and her eyes were as blue as the sky in spring, and she stood as upright as a young apple-tree, and no one could help but smile at her, and pat her brown curls approvingly, whereupon she always courteseyed. For she never tried to look away, when honest people gazed at her; and even in the court-yard she would come and help to take your saddle, and tell (without your asking her) what there was for dinner.

R. D. Blackmore

SLEEPING BEAUTY

. . . quite the plumpest woman Mr. Polly had ever seen, seated in an arm-chair in the midst of all these bottles and glasses and glittering things,

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peacefully and tranquilly, and without the slightest loss of dignity, asleep. Many people would have called her a fat woman, but Mr. Polly's innate sense of epithet told him from the outset that plump was the word. She had shapely brows and a straight, well-shaped nose, kind lines and contentment about her mouth, and beneath it the jolly chins clustered like chubby little cherubim about the feet of an Assumption-ing Madonna. Her plumpness was firm and pink and wholesome, and her hands, dimpled at every joint, were clasped in front of her; she seemed, as it were, to embrace herself with infinite confidence and kindness, as one who knew herself good in substance, good in essence, and would show her gratitude to God by that ready acceptance of all that He had given her. Her head was a little on one side, not much, but just enough to speak of trustfulness, and rob her of the stiff effect of self-reliance. And she slept.

H. G. Wells

MINE HOST

On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told;
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold:
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast and drunkards had his
praise;
“One in three draughts, three mugs of ale took
down,
As mugs were then—the Champion of the Crown;

Cakes and Ale

For thrice three days another lived on ale,
And knew no change but that of mild and stale;
Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied;
Nor from their seats departed, till they found
That butt was out and heard the mournful
sound."

Crabbe

OLD TABRUM

The counter, sheathed in a case of pewter, the glasses all in a row, the sleek barrels and irregular lines of home-brewed cordials, charmed the casual visitor to a more intimate acquaintance. Behind the tap was the Travellers' Room, and what a room it was—with great open fireplaces and spits and bubbling kettles and blackened ingles. Long-buried ancestors of the village had carved their rude initials over each high-backed bench and battered the bottoms of the great tankards into unexpected dents by many rollicking choruses in the merry dead past. The walls of this room knew the pedigree of every bullock and the legend of every ghost for many miles round. Here was the cleanest floor, the clearest fire in England.

Old Tabrum the landlord was the very man for the house—the very man to bring out all the most worthy in his guests. He always produced good wine and a piping hot supper, never asked for his money till his guests were satisfied, and wore an apron as white as the foam of his cool deep ale.

He was eighty years old now, with a bloom on

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his cheeks like an autumn pippin and two limpid blue eyes that looked straight into yours and, if you had any reverence at all, made the tears well involuntarily at the sight of such gentle beauty.

Compton Mackenzie

WAITER

What tho' the scorntful waiter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while;
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsell he his last shall see?
And, if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheek arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
Hold thy knife uprights in thy griped fist,
Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare, to scorne,
And asks aloud, where Trebies was borne?

Joseph Hall

A SERVINGMAN

Is one of the makings up of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes: and somewhat in the same nature, for hee is cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloake are, and he is but *in querpo* without him. His propernesse qualifies him, and of that a good legge; for his head hee ha's little use but to keep it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him, to comprehend common sence, and a trencher: for any greater

Cakes and Ale

store of braine it makes him but tumultuous, and seldome thrives with him. He followes his masters steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes after in an under-kind, and thinkes it a part of his dutie to be like him. He is indeed wholly his masters; of his faction, of his cut, of his pleasures; hee is handsome for his credit, and drunke for his credit; and if hee have power in the seller, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best companie and is none of it; for he knowes all the Gentlemen his master knowes, and pickes from them some Hawking, and horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house, where he is only called master. His mirth is baudie jests with the wenches, and behind the doore, bawdie earnest. The best worke he does is in his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow it in his masters direction, it is commonly the best service he does him.

John Earle

WAITER

His world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. . . . He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many 'breads'. . . . He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more 'beefs', and a

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generous scorn of the bill. . . . When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the ‘neguses’. As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls; and knows, with a slight turn of the face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his ‘Coming, Sir.’ . . .

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist for convenience of movement. Not however that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries. . . . If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of the night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning ‘will be facetious.’ He is of opinion that it is in ‘human Nature’ to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach. . . .

To see him dine, however, hardly seems natural. He appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner,—huddled apart.—‘Thomas dining!’ instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meals and the constant smoke, ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal. . . .

Leigh Hunt

Cakes and Ale

WAITER

The waiter did not count; he was not a man, he was a waiter, a pink creature, pinker than anything in the world, except a baby's bottom, and looking very like that.

George Moore

BUTLER

His hair was of that peculiar bluish-white which is to be observed when the oncoming years, instead of singling out special locks of a man's head for operating against, advance uniformly over the whole field, and enfeeble the colour at all points before absolutely extinguishing it anywhere; his nose was of the knotty shape in the gristle and earthward tendency in the flesh which is commonly said to carry sound judgment above it, his eyes were thoughtful, and his face was thin—a contour which, if it at once abstracted from his features that cheerful assurance of single-minded honesty which adorns the exteriors of so many of his brethren, might have raised a presumption in the minds of some beholders that perhaps in this case the quality might not be altogether wanting within.

Thomas Hardy

ROOM EIGHT
MEN OF GOD

*The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.*

GEORGE HERBERT

*"We are thinking of making Joseph a parson,"
said Mrs. Chickerel.*

"Indeed! a parson!"

*"Yes; 'tis a genteel living for the boy. And
he's talents that way. Since he has been under
masters he knows all the strange sounds the old
Romans and Greeks used to make by way of talk-
ing, and the love stories of the ancient women as if
they were his own. I assure you, Mr. Julian, if you
could hear how beautiful the boy tells about little
Cupid with his bow and arrows, and the rows be-
tween that Pagan apostle Jupiter and his wife
because of another woman, and the handsome
young gods who kissed Venus, you'd say he de-
served to be made a bishop at once."*

THOMAS HARDY



COUNTRY PARSON

. . . Read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breed
Doubts mongst Divines, and differences of texts,
From whence arose diversitie of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhorrd:
But this good sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vaine:
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes;
When that was done he might attend his playes;
An easy life, and fit high God to please!

Edmund Spenser

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THE PARSON IN MIRTH

The Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ; his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was. Or, if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, Sin and Misery; God dishonoured every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good; not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity; but also for that, when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner, and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

George Herbert

A YOUNG RAWE PREACHER

Is a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his nest to bee Chirping on a hedge, and will bee straggling abroad at what perill soever. His backwardnesse in the Universitie hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hastie a Divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldnesse, out of which and his Table booke he is furnisht for a Preacher. His Collections of studie are the notes of

Men of God

Sermons, which taken up at St. *Maries*, he utters in the Country. And if he write brachigraphy, his stocke is so much the better. His writing is more then his reading; for hee reads onely what hee gets without booke. Thus accomplisht he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a ful careere, and he runnes wildly over hill and dale till the clocke stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing hee ha's made of it himselfe, is the faces. . . . His action is all passion, and his speech interjections: He ha's an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His stile is compounded of some twenty several mens, onely his body imitates some one extraordinary. He wil not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is that he never looks upon booke, and indeed, he was never us'd to it. Hee preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday: for the stuff is still the same, onely the dressing a little alter'd.

John Earle

PARSON PALATE

He is the prelate of the parish here,
And governs all the dames, appoints the cheer,
Writes down the bills of fare, pricks all the guests,
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; draws all the parish wills,
Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills

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Of the chief mourners; and, whosoever lacks,
Of all the kindred, he hath first his blacks.
Thus holds he weddings up, and burials,
As his main tithing; with the gossips' stalls,
Their pews; he's top still, at the public mess:
Comforts the widow, and the fatherless
In funeral sack; sits 'bove the alderman;
For of the wardmote quest, he better can
The mystery, than the Levitic law:
That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe.
He is as he conceives himself, a fine
Well-furnish'd, and apparelled divine.

Ben Jonson

JOLLY PARSON

Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say, than I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him pleasantly enough, *a vessel of election*.

Lord Chesterfield

Men of God

ROUGISH PRIEST

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod;
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry.
He had a rougish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

James Thomson

PROUD PRELATE

He was so proud that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall!
Who was so mean (meanness and pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil
And hold a stirrup for the devil;
If on a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who basely fawned through all his life,
For patrons first, then for a wife;
Wrote dedications which must make
The heart of every Christian quake.

Charles Churchill

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OUR VICAR

Now rests our Vicar. They who knew him best,
Proclaim his life t'have been entirely rest;
Free from all evils which disturb his mind,
Whom studies vex and controversies blind.

The rich approved,—of them in awe he stood;
The poor admired,—they all believed him good;
The old and serious of his habits spoke;
The frank and youthful loved his pleasant joke;
Mothers approved a safe contented guest,
And daughters one who back'd each small request:
In him his flock found nothing to condemn;
Him secretaries liked,—he never troubled them;
No trifles fail'd his yielding mind to please,
And all his passions sunk in early ease;
Nor one so old has left this world of sin,
More like the being that he entered in.

Crabbe

FASHIONABLE PARSON

Mr Hatfield would come sailing up the aisle, or rather sweeping along like a whirlwind, with his rich silk gown flying behind him and rustling against the door pews, mount the pulpit like a conqueror ascending his triumphal car; then, sinking on the velvet cushion in an attitude of studied grace, remain in silent prostration for a certain time; then mutter over a Collect, and gabble through the Lord's Prayer, rise, draw off one bright lavender glove, to give the congregation the benefit of his sparkling rings, lightly pass his fingers

Men of God

through his well-curled hair, flourish a cambric handkerchief, recite a very short passage, or, perhaps a mere phrase of Scripture, as a head-piece to his discourse, and, finally, deliver a composition which, as a composition, might be considered good, though far too studied and too artificial to be pleasing to me: the propositions were well laid down, the arguments logically conducted; and yet, it was sometimes hard to listen quietly throughout, without some slight demonstrations of disapproval or impatience.

His favourite subjects were church discipline, rites and ceremonies, apostolical succession, the duty of reverence, and obedience to the clergy, the atrocious criminality of dissent, the absolute necessity of observing all the forms of godliness, the reprehensible presumption of individuals who attempted to think for themselves in matters connected with religion, or to be guided by their own interpretations of Scripture, and occasionally (to please his wealthy parishioners) the necessity of deferential obedience from the poor to the rich—supporting his maxims and exhortations throughout with quotations from the Fathers: with whom he appeared to be far better acquainted than with the Apostles and Evangelists, and whose importance he seemed to consider at least equal to theirs. But now and then he gave us a sermon of a different order—what some would call a very good one: but sunless and severe: representing the Deity as a terrible task-master, rather than a benevolent father.

Anne Brontë

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MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN

The Rev. John Stalworth Chillingly was a decided adherent to the creed of what is called 'muscular Christianity', and a very fine specimen of it too. A tall stout man with broad shoulders, and that division of lower limb which intervenes between the knee and the ankle powerfully developed. He would have knocked down a deist as soon as looked at him. . . .

He encouraged cricket and other manly sports among his rural parishioners. He was a skilful and bold rider, but he did not hunt; a convivial man—and took his bottle freely. But his tastes in literature were of a refined and peaceful character, contrasting therein the tendencies one might have expected from his muscular development of Christianity. He was a great reader of poetry, but he disliked Scott and Byron, whom he considered flashy and noisy: he maintained that Pope was only a versifier, and that the greatest poet in the language was Wordsworth. . . . He was married to a homely little wife, who revered him in silence, and thought there would be no schism in the Church if he were in his right place as Archbishop of Canterbury; in this opinion he entirely agreed with his wife.

Bulwer Lytton

DIGNIFIED CLERGYMAN

An English clergyman came spick and span
In black and white—a large well-favoured man.

Men of God

Fifty years old, as near as one could guess.
He looked the dignitary more or less.
A rural dean, I said, he was, at least,
Canon perhaps; at many a good man's feast
A guest had been, among the choicest there.
Manly his voice, and manly was his air:
At the first sight you felt he had not known
The things pertaining to his cloth alone.
Chairman of Quarter Sessions had he been?
Serious and calm, 'twas plain he much had seen,
Had miscellaneous large experience had
Of human acts, good, half and half, and bad.
Serious and calm, yet lurked, I know not why,
At times, a softness in his voice and eye.
Some shade of ill a prosperous life had crossed;
Married no doubt; a wife or child had lost?

Clough

PARISH CLERK

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shiny bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed, it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open", meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open", he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You

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have heard our friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style! ”

Dickens

DISSENTING MINISTER

He was a big, gross-feeding, heavy person, with heavy ox-face and large mouth, who might have been bad enough for anything if nature had ordained that he should have been born in a hovel at Sheepgate or in the Black Country. As it happened, his father was a woollen draper, and John was brought up to the trade as a youth; got tired of it, thought he might do something more respectable; went to a Dissenting College; married early; was removed to Tanners Lane, and became a preacher of the Gospel. . . . Mr. Broad very much preferred the indirect mode of doing good, and if he thought a brother had done wrong, contented himself with praying in private for him. He was, however, not a hypocrite. There is no such thing as a human being simply hypocritical or simply sincere. We are all hypocrites, more or less, in every word and every action, and, what is more, in every thought. It is a question simply of degree. Furthermore, there are degrees of natural capacities for sincerity, and Mr. Broad was probably as sincere as his build of soul and body allowed him to be. Certainly no doubt as to the truth of what he preached ever crossed his mind. He could not doubt, for there was no doubt in the air. . . . He was upright, on the whole, in all his transactions. . . . Mr. Broad loved his wife decently, brought up his children decently, and not

Men of God

the slightest breath of scandal ever tarnished his well-polished reputation. On some points he was most particular, and no young woman who came to him with her experiences before she was admitted into the church was ever seen by him alone. Always was a deacon present, and all Cowfold admitted that the minister was most discreet. Another recommendation, too, was that he was temperate in his drink. He was not so in his meat. Supper was his great meal, and he would then consume beef, ham, or sausages, hot potatoes, mixed pickles, fruit pies, bread, cheese, and celery in quantities which were remarkable even in those days; but he never drank anything but beer—a pint at dinner and a pint at supper. . . .

Mark Rutherford

YOUNG CLERIC

He was thin, and he was dressed in black. His face was Roman, the profile especially was what you might expect to find on a Roman coin—a high nose, a high cheekbone, a strong chin, and a large ear. The eyes were prominent and luminous, and the lower part of the face was expressive of resolution and intelligence, but the temples retreated rapidly to the brown hair which grew luxuriantly on the top of his head. The mouth was large, the lips were thick, dim in colour, undefined in shape. The hands were large, powerful, and grasping, they were earthly hands; they were hands that could take and could hold, and their materialism was curiously opposed to the ideality of the eyes—an ideality that

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touched the confines of frenzy. The shoulders were square and carried well back, the head was round, with close-cut hair, the straight falling coat was buttoned high, and the fashionable collar, with a black satin cravat, beautifully tied and relieved with a rich pearl pin, set another unexpected detail to an aggregate of apparently irreconcilable characteristics.

George Moore

ASCETIC

He had altered a good deal. Lean he always was, but now very lean, and so upright that his parson's coat was overhung by the back of his long and narrow head, with its dark grizzled hair, which though had not yet loosened on his forehead. His clean-shorn face, so thin and oblong, was remarkable only for the eyes: dark-browed and lashed, and coloured like bright steel, they had a fixity in them, a sort of absence, on one couldn't tell what business. They made me think of torture. And his mouth always gently smiling, as if its pinched curly sweetness had been commanded, was the mouth of a man crucified—yes, crucified!

John Galsworthy

ROOM NINE

LAPLAND NIGHTS

*Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age.*

WORDSWORTH

*My curland hair, my cristel ene,
Ar beld and bleird, as all me see
My bak, that sumtyme brent has bene,
By me your sampil ye may se.*

ANON (15th Century)



A GOOD OLD MAN

Is the best Antiquitie, and which we may with least vanitie admire. One whom Time hath beene thus long a working, and like winter fruit ripen'd when others are shaken downe. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world, as dayes, and learn't the best thing in it, the vanitie of it. Hee lookest o're his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himselfe to begin againe. His lust was long broken before his bodie, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that hee is fortified from it by this weaknesse. The next doore of death sads him not, but hee expects it calmly as his turne in Nature: and feares more his recyling backe to childishness then dust. All men looke on him as a common father, and on old age for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence, and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on

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youth without the harshnesse of reprove, and in his counsell is good companie. He ha's some old stories still of his owne seeing to confirme what he sayes, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he ha's told them. His old sayings and moralls seeme proper to his beard: and the poetrie of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and hee speakes it as if he were the Author. Hee is not apt to put the boy on a yonger man, nor the foole on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sowre looke, and the lesse testie he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisedome then: yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a Relicke. He is a man capable of a dearenesse with the youngest men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at least too soone. whensovere, with all mens sorrow but his owne, and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

John Earle

OLD SYLVANUS

A trim old man he was, though age had plough'd
Up many wrinkles in his brow, and bow'd
His body somewhat tow'rd the earth; his hairs
Like the snow's woolly flakes made white with cares,
The thorns that now and then pluck'd off the down
And wore away for baldness to a crown:

Lapland Nights

His broad kemb'd beard hung down near to his
waist,

The only comely ornament that grac'd
His reverend old age,—his feet were bare
But for his leathern sandals, which he ware
To keep them clean from galling, which compell'd
Him use a staff to help him to the field.

He durst not trust his legs, they fail'd him then,
And he was almost grown a child again:
Yet sound in judgement, not impair'd in mind,
For age had rather the soul's parts refin'd
Than any way infirm'd; his wit no less
Than 'twas in youth, his memory as fresh;
He fail'd in nothing but his earthly part,
They tended to its centre; yet his heart
Was still the same, and beat as lustily:
For, as it first took life, it would last die.

John Chalkhill

OLD LADY WITH PETS

I got soon to Mrs Feeble's; she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. . . . I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family; an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. Upon the mantle-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and powder of tutty. Upon

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the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, she was reading a romance with her spectacles on.

Steele

HAG

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untamed scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teased with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd: Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
To you I owe, that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise; . . .

Gay

OLD ACTRESS

There is a veteran Dame. I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart.

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Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne.

Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigour lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labours to display;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;

At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night:
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach;
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies;

Crabbe

GRANDFATHER

. . . Age has now
Stamp'd with its signet that ingenious brow;
And 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climb'd so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his knees;
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung.
When side by side the archers' bows are strung;
Him to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envying no more the young their energies
Than they an old man, when his words are wise;

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His a delight how pure—without alloy;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!

Samuel Rogers

OLD INCORRIGIBLE

An aged female, on crutches, and with only one leg, was charged before me by an overseer with abusive language and violent conduct in a work-house to an extent beyond all bearing. Her defence, amongst other things, was that she was kept a close prisoner; to which it was answered that the parish had gone to the expense of thirty shillings to purchase her wooden leg, and that the first time she was allowed a holiday she got drunk, pawned her leg for a shilling, and was brought back in a helpless state of intoxication.

Thomas Walker

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen; in order to show his hardiness as well as his taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from

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his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A. beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. . . .

The Old Gentleman . . . calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, ‘ My niece, Sir, from the country ’; and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, ‘ My cousin Harriet, Sir ’; and he kisses the cousin.

Leigh Hunt

THE OLD LADY

She generally dresses in plain silks that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border that comes under the chin. In a placket at

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her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on the table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of good shape, and letting her friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence;—in the other is a miscellaneous assortment consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days, she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. . . .

Her opinions are not many, nor new. She thinks the Clergyman is a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery: and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding

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of the minuet. . . She likes a walk on a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the churchyard where the other children and her husband lie buried, serious but not melancholy. She has had three great eras in her life,—her marriage—her having been at court to see the King and Queen and Royal Family,—and a compliment on her figure she once received in passing from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad loose man, but engaging. . . .

Leigh Hunt

A MANAGING WOMAN

But the best man of business, according to Mr Giles, whom the firm of Hobson brothers ever knew, better than her father and uncle, better than her husband . . . better than her sons and successors . . . was the famous Sophia Alethea Hobson, afterwards Newcome—of whom might be said what Frederick the Great said of his sister, that she was *sexua foemina, vir ingenio*—in sex a woman, and in mind a man. Nor was she without even manly characteristics; she had a very deep and gruff voice, and in her old age a beard which many a young man might envy; and as she came into the bank out of her carriage from Clapham, in her dark green pelisse with fur trimmings, in her gray beaver hat, beaver gloves, and great gold spectacles, not a clerk in that house did not tremble before her, and it was said she only wanted a pipe in her mouth, considerably to resemble the late Field Marshal Prince Blucher.

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"The old lady had a will of her own".... She would try and know about everybody's business out of business hours: got to know from the young clerks what chapels they went to, and from the clergyman whether they attended regular; kept her sons, years after they were grown men, as if they were boys at school,—and what was the consequence?... though at home they were as mum as Quakers at a meeting, used to go out on the sly, sir, and be off to play, sir, and sowed their wild oats like any other young men, sir, like any other young men.

Thackeray

SIR PEREGRINE

Sir Peregrine . . . was an old man, having passed his seventieth year. He was a fine, handsome English gentleman with white hair, keen grey eyes, a nose slightly aquiline, and lips now too closely pressed together in consequence of the havoc which time had made among his teeth. He was tall, but had lost something of his height from stooping,—was slight in his form, but well made, and vain of the smallness of his feet and the whiteness of his hands. He was generous, quick tempered and opinionated; generally very mild to those who would agree with him and submit to him, but intolerant of contradiction, and conceited as to his experience of the world and the wisdom which he had thence derived. To those who were manifestly his inferiors he was affable, to his recognised equals he was courteous, to women he was almost always gentle;—but to men who claimed an

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equality which he would not acknowledge, he could make himself particularly disagreeable. In judging the position which a man should hold in the world, Sir Peregrine was very resolute in ignoring all claims made by wealth alone. Even property in land could not in his eyes create a gentleman. A gentleman, according to his ideas, should at any rate have great grandfathers capable of being traced in the world's history; and the greater the number of such, and the more easily traceable they might be on the world's surface, the more unquestionable would be the status of the claimant in question.

I have said that Sir Peregrine was fond of his own opinion; but nevertheless he was a man whom it was by no means difficult to lead. In the first place he was singularly devoid of suspicion. The word of a man or of a woman was to him always credible, until full proof had come home to him that it was utterly unworthy of credit. . . . He did not easily believe a fellow-creature to be a liar, but a liar to him once was a liar always. And then he was amenable to flattery, and few that are so are proof against the leading-strings of their flatterers. All this was well understood of Sir Peregrine by those about him. His gardener, his groom, and his woodman all knew about his foibles. They all loved him, respected him, and worked for him faithfully; but each of them had his own way in his own branch.

. . . It is quite true that he was over seventy; but nevertheless the smile of a pretty woman still had charms for him, more especially if there was a

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tear in her eye the while;—for Sir Peregrine had a soft heart.

Anthony Trollope

OLD SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

He was an old, or perhaps rather an elderly gentleman, in a military frock, with a bald head, a hook nose, and a short allowance of teeth. But he was more than this; though elderly he was tall and upright; he was distinguished looking, and, for an old man, handsome in spite of his lost teeth; and though bald as to the top of his head, had yet enough hair to merit considerable attention, and to be the cause of considerable pride. His whiskers, also, and moustache, though iron-grey, were excellent in their way. Had his baldness been of an uglier description, or his want of teeth more disagreeably visible, he probably might not have alluded to them himself. In truth, Sir Lionel was not a little vain of his personal appearance, and thought that in the matter of nose, he was quite equal to the Duke in aristocratic firmness, superior to Sir Charles Napier in expression and general design.

. . . I was going to say that Sir Lionel's appearance was the best thing about him; but in saying so I should belie his manner, with which it was certainly difficult for any one to find fault. It was what the world calls happy, meaning thereby, that so great was the possessor's luck that he was able to make it pleasant to all men—and to all women—for a while. Mrs. Bertram—she had not

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lived to be my lady—had, I believe, not always found it so.

These, joined to a readiness in the use of one or two languages besides his own, were the qualifications which had given Sir Lionel his title, and had caused him to be employed in so many missions in so many countries; and on duty too, which could not be said to be of a military nature. He never made difficulties or enemies of his own, and could generally smooth down the difficulties and enemies left behind them by others, perhaps of a more sturdy temperament.

But now the catalogue of his virtues is complete. He was not a man of genius, or even a man of talent. He had performed no great service for his country; had neither proposed nor carried through any valuable project of diplomacy; nor had he shown any close insight into the habits and feelings of the people among whom he had lived. But he had been useful as a great oil-jar, from whence oil for the quiescence of troubled waters might ever and anon be forthcoming. Expediency was his god, and he had hitherto worshipped it with a successful devotion.

That he had not been a good husband has been hinted; that he had been a very indifferent father has been made apparent.

Anthony Trollope

GAY OLD DOG

By no means undignified, the face presented that combination of slyness and jocundity which we are

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accustomed to imagine of the canonical jolly-dogs in mediæval tales. The gamesome Curate of Meudon might have supplied some parts of the countenance; cunning Friar Tuck the remainder. Nothing but the viscount's constant habit of going to church every Sunday morning when at his country residence kept unholiness out of his features, for though he lived theologically enough on the Sabbath, as it became a man in his position to do, he was strikingly mundane all the rest of the week, always preferring the devil to God in his oaths. And nothing but antecedent good-humour prevented the shorts fits of crossness incident to his passing infirmities from becoming established. His look was exceptionally jovial now, and the corners of his mouth twitched as the telegraph-needles of a hundred little erotic messages from his heart to his brain. Anybody could see that he was a merry man still, who loved good company, warming drinks, nymph-like shapes, and pretty words, in spite of the disagreeable suggestions he received from the pupils of his eyes, and the joints of his lively limbs, that imps of mischief were busy sapping and mining in those regions, with the view of tumbling him into a certain cool cellar under the church aisle.

Thomas Hardy

OLD WILLIAM DEWY

. . . grandfather William—was now about seventy; yet an ardent vitality still preserved a warm and roughened bloom upon his face, which

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reminded gardeners of the sunny side of a ripe ribstone-pippin; though a narrow strip of forehead, that was protected from the weather by lying above the line of his hat-brim, seemed to belong to some town man, so gentlemanly was its whiteness. His was a humorous and gentle nature, not unmixed with a frequent melancholy; and he had a firm religious faith. But to his neighbours he had no character in particular. If they saw him pass by their windows when they had been bottling off old mead, or when they had just been called long-headed men who might do anything in the world if they chose, they thought concerning him, "Ah, there's that good-hearted man—open as a child." If they saw him just after losing a shilling . . . they thought, "There's that poor weak-minded man Dewy again! Ah, he'll never do much in the world either!" If he passed when fortune neither smiled nor frowned on them, they merely thought him old William Dewy.

Thomas Hardy

OLD GENTLEWOMAN

The maiden ladies Dorothea and Virginia Duvidney were thin-sweet old-fashioned grey gentlewomen, demurely conscious of their excellence and awake to the temptation in the consciousness, who imposed a certain reflex primness on the lips of the world when addressing them or when alluding to them. For their appearance was picturesque of the ancestral time, and their ideas and scrupulousness of delivery suggested the belated in ripe-

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ness; orchard apples under a snowstorm; or any image that will ceremoniously convey the mind's profound appreciation together with the tooth's panic dread of tartness. They were by no means tart; only, as you know, the tooth is apprehensively nervous; an uninviting sign will set it on edge. . . .

Their wealth, their deeds of charity, their modesty, their built grey locks, their high repute; a "Chippendale elegance" . . . that they had . . . gave them some queenliness, and allowed them to claim the ear as an oracle and banish rebellious argument. Intuitive knowledge, assisted by the Rev. Stuart Rem and the Rev. Abram Posterley, enabled them to pronounce upon men and things; not without effect; their country owned it; the foreigner beheld it. Nor were they corrupted by the servility of the surrounding ear. They were good women striving to be humbly good. They might, for all the little errors they nightly unrolled to their perceptions, have stood before the world for a study in the white of our humanity. . . .

Possessing, for example, nine thousand pounds per annum in Consols, and not expending the whole of it upon our luxuries, we are, without further privation, near to kindling the world's enthusiasm for whiteness. . . . To do good and sleep well, was their sowing and their reaping. Uneasy consciences could not have slept.

George Meredith

WEST VESTIBULE

THEIR GOING HENCE

As for oure body, it shalbe very ashes that are quenched, and oure sole shal vanish as the soft ayre. Oure life shall passe awaye as the trace of a cloude.

COVERDALE'S BIBLE

Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see God hath sold the forest to death. . . .

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

*Says Giles, " 'Tis mortal hard to go;
But if so be's I must
I mean to follow arter he
As goes hisself the fust."*

OLD BALLAD

*For though a man may not have much to fear,
Yet death looks ugly, when the view is near:*

CRABBE

*The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.*

ANDREW MARVELL

*When this life ends, my ghost shall go to glory:
Pox on your pre-supposèd Purgatory.*

ROBERT SEMPLE



FULL CLOSE

As he laye unravelling in the agonie of death, the
Standers-by could hear him say softly I have seen
the glories of the world.

John Aubrey

DEATHBED

What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! Let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,

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Mad with pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous fight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last.

Robert Blair

DEATHBED DIALOGUE

... Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—
“There are,” said he, in a very low voice, “there
are attachments, Miss Walton.”—His glance met
hers—they both betrayed a confusion, and were
both instantly withdrawn. He paused some
moments.—“I am in such a state as calls for sin-
cerity, let that also excuse it. It is, perhaps, the
last time we shall ever meet. I feel something
particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet
my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense
of my presumption, by a sense of your perfec-
tions.” He paused again—“Let it not offend you
to know their power over one so unworthy. It will,
I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling
which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton
could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the
expiation will be made.” Her tears were now flowing
without control.—“Let me entreat you,” said she,
“to have better hopes. Let not life be so indif-
ferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on
it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I

Their Going Hence

know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved.” He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed and fell back on the seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them; with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever!

Henry Mackenzie

DEATH OF SIR THOMAS GRANDISON

On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wished he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger. Several times he lifted up his feeble hands, and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I am, I have been, very wicked! Repentance! Repentance! how hard a task! said he once to the minister who attended him, and whose prayers he desired. And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight—O Mrs. Oldham! said he, what is this world now? What would I give—But repent, repent—Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls than my own to answer for.

Soon after this, his delirium returned; and he expired about eleven at night, in dreadful agonies. Unhappy man!

Richardson

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FUNERAL OF A GOOD LADY

Her funeral was one of the most imposing sights ever witnessed in Clapham. There was such a crowd you might have thought it was a Derby-day. The carriages of some of the greatest City firms, and the wealthiest Dissenting houses; several coaches full of ministers of all denominations, including the Established Church; the carriage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Kew, and that of his daughter, Lady Anne Newcome, attended that revered lady's remains to their final resting-place. No less than nine sermons were preached at various places of public worship regarding her end. She fell up-stairs at a very advanced age, going from the library to the bed-room, after all the household was gone to rest, and was found by the maids in the morning, inarticulate, but still alive. . . . "And," said Mr. Giles with great energy, "besides the empty carriages at that funeral, and the parson in black, and the mutes and feathers and that, there were hundreds and hundreds of people who wore no black, and who weren't present; and who wept for their benefactress, I can tell you. She had her faults, and many of 'em; but the amount of that woman's charities are unheard of, sir—unheard of—and they are put to the credit side of her account up yonder."

Thackeray

DEATH OF POOR WOMAN

"And she was as white as marble-stone," said Mrs. Cuxsom. "And likewise such a thoughtful

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woman too—ah, poor soul—that a minded every little thing that wanted tending.—“Yes,” says she, “when I’m gone, and my last breath’s blowed, look in the top drawer of the chest in the back room by the window, and you’ll find all my coffin clothes; a piece of flannel—that’s to put under me, and the little piece is to put under my head; and my new stockings for my feet—they are folded alongside, and all my other things. And there’s four ounce pennies, the heaviest I could find, a-tied up in bits of linen, for weights—two for my right eye and two for my left,” she said. “And when you’ve used ‘em, and my eyes don’t open no more, bury the pennies, good souls, and don’t ye go spending ‘em, for I shouldn’t like it. And open the windows as soon as I am carried out, and make it as cheerful as you can for Elizabeth-Jane.”

“Ah, poor heart!”

.

Well, poor soul; she’s helpless to hinder that or anything now. . . And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and little things a’ didn’t wish seen, anybody will see; and her wishes and ways will all be as nothing! ”

Thomas Hardy

DYING MAN

Wetherington was lying in bed propped up with pillows. His face was terrible. A pair of enormous, large-pupilled eyes stared out of cavernous sockets. Stretched over the starting bones, the skin

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was white and clammy with sweat. But almost more appalling even than the face was the neck, the unbelievably thin neck. And from the sleeves of his nightshirt projected two knobbed sticks, his arms, with a pair of immense skeleton hands fastened to the end of them, like rakes at the end of their slender hafts. And then the smell in that sickroom! The windows were tightly shut, a fire burned in the little grate. The air was hot and heavy with a horrible odour of stale sick breath and the exhalations of a sick body—an old inveterate smell that seemed to have grown sickeningly sweetish with long ripening in the pent-up heat. A new, fresh smell, however pungently disgusting, would have been less horrible. . . .

Aldous Huxley

ROOM TEN
FRIENDS OF MAN

*The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.*

SHAKESPEARE

*What musick doth a pack of dogs then make to
any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to
be set to the tune of such instruments? How will
a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in
a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him
only through a whole herd of rascal game, and
still know and then kill him? For my Hounds I
know the language of them, and they know the
language and meaning of one another, as perfectly
as we know the voices of those with whom we dis-
course daily.*

IZAAK WALTON

*Those sighs of a dog! They go to the heart so
much more deeply than the sighs of our own kind,
because they are utterly unintended, regardless of
effect, emerging from one who, heaving them,
knows not that they have escaped him!*

JOHN GALSWORTHY



POOR FUBS

I had rather lost a hundred pounds to have saved poor charming Fubs. As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov, leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter, but nuzzle its head to us and look earnestly upon me and Sue, who cryed for three days if it had been for child or husband . . . so much senc and good nature and cleenly and not one falt; but few human creeturs had more senc then he had.

Lady Wentworth

OLD DOG

Cæsar was an old valued dog, although of no superior breed: he was just an ordinary dog of the country, short-haired, with long legs and a blunt muzzle . . . he was much above all other dogs of the

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house, numbering about twelve or fourteen, in intelligence and courage as in size. Naturally he was the leader and master of the pack, and when he got up with an awful growl, baring his big teeth, and hurled himself on the others to chastise them for quarrelling or any other infringement of dog law, they took it lying down. He was a black dog, now in his old age sprinkled with white hairs all over his body, the face and legs having gone quite grey. Cæsar in a rage, or on guard at night, or when driving cattle . . . was a terrible being; with us children he was mild-tempered and patient, allowing us to ride on his back. . . Now, in his decline, he grew irritable and surly, and ceased to be our playmate. The last two or three months of his life was very sad, and when it troubled us to see him so gaunt, with his big ribs protruding from his sides, to watch his twitchings when he dozed, groaning and wheezing the while, and marked, too, how painfully he struggled to get upon his feet, we wanted to know why it was so—why we could not give him something to make him well? For answer they would open his great mouth to show us his heeth—the big blunt canines and old molars worn down to stumps. Old age was what ailed him—he was thirteen years old, and that did verily seem to me to be a great age, for I was not half that . . .

W. H. Hudson

CÆSAR

Cæsar was about the size of a small cart-horse, and when he had a mind—and he often had—to

Friends of Man

lie on the hearthrug, and think with his eyes shut, he was difficult to move. Not that he had an opposite or lazy disposition, but that it was not easy to make him understand. The moment he knew what was wanted of him he was only too anxious to comply. As, for instance, if he could be convinced of Cats, he would rise and leave the room abruptly, knocking several persons down, and leaving behind him the trail of an earthquake. But his heart was good and pure, and he impressed his admirers somehow that he was always on the side of Urmuzd against Ahriman: he always took part with the Right.

William De Morgan

REX

. . . He was small and fat and white, with a brown-and-black head: a fox terrier. My father said he had a lemon head—some such mysterious technical phraseology. It wasn't lemon at all, but coloured like a field bee. And he had a black spot at the root of his spine.

. . . He crawled on the hearth-rug like a fat white tea-cup, and licked the bare toes that had just been bathed.

. . . his true nature, like so much else, was dual. First he was a fierce, canine little beast, a beast of rapine and blood. He longed to hunt, savagely. He lusted to set his teeth in his prey. It was no joke with him. The old canine Adam stood first in him, the dog with fangs and glaring eyes. He

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flew at us when we annoyed him. He flew at all intruders, particularly the postman. He was almost a peril to the neighbourhood. But not quite. Because close second in his nature stood that fatal need to love, the *besoin d'aimer* which at last makes an end of liberty. He had a terrible, terrible necessity to love, and this trammelled the native, savage hunting beast which he was. He was torn between two great impulses: the native impulse to hunt and kill, and the strange secondary, supervening impulse to love and obey. . . As it was, he loved us children with a fierce, joyous love. And we loved him.

D. H. Lawrence

But we are only horses, and don't understand.

ANNA SEWELL

STALLION

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:

 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
 strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:

Friends of Man

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Shakespeare

PEDIGREE HORSE

An old man draws nigh, he is mounted on a lean pony, and he leads by the bridle one of these animals, nothing very remarkable about that creature, unless in being smaller than the rest and gentle, which they are not; he is not of the sightliest look; he is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But, stay! there is something remarkable about that horse, there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest; as he advances, the clamour is hushed! all eyes are turned upon him—what looks of interest—of respect—and, what is this? people are taking off their hats—surely not to that steed! Yes, verily! men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn ah!

‘What horse is that?’ said I to a very old fellow.

‘The best in mother England. . . . he is old like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won’t live long, my swain—tall and overgrown ones like thee never does,—yet if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great-grandboys thou has seen Marshland Shales.’

Amain I did for the horse what I would neither do for earl or baron, doffed my hat; yes! I doffed my hat to the wondrous horse, the fast trotter, the best in mother England! and I, too, drew a deep

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ah, and repeated the words of the old fellows around. ‘Such a horse as this we shall never see again, a pity that he is so old.’

Borrow

THE SLAVE

Though limping, maimed and sore;
He hears the whip; the chaise is at the door. . .
The collar tightens and again he feels
His half-healed wounds inflamed; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound
O'er blinding dust or miles of flinty ground.

Robert Bloomfield

SELF-PORTRAIT

All who had to do with me were good, and I had
a light, airy stable and the best of food.

What more could I want? Why, liberty! For
three years and a half of my life I had all the liberty
I could wish for; but now, week after week, month
after month, and no doubt year after year, I must
stand up in a stable night and day except when I
am wanted; and then I must be just as steady and
quiet as any old horse who has worked twenty years,
I must wear straps here and straps there, a bit in
my mouth and blinkers over my eyes.

Anna Sewell

STRAWBERRY MARE AND RIDER

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his
mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a
young thing, very beautiful—and she arched up
her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him,

Friends of Man

would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her fore-feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle, in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom In a moment all three were carried down-stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

R. D. Blackmore

A YOUNG ASS

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery, thy future state?

Coleridge

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MOUSER

Let take a cat, and foster him well with milk
And tender flesh, and make his couche of silk
And let him seen a mous go by the wal:
Anon he weyveth milk and flesh and al,
And every deyntee that is in that house,—
Such appetyt hath he to ete a mous.

Chaucer

TORTOISESHELL

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw; and purr'd applause.

Gray

CAT

Cat! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroy'd—How many tit bits stolen? Gaze
With those bright languid segments green, and
 prick
Those velvet ears—but pr'ythee do not stick
 Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
 Thy gentle mew—and tell me all thy frays
Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick.

Friends of Man

Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists—
For all the wheezy asthma,—and for all
Thy tail's tip is nick'd off—and though the fists
Of many a maid have given thee many a maul,
Still is that fur as soft as when the lists
In youth thou enter'dst on glass bottled wall.

Keats

BAT

I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon seems no improbable story. When I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar notion, that bats, when down on a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more despatch than I was aware of; but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.

Gilbert White

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TAME HARE

One shelter'd hare

Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,
Nor needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me to protect
Thy unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend

Cowper

MONKEY

O lively, O most charming pug,
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind so shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
You're a great buck, you're a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;

Friends of Man

Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I couldn't get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

Marjorie Fleming

*Charlotte: Hear how the small birds doe
chatter their sweet tunes, would to God I
had one of them! I would set him in the
fayrest Cage that I could get.*

*Master Ouyt-aigu: What Mistris, would
you be so cruell as to deprive him of his
libertie! God grant me alwaies the key of
the fieldes, I would like it better, then to be
in bondage in the fayrest wainscotted or
tapistried Chamber.*

PETER ERONDELL

*The blackbird amid happy trees
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when the please,
Are quiet when they will.*

WORDSWORTH

NIGHTINGALE

And on the smale grene twistis sat
The lytil suete nygtingale, and song

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So loud and clere, the hymnis consecrat
Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Rycht of thaire song;

James I

NIGHTINGALE

A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,
Under a chambre-wal ther as she lay,
Full loude sang ayein the mone shene,
Parunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made his herte fresh and gay.

Chaucer

THE SWALLOW

Is the little spirit of the ayre, who will bee here, and there, and every where, in the twinkling of an eye. Hee loves to dwell in the City for societies sake. His house is built in the manner of the Anti-podes, in the vulgar opinion; for as their feet are opposite to ours, of consequence their houses must needs bee turned up-side downe; and so are theirs. They have no windowes, or posterns behind their houses, but all their light, egressse, and regresse, is at the porch only, where they keep watch with their bils, both night and day, for fear of forreigne invasion. Their fare is light and easie of digestion, which makes them so active and nimble as they are; not of worms, for that they hold too grosse and earthly: not of corn, not to put the world to so much cost: nor of flesh, for they can-

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not indure the flesh pots of Egypt. They hawke, hunt and fish where they list, as being the Rangers of the Forrests, allowed by nature through the privilege of their wing. Hee must needs fly well, who feeds on flies, who is so fleet, that hee will stay by the way for no mans pleasure, for hee is alwayes set on the spurre, and, as it were, the Post of the Eagles Court. The difficulty is, he can hardly stay so long in a place, as to take his message ere hee goeth, so tickle is he. They are notable Physitians or Chirurgians, which you will, for they will cure you the blinde, as readily with the herb Chelidonia, as cause it with their dung. In fine, they are welcome guests when they come first, because they bring in the Summer with them; and never depart without teares when Winter comes.

Anon. (17th Century)

SWALLOW

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

John Cunningham

LARK

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion

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made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed through the air about his ministries here below. . . .

Jeremy Taylor

DECOY DOVE

So have I seen a harmless dove, made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upward and flying with amazement, fear, and an undiscerning wing; she made towards heaven, but she knew not that she was made a train and an instrument, to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenceless kindred. . . .

Jeremy Taylor

OWL

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!

Thomas Vantor

Friends of Man

SCREECH OWL

Hark! a doleful voice. With sudden starts and hideous screams, it disturbs the silence of the peaceful night. It is the screech-owl, sometimes in frantic, sometimes in disconsolate accents, uttering her woes. She flies the vocal grove, and shuns the society of all the feathered choir. The blooming gardens, and flowery meads, have no charms for her. Obscene shades, ragged ruins, and walls overgrown with ivy, are her favourite haunts. Above, the mouldering precipice nods, and threatens a fall; below, the toad crawls, or the poisonous adder hisses. The sprightly morning, which awakens other animals into joy, administers no pleasure to this gloomy recluse. Even the smiling face of day is her aversion, and all its lovely scenes create nothing but uneasiness.

James Hervey

MOTHER LINNET

The busy birds, with nice selection, cull
Soft thistle-down, gray moss, and scatter'd wool;
Far from each prying eye the nest prepare,
Form'd of warm moss, and lined with softest hair.
Week after week, regardless of her food,
Th' incumbent linnet warms her future brood;
Each spotted egg with ivory bill she turns,
Day after day with fond impatience burns;
Hears the young prisoner chirping in his cell,
And breaks in hemispheres the fragile shell.

Erasmus Darwin

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BIRDS AT EVENING

And now, perch'd prowldie on the topmost spray,
The sootie Blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill,
Whiles Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing
their way.

William Julius Mickle

REDBREAST

How simply unassuming is that strain,
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well conceal'd. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with shealings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the goodwife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves:
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

James Grahame

GOLDFINCH

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit,

Friends of Man

And soon in bower of apple blossom perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song;
I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

James Hurdis

THRUSH

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toil from day to day—
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;

And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed in the sunny hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

John Clare

CUCKOO

The cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear:

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And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

Folk Song

BIRDS AT SUNSET

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
Full brown came from the West and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

George Meredith

SEA-GULLS

In-shore their passage tribes of Sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly,
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complain-
ing cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Crabbe

SEAGULLS INLAND

Out of the invisible marine region on the other
side birds soar suddenly into the air, and hang over
the summits of the heights with the indifference

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of long familiarity. Their forms are white against the tawny concave of cloud, and the curves they exhibit in their floating signify that they are sea-gulls which have journeyed inland from expected stress of weather. As the birds rise behind the fort, so do the clouds rise behind the birds, almost, as it seems, stroking with their bagging bosoms the uppermost flyers.

Thomas Hardy

DUCKS AND DRAKE

The drake and the two ducks came swimming towards them—the drake, of course, in the middle, looking very handsome and pleased, and at a little distance the third duck pursued her rejected and disconsolate courtship. Whenever she approached too near, the drake rushed at her with open beak, and drove her back. Then she affected not to know where she was going, wandering in an aimless, absent-minded fashion, getting near and nearer her recalcitrant drake. But these ruses were wasted upon him; he saw through them all, and at last he attacked the poor broken-hearted duck so determinedly that she was obliged to seek safety in flight.

George Moore

DUCKS

All my little ducks
Are swimming in the pond,
Their heads are under water,
Their tails are out beyond.

Anon. (19th Century)

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VICTIMS

Under the trees several pheasants lay about, their rich plumage dabbled with blood; some were dead, some feebly moving their wings, some staring up at the sky, some pulsating feebly, some contorted, some stretched out—all of them writhing in agony, except the fortunate ones whose tortures had ended during the night by the inability of nature to bear more. . . . The birds had been driven down into this corner the day before by some shooting-party; and while those that had dropped dead under the shot, or had died before nightfall, had been searched for and carried off, many slightly wounded birds had escaped and hidden themselves away, or risen among the thick boughs, where they had maintained their position till they grew weaker with loss of blood in the night-time, when they had fallen one by one . . .

Thomas Hardy

*Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chaunticleer,
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

SHAKESPEARE

Brave chanticleer, he sang and was beautiful.
R. L. STEVENSON

Friends of Man

CHAUNTECLEER

... His vois was merier than the mery organ
On messe dayes that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer was his crowyng in his logge
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of the equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene weren ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And battailed as it were a castel wal;
His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lye asur were his legges and his toon;
His nayles whyter than the lilie flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes for to doon al his plesaunce,
Which were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of colours;
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote. . . .

.
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he hadde founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
Royal he was, he was namore aferd,
He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,
And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.
He looketh as it were a grym leoun,
And on his toos he rometh up and doun;
Hym deyned nat to sette his foot to grounde.
He chukketh whan he hath a corn y-founde,

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And to hym rennen thanne his wyves alle.
Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle. . . .

This Chauntecleer stood hye upon his toos
Strecchign his nekke, and heeld his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones. . . .

Chaucer

SOME COCKS

With gilded eyes and open wings
The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twenty times he crows.

Alexander Hume

. . . the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before.

Milton

In the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning 's nigh.

John Cunningham

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended.

Friends of Man

Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Gay

COCKEREL

The young cock grew to a certain splendour. By some freak of destiny, he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He learned to crane his neck and give shrill answers to the crowing of other cocks, beyond the walls, in a world he knew nothing of. But there was a special fiery colour to his crow, and the distant calling of the other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts.

"How he sings," said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his day-shirt over his head.

"He is good for twenty hens," said the wife.

The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A saucy, flamboyant bird, that has already made the final acquaintance of the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening to the challenge of far-off unseen cocks, in the unknown world. Ghost voices, crowing at him mysteriously out of limbo. He answered with a ringing defiance, never to be daunted.

"He will surely fly away one of these days," said the peasant's wife.

So they lured him with grain, caught him, though he fought with all his wings and feet, and

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they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it against the spur; and they tied the other end of the cord to the post that held up the donkey's straw pent-roof.

The young cock, freed, marched with a prancing stride of indignation away from the humans, came to the end of his string, gave a tug and a hitch of his tied leg, fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean earthen floor, to the horror of the shabby hens, then with a sickening lurch, regained his feet, and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant's wife laughed heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy, foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was tied by the leg.

He no longer pranced and ruffled and forged his feathers. He walked within the limits of his tether sombrely. Still he gobbed up the best bits of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favourite hen of the moment. Still he pranced with quivering, rocking fierceness upon such of his harem as came nonchalantly within range, and gave off the invisible lure. And still he crowed defiance to the cock-crows that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn.

But there was now a grim voracity in the way he gobbed his food, and a pinched triumph in the way he seized the shabby hens. His voice, above all, had lost the full gold of its clangour. He was tied by the leg and he knew it. Body, soul and spirit were tied by that string.

Underneath, however, the life in him was grimly unbroken. It was the cord that should break. So

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one morning, just before the light of dawn, rousing from his slumbers with a sudden wave of strength, he leaped forward on his wings, and the string snapped. He gave a wild strange squawk, rose in one lift to the top of the wall, and there he crowed a loud and splitting crow. So loud, it woke the peasant.

D. H. Lawrence

ROOM ELEVEN

THESE TINY LOITERERS

*The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.*

OLD BALLAD



DRINKING FLY

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

William Oldys

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SPIDERS

Thou poisonous rascal, running at this rate
O'er the perplexing desert of a mat,
Scrambling and scuttling on thy scratchy legs,
Like a scared miser with his money bags;
Thou thief—thou scamp—thou hideous much in
little,
Bearing away the plunder of a spital,—
Caitiff of corners,—doer of dark deeds,
Mere lump of poison lifted on starved threads,
That while they run, go shuddering here and there,
As if abhorring what they're forced to bear,
Like an old bloated tyrant, whom his slaves
Bear from the gaping of a thousand graves,
And take to some vile corner of a court,
Where felons of his filthy race resort,—
I have thee now;—I have thee here, full blown,
Thou lost old wretch, benighted by the noon!
What dost thou say? What dost thou think?

Dost see

Providence hanging o'er thee, to wit, me?
Dost fear? Dost shrink with all thine eyes to view
The shadowing threat of mine avenging shoe?
Now, now it comes;—one pang,—and thou wilt lie
Flat as the sole that treads thy gorged impurity. . . .

Leigh Hunt

On the wall appeared a spider, himself dark and defined, his shadow no less dark and scarcely if at all less defined.

They jerked, zigzagged, advanced, retreated, he

These Tiny Loiterers

and his shadow posturing in ungainly indissoluble harmony. He seemed exasperated, fascinated, desperately endeavouring and utterly helpless.

What could it all mean. One meaning and one only suggested itself. That spider saw without recognising his black double, and was mad to disengage himself from the horrible pursuing inalienable presence. . . .

Christina Rossetti

SNAIL

. . . the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:

Shakespeare

THE SNAYLE

Is a Gentleman every inch of him; as ancient surely as Adams time; while for Armes, hee hath had a house for Coat ever since, which he bears to this day. He seemes very stately in the manner of his gate, but hee is not proud. He is cold of complexion, because flegmaticke, which makes him so slow of his pace. Hee is a Scholler, for he keepes his study, though he have no booke. He is no Accademicke, though a Philosopher, because not sociable, but rather a Peripateticke, because a walker; but especially a Stoicke, because he carries all whatsoeuer hee hath on his backe. If hee were confined to his five miles according to the statute, it would trouble him nothing, while hee would

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travaile where hee list, yet not incurre the forfeiture; or the penalty of the law. He hath indeed a certaine house of his owne, but not a settled one, and a faire porch to it, but no doore. Hee is a free-holder, and no tenant at will, or for any terme that is lesse than his life. There is no covenant servants amongst them, but are houholders every one. They have no constant Cities of their owne, while their houses joyne not one to another, as others doe. Though they wander much, and gad abroad, yet they are not included in the Statute of rogues. The Snayle and the Periwinkle are much alike, with this difference, that the Snayle with paines carries his house on his backe, and the Periwinkle, house and all, is carried with the waves with ease, as held up by the chinne. In fine, they are at peace with all the world, and have no enimies at all; and so like the Hamburgers, trade and travaile where they please; unless in a time of famine, when perhaps for better food, they come to be snapt up and made good prize.

Anon. (1634)

THE MONARCH

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek, when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!

Gay

These Tiny Loiterers

THE ANT

It appears from thence, that an Ant works as hard as a Man, who should carry a very heavy Load on his Shoulders almost every Day for the Space of four Leagues. 'Tis true, those Insects don't take so much pains upon a flat Ground; but then how great is the Hardship of a poor Ant, when she carries a Grain of Corn to the second Story, climbing up a Wall with her Head downwards, and her Backside upwards. None can have a true Notion of it, unless they see those little Animals at work in such a Situation.

Addison

BEE

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

Southey

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BEE AND CENTIPEDE

There was a bee weighing down a blossom of thyme close by, and underneath the stalk a very ugly little centipede. The wild bee, with his little dark body and his busy bear's legs, was lovely to me, and the creepy centipede gave me shudderings; but it was a pleasant thing to feel so sure that he, no less than the bee, was a little mood expressing himself out in harmony with Design—a tiny thread on the miraculous quilt. And I looked at him with a sudden zest and curiosity; it seemed to me that in the mystery of his queer little creepings I was enjoying the Supreme Mystery; and I thought: "If I knew all about that wriggling beast, then, indeed, I might despise him; but truly, if I knew all about him I should know all about everything—Mystery would be gone, and I could not bear to live!"

So I stirred him with my finger and he went away.

John Galsworthy

GLOW-WORMS

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

These Tiny Loiterers

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

Andrew Marvell

FIRE-FLY

There is an Insect, that, when Evening comes,
Small though he be and scarce distinguishable,
Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
Unsheathes his wings and thro' the woods and glades
Scatters a marvellous splendour. On he wheels,
Blazing by fits as from excess of joy,
Each gush of light a gush of ecstasy.

Samuel Rogers

GRASSHOPPERS

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert rear'd!

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

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Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

Lovelace

There is the grasshopper, my summer friend,—
The minute sound of many a summer hour
Pass'd on a thymy hill, when I could send
My soul in search thereof by bank and bower. . .

Shrill sings the drowsy wassailer in his dome,
Yon grassy wilderness, where curls the fern,
And creeps the ivy; with the wish to roam
He spreads his sails, and bright is his sojourn,
'Mid chalices with dews in every urn . . .

Jeremiah Holme Wiffen

BUTTERFLIES

Tell me, ye piebald butterflies, who poise
Extrinsic with intrinsic joys;
What gain ye from such short-lived, fruitless, empty
toys?

Edward Benlowes

He the gay garden round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious, busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,

These Tiny Loiterers

Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But feeds upon the pleasures of each place,
And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He seeks, his dainty sense to gratify;
Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth, on some bank thereby
To sun himself, and his moist wings to dry.

Spenser

*The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fine and shining
scales,
Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea; part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and
through groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick
glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt
with gold.*

MILTON

FISH

You strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouthing, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingily,

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Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be
graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
 And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
 Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
 What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull
 goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
 How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
 In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and
 bites,
 And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

Leigh Hunt

BOWL OF GOLDFISH

Restless forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the dues of heaven,
Reflecting on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

These Tiny Loiterers

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes . . .

Hartley Coleridge

JELLY FISH

Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;
Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.

Crabbe

FISH

A slim young pike, with smart fins
And grey-striped suit, a young cub of a pike
Slouching along away below, half out of sight,
Like a lout on an obscure pavement . . .

D. H. Lawrence

DOME

EARTH, SEA, AND SKY

If those who differ on speculative points should walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them.

LANDOR

*Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys.*

THOMAS WEAVER

*Dark forests, and the opening lawn, refresh'd
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,
So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze.
The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
The cheerful sun that thro' earth's vitals pours,
Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind. . . .*

JOSEPH WARTON



LANDSCAPE

Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I wast last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams.

Izaak Walton

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NOCTURNE

When odours, which declined repellng day,
Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear; . . .
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud; . . .

Anne, Countess of Winchilsea

THE VIEW

Here we had a prospect on one hand of a narrow bay or creek of the sea, enclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farmhouses. At the end of the bay was a small town placed upon the slope of the hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing boats and lighters, gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other side, we looked down on green pastures, flocks and herds basking beneath in sunshine, while we, in our superior situation, enjoyed the freshness of air and shade.

Bishop Berkeley

Earth, Sea, and Sky

FROM GRONGAR HILL

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Tony's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below. . . .

John Dyer

WET DAY

At length the rains descend, the sluices of the firmament are opened, and the low-hung clouds pour their congregated stores. The waters drop

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incessantly from the eaves, and rush in rapid channels from the spouts. They roar along the channelled pavements, and stand in foul shallows amidst the village-streets. . . . The ploughman, soaked to the skin, leaves his half-tilled acre. The poor poultry, dripping with wet, crowd into shelter. The tenants of the bough fold up their wings, afraid to launch into the streaming air. The beasts, joyless and dispirited, ruminate under their sheds. The roads swim, and the brooks swell. The river, amidst all this watery ferment, long contained itself within its appointed bounds; but, swollen by innumerable currents, and roused at last into uncontrollable rage, bursts over its banks, shoots into the plain, bears down all opposition, spreads itself far and wide, and buries the meadow under a brown, sluggish, soaking deluge.

James Hervey

SPRING DAY

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeling like one!

Earth, Sea, and Sky

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

Wordsworth

COUNTRY HOUSE

Delaford is a nice place, I can tell you; exactly what I call a nice old-fashioned place, full of comforts and conveniences; quite shut in with great garden walls that are covered with the best fruit-trees in the country; and such a mulberry tree on one corner! Lord! how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there! Then there is a dovecote, some delightful stewponds, and a very pretty canal, and everything, in short, that one could wish for; and, moreover, it is close to the church, and only a quarter of a mile from the turnpike-road. So 'tis never dull; for if you only go and sit up in an old yew arbour behind the house, you may see all the carriages that pass along. Oh, 'tis a nice place! A butcher hard by in the village, and the parsonage house within a stone's throw.

Jane Austen

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MOORLAND SCENE

Speak of the North! A lonely moor
Silent and dark and trackless swells,
The waves of some wild streamlet pour
Hurriedly through its ferny dells.

Profoundly still the twilight air,
Lifeless the landscape; so we deem,
Till like a phantom gliding near
A stag bends down to drink the stream.

And far away a mountain zone,
A cold, white waste of snow-drift lies,
And one star, large and soft and lone,
Silently lights the unclouded skies.

Charlotte Brontë

MORNING LANDSCAPE

Rain had fallen in the night. Here and there hung a milkwhite cloud with folded sail. The South-west left it in its bay of blue, and breathed below. At moments the fresh scent of herb and mould swung richly in warmth. The young beech-leaves glittered, pools of rainwater made the roadways laugh, the grassbanks under hedges rolled their interwoven weeds in cascades of many-shaded green to right and left . . . a squirrel crossed ahead, a lark went up a little way to ease his heart, closing his wings when the burst was over, startled blackbirds, darting with a clamour like a broken

Earth, Sea, and Sky

cock-crow, looped the wayside woods from hazel to oak-scrub; short flights, quick spirits everywhere, steady sunshine above.

George Meredith

DAWN

He was in no mood to rest, and walked on all that night . . . Over in the east the intense deep blue of the sky softened a little. Then the trees in that quarter began to contrast themselves against the background and reveal their distinguishing shapes. Swiftly, and yet with such even velocity that in no one minute did there seem to be any progress compared with the minute preceding, the darkness was thinned, and resolved itself overhead into pure sapphire, shaded into yellow below and in front of him, while in the west it was still almost black. The grassy floor of the meadows now showed its colour, grey green, with the dew lying on it, and in the glimmer under the hedge might be discerned a hare or two stirring. Star by star disappeared, until none were left, save Venus, shining like a lamp till the very moment almost when the sun's disc touched the horizon. Half a dozen larks mounted and poured forth that ecstasy which no bird but the lark can translate. More amazing than the loveliness of scene, sound and scent around him was the sense of irresistible movement. He stopped to watch it, for it grew so rapid that he could almost detect definite pulsations. Throb followed throb every second with increasing force,

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and in a moment more a burning speck of gold was visible, and behold it was day! He slowly turned his eyes away and walked onwards.

Mark Rutherford

MIDDAY

Immediately before her was the large, smooth mill-pond, over-full, and intruding into the hedge and into the road. The water, with its flowing leaves and spots of froth, was stealing away, like Time, under the dark arch, to tumble over the great slimy wheel within. On the other side of the mill-pond was an open place called the Cross, because it was three-quarters of one, two lanes and a cattle-drive meeting there. It was the general rendezvous and arena of the surrounding village. Behind this a steep slope rose high into the sky, merging in a wide and open down, now littered with sheep newly shorn. . . .

The heaviness of noon pervaded the scene, and under its influence the sheep had ceased to feed. Nobody was standing at the Cross, the few inhabitants being indoors at their dinner. No human being was on the down, and no human eye or interest . . . seemed to be concerned with it. The bees still worked on, and the butterflies did not rest from roving, their smallness seeming to shield them from the stagnating effect that this turning moment of day had on larger creatures. Otherwise all was still.

Thomas Hardy

Earth, Sea, and Sky

AFTERNOON

The wide concave which lay at the back of the hill . . . was blazing with the western light, adding an orange tint to the vivid purple of the heather, now at the very climax of bloom, and free from the slightest touch of the invidious brown that so soon creeps into its shades. The light so intensified the colours that they seemed to stand above the surface of the earth and float in mid-air like an exhalation of red. In the minor valleys, between the hillocks and ridges which diversified the contour of the basin, but did not disturb its general sweep, she marked brakes of tall, heavy-stemmed ferns, five or six feet high, in a brilliant light-green dress—a broad riband of them with the path in their midst winding like a stream along the little ravine that reached to the foot of the hill, and delivered up the path to its grassy area. Among the ferns grew holly bushes deeper in tint than any shadow about them, whilst the whole surface of the scene was dimpled with small conical pits, and here and there were round ponds, now dry, and half overgrown with rushes.

Thomas Hardy

*Day after day fresh flowers like stars arise,
And all the turf breaks into laughing eyes.*

HYMNS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

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*See how these flowers that have sweet
beauty too,
(The only jewels that the earth doth wear,
When the young Sun in bravery her doth
woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
And though their dance no perfect measure
is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.*

SIR JOHN DAVIES

NOSEGAY

Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambine,
With gelliflowres;
Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
Worne of paramours:
Strowe mee the grounde with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
The pretie pawnce
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Spenser

MARIGOLD

I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold;
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spread his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk;

Earth, Sea, and Sky

How, when he down declines, she droops and
mourns,
Bedew'd as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferor eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him . . .

George Wither

ROSE

So have I seen a rose, newly springing from the
clefts of its hood, and at first it was as fair as the
morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a
lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced
open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too
youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on
darkness and to decline to softness and the symp-
toms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke
its stalk, and, at night, having lost some of its
leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of
weeds and outworn faces.

Jeremy Taylor

LILY OF THE VALLEY

To the curious eye

A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,
The lily of the vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,

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And sheds a lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. . . .

James Hurdis

SUNFLOWER

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze:
With eye like his thy lids expand
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

James Montgomery

WILDFLOWERS

There were flowers everywhere,
Censing the summer air,
Till the giddy bees went rolling home
To their honeycomb;
And when we smelt at our posies,
The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed coloured
dust on our noses
Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing the
dear dog-roses.
But above all the noise
I kept thinking I heard my mother's voice:
But it may have been only a fairy joke,
For she was at home; and I sometimes thought it
was really the flowers that spoke.
From the Foxglove in its pride,
To the Shepherd's Purse by the bare roadside;

Earth, Sea, and Sky

From the snapjack heart of the Starwort frail,
To meadows full of Milkmaids pale,
And Cowslips loved by the nightingale;
Rosette of the tasselled hazel-switch,
Sky-blue Star of the ditch,
Dandelions like mid-day suns,
Bindweed that runs,
Lords with their Ladies cheek by jowl,
In purple surcoat and pale green cowl:
Family groups of Primroses fair;
Orchids rare;
Velvet Bee-orchis that never can sting,
Butterfly-orchis which never takes wing;
Robert, the Herb, with strange, sweet scent
And crimson leaf, when summer is spent—

Juliana Horatia Ewing

THE HOCK-CART

Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart
Drest up with all the Country Art.
See, here a *Maukin*, there a sheet,
As spotless pure, as it is sweet:
The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,
(Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)
The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound
For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown'd.
About the Cart, heare, how the Rout
Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.

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Some blesse the Cart; some kisse the sheaves:
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves:
Some crosse the Fill-horse; some with great
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat:
While other Rusticks, lesse attent
To Prayers, then to Merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent. . .

Herrick

COUNTRY DANCE

See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they
bound:
Now to brisk airs and to the speaking strings
Attentive, in midway the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart,
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous: down each brow the trickling balm
In torrent flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heav'nly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. . . .

William Somerville

Earth, Sea, and Sky

MAN WITH WAIN

The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostrils wide,
While every breath by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

Cowper

HAY-MAKING

Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew;
Forth hies the mower with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with sideling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathy line. . .
The father jeers his awkward, half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field, . . .
Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast
In loose attire and swelling ruddy cheek
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives
The toss'd-up heaps from fork of simple youth,
Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,

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moment, to break down bank, and tree, and hedge, and crush every obstacle that opposed them. It would have been as safe to encounter the Car of Juggernaut: I blest my stars for my escape, and after leaning on the friendly gate, until the last gleaner had passed,—a tattered rogue of seven years old, who, with hair as white as flax, a skin as brown as a berry, and features as grotesque as an Indian idol, was brandishing his tuft of wheat-ears, and shrieking forth, in a shrill childish voice, and with a most ludicrous gravity, the popular song of “Buy a Broom.”

Miss Mitford

WINTER PIECE

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar.
Around their home the storm-pinched cattle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thundering to the ground
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy brambles cease to sprout,
Beneath dread Winter's level sheets of snow
The sweet nutritious turnip deigns to grow. . . .
On Giles and such as Giles, the labour falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes;
Snow clogs his feet;

Robert Bloomfield

Earth, Sea, and Sky

CLOSE OF DAY

The whip cracks on the plough-team's flank,
The thresher's flair beats duller,
The round of day has warmed a bank
Of cloud to primrose colour.

The dairy girls cry home the kine,
The kine in answer lowing;
The rough-haired louts with sleepy shouts
Keep crows whence seed is growing.

The creaking wain, brushed through the lane,
Hangs straws on hedges narrow;
And smoothly cleaves the soughing plough.
And harsher grinds the harrow.

Comes, from the road-side inn caught up,
A brawl of crowded laughter,
Thro' falling brooks and cawing rooks
And a fiddle scrambling after.

Lord de Tabley

HEAT

Not a human being was out of doors at the dairy. . . . At the door the wood-hooped pails, sodden and bleached by infinite scrubbings, hung like hats on a stand upon the forked and peeled limb of an oak fixed there for that purpose; all of them ready and dry for the evening milking. . . . Sustained snores came from the cart-house, where some of the men were lying down; the grunt and

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squeal of sweltering pigs arose from the still further distance. The large rhubarb and cabbage plants slept too, their broad limp surfaces hanging in the sun like half-closed umbrellas.

Thomas Hardy

BARN DANCE

In the midst of the floor of the barn, upon a heap of hay, sat a fool in motley blowing with all his wind into a pipe. It was a cunning tune he played too, rich and heady. And so seemed the company to find it, dancers—some thirty or more—capering round him with all the abandon heart can feel and heel can answer to. As for pose, he whose horse now stood smoking beside my own first drew my attention—a smooth, small-bearded, solemn man, a little beyond his prime. He lifted his toes with such inimitable agility, postured his fingers so daintily, conducted his melon-belly with so much elegance, and exhaled such a warm joy in the sport that I could look at nothing else at first for delight in him.

But there were slim maids too among the plumper and ruddier, like crocuses, like lilac, like whey, with all their fragrance and freshness and lightness. Such eyes adazzle dancing with mine, such a gay delight in the mere grace of the lilting and tripping beneath rafters ringing loud with thunder, that Pan himself might skip across a hundred furrows for sheer envy to witness.

As for the jolly rustics that were jogging their wits away with such delightful gravity, but little

Earth, Sea, and Sky

time was given me to admire them ere I also was snatched into the ring. . . Round and about we skipped in the golden straw, amidst treasures of hay, puffing and spinning. And the quiet lightnings quivered between the beams, and the monstrous "Ah!" of the thunder submerged the pipe's sweetness. Till at last all began to gasp and blow indeed, and the nodding Fool to sip, and sip, as if *in extremis* over his mouthpiece. Then we rested awhile, with a medley of shrill laughter and guffaws, while the rain streamed lightning-lit upon the trees and tore the clouds to tatters.

Walter De La Mare

PINE TREES

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air:
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and under the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

George Meredith

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ENGLISH RIVER

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along its sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our famous elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

Cowper

FRESH WATER

Rills that slip

Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Cowper

MARINE

Off went the plank; the paddles started, stopped,
backed, patterned in confusion, then revolved de-
cisively, and the boat passed out into deep water. . . .
Then the band of harps and violins struck up a

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lively melody, and the deck was cleared for dancing; the sun dipping beneath the horizon during the proceeding, and the moon showing herself at their stern. The sea was so calm that the soft hiss produced by the bursting of the innumerable bubbles of foam behind the paddles could be distinctly heard. The passengers who did not dance . . . lapsed into silence, leaning against the paddle-box, or standing aloof—noticing the trembling of the deck to the steps of the dance—watching the waves from the paddles as they slid thinly and easily under each other's edges.

Thomas Hardy

SEA-SCAPE

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence low, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Matthew Arnold

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MOONRISE

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam, while on the distant East
Led by her starre, the horned Mone looke o'er
The bending forrest, and with rays increast
Ascends, while trembling on the dappled West
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland
sway.

William Julius Mickle

NIGHT PIECE

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam—yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

Shelley

Earth, Sea, and Sky

GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

The moonbeams fell upon the roof and garden of Gerrard. It suffused the cottage with its brilliant light, except where the dark depth of the embowered porch defied its entry. All round the beds of flowers and herbs spread sparkling and defined. You could trace the minutest walk; almost distinguish every leaf. Now and then there came a breath, and the sweet-peas murmured in their sleep or the roses rustled, as if they were afraid they were about to be roused from their lightsome dreams. Farther on the fruit trees caught the splendour of the night; and looked like a troop of sultanas taking their garden air, when the eye of man could not prophane them, and laden with jewels. There were apples that rivalled rubies; pears of topaz tint; a whole paraphernalia of plums, some purple as the amethyst, others blue and brilliant as the sapphire; an emerald here, and now a golden drop that gleamed like the yellow diamond of Gengis Khan.

Disraeli

MOON IN POND

. . . By the outer margin of the pit was an oval pond, and over it hung the attenuated skeleton of a chrome-yellow moon, which had only a few days to last—the morning star dogging her on the left hand. The pool glittered like a dead man's eye, and as the world awoke a breeze blew, shaking and elongating the reflection of the moon without

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breaking it, and turning the image of the star to a phosphoric streak upon the water. . . .

Thomas Hardy

ROMANTIC MOON

Then what happens to the moon? She who, shy and veiled, slips out before dusk to take the air of heaven, wandering timidly among the columned clouds, and fugitive from the staring of the sun; she who, when dusk has come, rules the sentient night with such chaste and icy spell—whither and how does she retreat?

I came on her one morning—I surprised her. She was stealing into a dark wintry wood, and five little stars were chasing her. She was orange-hooded, a light-o'-love dismissed—unashamed and unfatigued, having taken all. And she was looking back with her almond eyes, across her dark-ivory shoulder, at Night where he still lay drowned in the sleep she had brought him. What a strange, slow, mocking look! So might Aphrodite herself have looked back at some weary lover, remembering the fire of his first embrace. Insatiate, smiling, creature, slipping down to the rim of the world to her bath in the sweet waters of dawn, whence emerging, pure as a water lily, she would float in the cool sky till evening came again! And just then she saw me looking, and hid behind a holm-oak tree; but I could still see the gleam of one shoulder and her long narrow eyes pursuing me. I went up to the tree and parted its dark boughs to take her; but she had slipped behind another. I

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called to her to stand, if only for one moment. But she smiled and went slipping on, and I ran, thrusting through the wet bushes, leaping the fallen trunks. The scent of rotten leaves disturbed by my feet leaped out into the darkness, and birds, surprised, fluttered away. And still I ran—she slipping yet further into the grove, and ever looking back at me. And I thought: “But I will catch you yet, you nymph of perdition! The wood will soon be passed, you will have no cover then! And from her eyes, and the scanty gleam of her flying limbs, I never looked away, not even when I stumbled or ran against tree trunks in my blind haste. And at every clearing I flew more furiously, thinking to seize all of her with my gaze before she could cross the glade; but ever she found some little low tree, some bush of birch ungrown, or the far top branches of the next grove to screen her flying body and preserve allurement. And all the time she was dipping, dipping to the rim of the world. And then I tripped; but, as I rose, I saw that she had lingered for me; her long sliding eyes were full, it seemed to me, of pity, as if she would have liked for me to have enjoyed the sight of her. I stood still, breathless, thinking that at last she would consent; but flinging back, up into the air, one dark-ivory arm, she sighed and vanished. And the breath of her sigh stirred all the birch-tree twigs just coloured with the dawn. Long I stood in that thicket gazing at the spot where she had leapt from me over the edge of the world—my heart quivering.

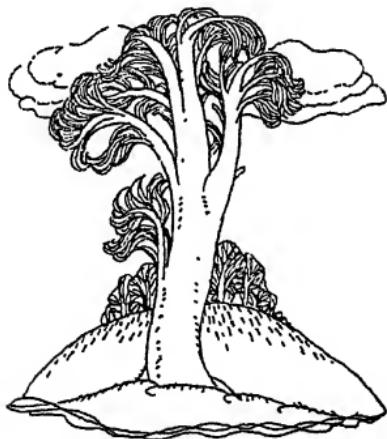
John Galsworthy

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NEW MOON

A tiny moon as small and white as a single
jasmine flower
Leans all alone above my window, on night's
wintry bower,
Liquid as lime-tree blossom, soft as brilliant water
or rain
She shines, the first white love of my youth,
passionate and in vain.

D. H. Lawrence



Blank Wall

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CATALOGUE

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